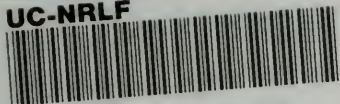
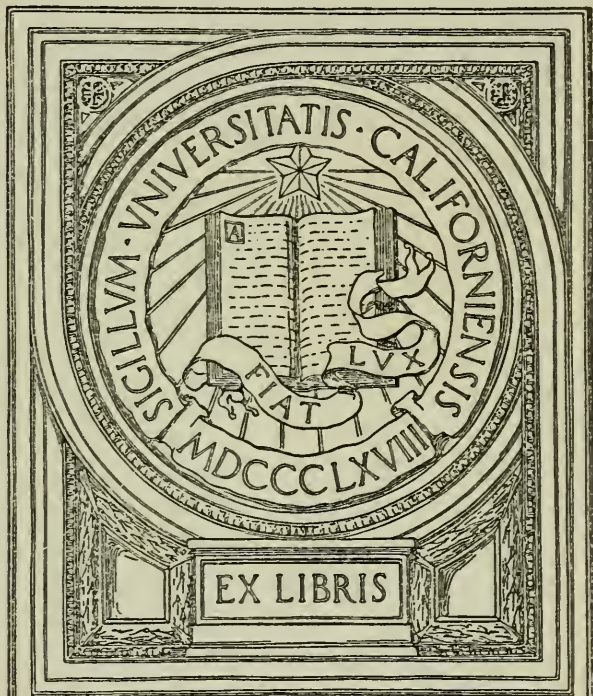


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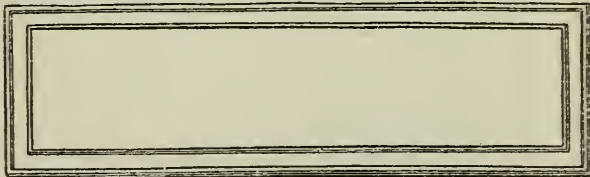


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THE
·POETS AND POETRY
OF
MUNSTER:

A SELECTION OF IRISH SONGS

BY THE POETS OF THE LAST CENTURY,

WITH METRICAL TRANSLATIONS,

BY

ERIONNACH.

Second Series.



DUBLIN:
JOHN O'DALY, 9, ANGLESEA-STREET.
1860.

English Alumnus

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TO MY FATHER

I DEDICATE

This Little Volume.

ERIONNACH.

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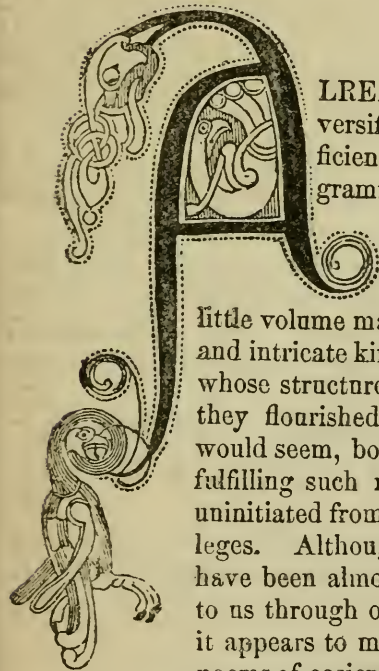
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THE
POETS AND POETRY OF MUNSTER.

“ Like some old Irish song
Brimful of love, and life, and truth.”

Thomas Davis.



ALREADY has the subject of Irish versification and poetry been sufficiently examined in essays, grammars, and introductions, to allow me to spare the reader a disquisition upon it. Nor will he find in the the present little volume many examples of those varied and intricate kinds of verse, the difficulty of whose structure it pleased the bards, when they flourished, to increase—in order it would seem, both to show their own skill in fulfilling such regulations, and to deter the uninitiated from encroaching on their privileges. Although these more learned styles have been almost the sole kind transmitted to us through our ancient manuscripts, yet it appears to me that there may have been poems of easier flow and simpler measure—songs and ballads, in fact—circulating among the people themselves.

It is true, that the bards recited before the chieftains and their clanna the lays of their heroism, or the chivalrous actions of Finn, and Oisín, and Oscar, “the gold-deeded;”

but had not the young men and maidens their own private loves, and joys and sorrows, to tell of beneath the many-columned green forest domes of ancient Erin. Had they not, therefore, emotions powerful enough to stir them to song,—ay! and a language soft and flexible enough, in all truth, to give to the natural poetry of the peasant's heart a voice the most sweet and seductive of the whole world!

Grateful, indeed, should they have been to their mellifluous mother-tongue, and gratefully has a bard expressed himself in later times. The following is the production of O'Lionan, a man who could appreciate how much beauty and tenderness might be lost, having the opportunity he had of hearing the inflexible, un-endeared language of the "porker" Saxons jarring upon the ear of his country. How the Irish people clung to their language with a love, increased by their knowledge of that harsh and un-sonorous tongue, may be judged by the answer of O'Neill's interpreter to a London citizen. When Seaan "of the Pride" went to the court of Elizabeth, some of the courtiers asked his interpreter why it was his prince spoke not the English. "Think you," was the scornful answer, "it would become The O'Neill to writhe his mouth with such barbarous jargon."

This is the lay of O'Lionan in praise of the Gaelic:—

UILLIANN O'LIONÁIN RO CHÁIN.

Níor éanáð a n-dhéacraib nuaí,
 Teanga ír uairle mar éisle luair;
 Cairc ír glé-glaine a3 teacá mar íneab,
 Na fuil faoin leam, na faon aín.

Níor labair hómén ba éaoin nánn,
 Na glé Oibid naí baot zneann;
 Cairc ír rruic-lionta mar ear zay zra3!
 Zuc-bínn ceóil naí éeb ar zraá.

Da bínné zupé na d-téad m-bínn,
 'S gléí aodarda na n-éay mínn;
 Buó caoin-zíle homra a fuaim.
 'S a ppar-fíozal duan na b-fíó uair.

Never was heard a strain so sweet,
 A language so noble—a flood rolling fleet,
 A speech so pure-bright, so warm and chaste,
 Like a nourishing stream from a mother's breast.

Never spake Homer, the old and grand,
 Nor brilliant Ovid the gay and bland,
 In speech so full-swelling—a cascade that ne'er
 Dryeth up—a music that floats on the air.

Than melodious tones of the golden chords,
 Than airy notes of the tuneful birds,
 Thy thrilling voice comes to my soul more clear.
 And thy songs to my heart more nobly dear !

In our own days an anonymous but sweet singer, to whom doubtless the Irish was the language sung by his cradle, thus affectionately remembers it in his manhood :—

“ The language of old Erin, of her history and name—
 Of her monarchs and her heroes—her glory and her fame—
 The Sacred Shrine, where rested thro' sunshine and thro' gloom,
 The spirit of her martyrs, as their bodies in the tomb ;
 The time-wrought Shell, where murmured, 'mid centuries of wrong
 The secret voice of Freedom, in annal and in song—

* * * * *

The olden Tongue is sinking, like a patriarch to rest,
 Whose youth beheld the Tyrian on our Irish coasts a guest,
 Ere the Roman or the Saxon, the Norman or the Dane,
 Had first set foot in Britain, o'er trampled heaps of slain.

* * * * *

The glories of old Erin, with her liberty have gone,
 Yet their halo linger'd round her while the Gaelic speech lived on,
 For, 'mid the desert of her woe, a monument more vast
 Than all her pillar-towers it stood—that Old Tongue of the Past.

Ah ! magic Tongue, that round us wove its spells so soft and dear !
 Ah ! pleasant Tongue, whose murmurs were as music to the ear !
 Ah ! glorious Tongue, whose accents could each Celtic heart en-
 thrall !

Ah ! rushing Tongue, that sounded like the swollen torrent's fall !
 The tongue that in the Senate was lightning flashing bright,
 Whose echo in the battle, was the thunder in its might,

That Tongue, which once in chieftain's hall poured loud the minstrel lay,
As chieftain, serf,¹ and minstrel old is silent there to-day!"

The language had indeed been sinking "like a patriarch to rest," but of late years it has arisen "like a giant refreshed," and there is every hope that now our ancient literature will be preserved to the glory of the country, by publication. "The language of a nation's youth," said Thomas Davis, "is the only easy and full speech for its manhood and for its age. And when the language of its cradle goes, itself craves a tomb. What business has a Russian for the rippling language of Italy or India? How could a Greek distort his organs or his soul to speak Dutch upon the sides of Hymetus, or the beach of Salamis, or on the waste where once was Sparta? And is it befitting the fiery, delicate-organed Celt to abandon his beautiful tongue, docile and spirited as an Arab, 'sweet as music, strong as the wave'—is it befitting in him to abandon this wild liquid speech for that mongrel of a hundred breeds called English, which, powerful though it be, creaks and bangs about the Celt who tries to use it?—Even should the effort to save it as the national language fail, by the attempt we will rescue its old literature, and hand down to our descendants proofs that we had a language as fit for love, and war, and business, and pleasure, as the world ever knew, and that we had not the spirit and nationality to preserve it." And again in his "Lament for the Milesians," the poet recurs to the same ever-cherished subject:—

¹ The author must either have allowed the exigencies of metre to compel him to use a wrong word, or else mean the Saxon slaves which the noble Anglo-Saxon fathers and mothers sold to the Celts—for "serf" and "vassal" were creatures unknown among the ancient Irish. It is curious what immense sympathy there is now among the descendants of those noble (children-selling Anglo-Saxons), for the Slaves in the States. True, the ancient Irish freed their fathers at the call of the Christian missionaries, and this example dwelling for hundreds of years in the dull Anglo-Saxon brain, has produced its aloë-like flowers at last.

Oh, sweet were the minstrels of kind Innis-Fail,
 Ir tpuaz̄ ʒah oʒne 'na b-farrað!¹
 Whose music, nor ages nor sorrow can spoil,
 Ir tpuaz̄ ʒah oʒne 'na b-farrað!
 But their sad stifled tones are like streams flowing hid.
 Their caoime² and pʒobnaçt were chid,
 And their language "that melts into music" forbid
 Ir tpuaz̄ ʒah oʒne 'na b-farrað!

Nor have the Celts been unworthy of a defender so excellent, seeing they have sent forward a youthful bard (O'h-Jarflaiche) to render his thoughts with equal eloquence into the language he loved:—

O, buð b̄ññ blaɾða ceðruyðce caoim̄ ðñññ Fajl
 Ir tpuaz̄ ʒah oʒne 'na b-farrað!
 N'an çlaon̄ ðñññ a ñ-ahb̄noib̄ a ʒ-ceðlca ðó aɾl,
 Ir tpuaz̄ ʒah oʒne 'na b-farrað!
 Ta a ʒollayðe dobn̄ðñac̄ ðññ ðñoçta faoɾ ʒçac̄,
 ʒñ a ʒ-caoime b̄ ðñññcaɾ ʒah faç,
 'S an a ð-teañç a b̄ññ-b̄ññac̄ b̄ çoim̄noib̄ çñac̄
 Ir tpuaz̄ ʒah oʒne 'na b-farrað!

Believing that, although the poems handed down to us by ancient manuscripts have been the productions of professed and educated bards, there were still, even at the more remote periods, simpler songs and ballads, more especially adapted to and perhaps originated by the ancient tunes, it is natural to suppose that, as the bardic order became oppressed and persecuted to death by English law, the simpler style would become the prominent one in the country. But with the fall of the bards came also a decadence of poetic merit. The rustic rhymers having no longer generous chiefs who could allot to them lands and cattle,² and having not the same cultivated audience as the older bards, nor so highly educated competitors, had neither time to give to refining their lays, nor the same emulative necessity for so doing. Hence many of the ballads now current are

¹ Pr. *iss tru-a gan oyra na varra!* "'Tis pity without heirs of their company.

² Never was literature so cherished as in ancient Erin; in one county alone (Donegal) the rental of the lands bestowed upon the Ollavs or Professors of Learning would be worth now £2000 a year.

mere plagiarisms, the one of the other, rhymed in different metres to suit other tunes. This is the case especially with the Jacobite relics—the frame-work of most being the vision of a beautiful impersonification of Erinn. The minor bards, also, were too much attracted (like many of the present day) by smoothness of versification and fine sonorous words, and being able to produce such, many have had their lucubrations preserved, which ought to have been cast away.

Where the heart was the cause of the song, the result, as this little volume will, I hope, show, is very different. There were, indeed, many to be cast aside, which never would have attained popularity, but for the music to which they were linked. Ireland has not, however, so many of these as other countries; yet, as there are few things which have more power over the human mind than song, any one who has an influence in popularizing it, should carefully remember, if he be not a mere collector or speculator for gain, that what he sends forth may be fruitful for good or for evil. It is incumbent upon honourable men to place nothing before their country which might deteriorate the aspirations of its citizens, and more especially of its youth.

Of craft-songs, or songs adapted to various occupation, it is proper to say a few words. A few of the following specimens are extracted from a work of rare excellency, the Petrie Collection of “The Ancient Music of Ireland, Vol. I.”—in which the research displayed upon the history of Irish tunes, has thrown much light upon a subject hitherto very obscure. As the tunes of the various occupations had certain peculiarities, so had the songs, which were sung to these airs.

Thus in the Ploughman’s song, a part of which we give here, it will be seen that there is a dramatic form adopted, a dialogue being sustained by the ploughman and his assistants. In the old-fashioned ploughing, three persons were necessary; the ploughman properly so called, who held the handles of the plough, the driver who guided and urged on the horses, and lastly, the director, who pressed with a forked stick upon the beam of the plough, so that a

sufficient and uniform depth might be had, the direction of forces being to lift the plough out of the earth, and this he counterbalanced.

THE PLOUGH SONG.

ὄρεο 'ῥ βουῆ 'ῥ τιοῖαη,¹
 λαγῆη μασ ἡ δροῦ-ἰηῆ—
 Ὄρεο ἀη ἡ-ῥεῆετα θεαῖεραῆηη,
 'S ῥεῆε ἀη β-ῥυῖ ἀη η-δῖηεῆη ἀῖ τεῆετ.

Τα ῥε δῆ βουῆη,
 ὄρεο 'ῥ βουῆ, 'ῥ τιοῖαη, ῥε.
 Τα ῥε δῆ βουῆεδ,
 ὄρεο 'ῥ βουῆ 'ῥ τιοῖαη, ῥε.

“Goad and strike and urge on
 The small red mare of the bad woman—
 Put foot on the plough, O Brother,
 And see if our dinner comes forth ”

“It is a-cutting,
 Goad and strike and urge on, &c.
 It is a-threshing,
 Goad and strike and urge on, &c.”

In the first two lines the ploughman addresses himself to the driver, in the last to the director. His instructions to driver, questionings of the director, and the latter's answers form the composition. These responses vary according as the director sees the progress of the dinner. It is first “a-cutting,” then “a-threshing, a-winnowing, a-drying, a-grinding, a-sifting, a-kneading, a-baking,” but not until he announces “it is a-coming,” does the ploughman change the style of his injunctions. Now, however, he says:—

“Hob and hein and urge on,
 The small red mare of the good-wife—
 Unyoke the horses, O Brother!
 Now, that our dinner comes forth.”

This song may have been sung about meal-time, when

¹ These words were sung to the second part of the air only; to the first part *Hobo-bobobo*, words of cheering to the horses, were repeated.

the men were employed in a place where the housewife was dilatory in culinary affairs. Her little mare is not spared the whip and goad, until dinner appears, when the driver is directed to *hob* and *hein*, that is, to cheer her on by the sound of the voice alone.

As the plough-tunes differed in the different provinces, so, doubtless, did the words which were adapted to them. It would be of great service to the better knowledge of the customs and literature of our country, did those who have the opportunity of research in the various counties, exert it and forward the results to some of those periodicals (such as *THE NATION*, *Irishman*, *Ulster Journal of Archæology*, and *Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society*) which either possess a fount of Irish type, or are able to print the language correctly in Roman characters.

The second specimen of craft-songs, which I am enabled to give is termed "The Smith's Song." The tune is peculiar, as the reader will see who can refer to the work, already mentioned, in which somewhat similar words are given; but it seems that words and tune are now generally sung, *not* by the smiths, to the ring of whose hammer the time is well suited, but by nurses to lull irritable children. The nurse adapts the motions of her foot to the time of the tune, and thus imitates, with toe and heel, the sound to the hammer and sledge of the smiths.

THE SMITH'S SONG.

Dìrìs dòrìs dìdèno,
 Buair reo réid reo,
 Dìrìs dòrìs dìdèno,
 Buair reo réid reo,
 Dìrìs dòrìs dìdèno,
 Buair reo, réid reo,
 'S dìmèis mo bean
 Leir an d-càilhuir aorac.

Ní maic a zhríom réir,
 Tuas ná corran,
 Ní maic a zhríom réir,
 Káimay ná zhráfay,

O d'íméiḡ uaim
 Mhó rṡuairne mha
 le ḡairḡe rṡuaḡ,
 ḡan buairḡ ḡan rṡorairḡ.

Ding dong didero,
 Ding dong déno,
 bean an tairḡura,
 'S bean an tairḡéara,
 buairḡe é Shearḡairḡ ḡoba¹
 Eadṡrom, eadṡrom,
 buairḡi é, buairḡe é,
 'S buairḡimḡ ḡo léim é.²

Ding dong didero,
 Strike this, blow this,
 Ding dong didero,
 Strike this, blow this,
 Ding dong didero,
 Strike this, blow this,
 Away went my wife
 With the airy³ tailor.

Not well do I make
 A hatchet or a hook,
 Not well do I make
 A spade or a hoe,
 Since went from me
 My darling wife
 With a coxcomb-fool
 Without gold or kine!

Ding dong didero,
 Ding dong dero,
 The tailor's wife
 And the tinker's lady!

¹ This version (as internal evidence partly shows) was the favorite song of no less a personage than long Jack Farrell, better known by the cognomen of "Shearḡairḡ ḡoba," i.e., *Jack the Blacksmith*, who kept his forge at Lickoran, in the county of Waterford, early in the present century; and who, aided by a choir of the Farnane boys, chaunted the song in full chorus whilst hammering into shape with their sledges the red-hot iron on the anvil.—J. O'D.

² This chorus is sung when the iron is at its full heat, and the smith calls all hands to strike along with him, as may be seen in country forges.

³ i.e. flighty.

Strike it, Jack Smith,
 Lightly, lightly,
 Strike ye! strike ye!
 Strike it all together.

A very good picture of the unfortunate man's desolation is simply represented above; the frequent-recurring burden, the monotonous metre, and the uncheerful rhyme-sound of the broad vowels in the original are all well suited to that grief which spread a veil of tears between the mournful man and the objects of his toil. In other times, indeed, the smiths were a mighty race and highly honoured in ancient Erin; they were even feared, for were they not cunning in charms and incantations? In the olden hymn attributed to Saint Patrick they are placed in the same category to be guarded against as the druids and (wise)-women—"ἔρη βρυέτα βαν οκυρ ζοβανδ οκυρ δρυαδ"—"*contra incantamenta mulierum et fabrorum ferrariorum et druidum*"—"against the incantations of women, and smiths, and druids." In the case of the author of the song, however, the powers seem to have departed from his kind; perhaps grief or love prevented him from using his mystic weapons of might, or perhaps the woman had arms superior to his own. The woman takes precedence, certainly, in the last quoted Irish line.

Next comes the domestic class of craft-songs, if we may elevate to that rank the "spinning-wheel" songs and the lullabies. The first, assuredly, deserves a high position, for besides that the occupation requires a great deal of skill and delicacy of hand-work, it also gives an opportunity of lightening the labour into an amusement by the singing of cheerful songs—a high recommendation, surely, to a writer and admirer of such things! Truly and sadly, the grating cough of consumption is oftener heard than the song from the stooping votaries of shirt-making—a trade that now in Munster and glennfull Ulster replaces overmuch the pleasant spinning-wheel. However, any home-labour is better than factories.

A SPINNING WHEEL SONG.

“Luirín ó lurta, lurta lurta,
Buair coir abainn a zuir tabairn mo zmad cúzam.”

“Luirín ó lurta, lurta lurta,
’Sé Conn O’Caoín do beirinn ar laim duir,”

“Luirín ó lurta, lurta lurta,
Céad bo bainne a zé, reannais z’r laim.”

“Luirín ó lurta, lurta lurta,
Buair coir abainn ir tabairn mo zmad cúzam.”

“Luirín ó lurta, lurta lurta,
Sé hañnaoi Fada do beirinn ar laim duir.”

“Luirín ó lurta, lurta lurta,
Z céann a z-Corcaid’ ra cora a b-Boirelaime.”

Luirin o lurtha, lurtha lartha,¹
Go by the river, and bring me my lover.

Luirin o lurtha, lurtha lartha,
’Tis Conn O’Keeffe I’ll bring to you over.

Luirin o lurtha, lurtha, lartha,
He has hundreds of kine, but never my favor.

Luirin o lurtha, lurtha lartha,
Go by the river, and bring me my lover.

Luirin o lurtha, lurtha lartha,
’Tis Harry the Tall I’ll bring to you over.

Luirin o lurtha, lurtha lartha,
His head is at Cork and his heels are at Dover.

It will be at once visible, that, to carry on a ballad so constructed, there must be two songstresses at least. There

¹ Pr. *Looreen o loora, loora laura*. This specimen was kindly communicated by that bolz of song and anecdote, Sergeant John L. Hart, 2nd battalion, 18th Royal Irish, Aldershot Camp. Another specimen is given in Petrie’s Music, commencing—

“Maileo lero and imbo nero,
I went to the wood when day was breaking,
Maileo lero and imbo ban!

may be a whole group of them, as when the young girls of a neighbourhood assemble in one house for an evening's spinning. In the latter case the duty of responding to the command to the first speaker, "to go by the river and bring her her lover," would devolve upon the company in succession. Each answers until, by her excluding or disparaging answer, they gradually narrow the circle of their eligible acquaintances, finding out at last her lover, or the lad she had chosen in sport.

The first line of the above is merely a burden line, thus rendering the composition easier for the young maidens. For they need only rhyme to the first line, to the word "lartha" (*Laura*) and this is not difficult in Irish. Because, although there are poems in Irish rhymed as perfectly in every sense (especially in these latter days) as can be found in any language, yet it is generally sufficient to cause the vowels alone to have similar sounds. This vowel assonance is common also in Spanish, because in these languages the softer vowel-sounds predominate over the consonantal.

The following is a specimen¹ of another spinning-wheel song, slightly different from the above, by which the young ladies who were to be married that Shrove-tide were discovered.

Óró, a cúmáin zíl ! 'r íoró a zíl zíl,
Cé hí an bean óz do pórfear an nín reo,
Óro a cúmáin zíl, a uáin ! 'r a zínas !

"Oro, O darling fair ! and ioro O Fairness fair !
Who's the young maid will be wed upon Shrove-tide there ?
Oro, O darling fair ! O lamb ! and O love !"

"Oro, O darling fair ! and ioro O Fairness fair !
Mary Ni Clery I hear will be wedded there,
Oro, O darling fair ! O lamb ! and O love !"

"Oro, O darling fair ! and ioro O Fairness fair !
Who's the young man upon whom fell this happy air ?
Oro, O darling fair ! O lamb ! and O love !"

¹ For the entire of this and the following see "Ancient Music of Ireland"—the Irish being from the able care of Professor O'Curry.

The name is communicated, and, in answer to another doubting stanza, the enumeration of the wedding *trousseau* is given, which, of course, places the matter beyond doubt.

Of lullabies there is a numerous muster. Dr. Petrie considers that the music of the Irish lullabies approaches much to the oriental in character, and gives it much praise.

The following is a stanza of a "fairy lullaby":—

A bean úd fíor an bhuaic an t-riochtáin,
 Seo ó leó! Seo ó leó!
 An d-tuisean tuar fáil mo sheanáin?
 Seo ó leó! Seo ó leó!
 'S gur bhiaíáin 'ran lá 'nu fuadais me om' leanáin,
 Seo ó leó! Seo ó leó!
 'S do ruzáid ar teac me a lior an Chnocáin,
 Seo ó leó! Seo ó leó!
 Seo í áin, seo í áin, seo í áin, seo í áin,
 Seo ó leó! Seo ó leó!
 Seo í áin, seo í áin, seo í áin, seo í áin,
 Seo ó leó! Seo ó leó!

O maid that standest down by the rill,
Sho ho lo, Sho ho lo,
 Or dost thou know my grief and my ill,
Sho ho lo, Sho ho lo,
 A year and a day I was snatched so still!
Sho ho lo, Sho ho lo,
 From my love to the *lios* on the little green hill,
Sho ho lo, Sho ho lo,
 Shoheen, Shoheen, Shoheen, Shoheen,
 Sho ho lo, Sho ho lo,
 Shoheen, Shoheen, Shoheen, Shoheen,
 Sho ho lo, Sho ho lo.

This ballad represents a newly-married young woman who has been taken away by the fairies from her husband, and whose occupation in the *lios* or fort was to nurse a fairy child. She is supposed to sing the song on the anniversary of her capture, when she is permitted outside the *lios*. She has a fairy child in her arms, and espying one of her own kind afar off tries to inform her of her desolate situation, and the way to break the spell, while she carefully caresses and hushes the child to sleep.

For "The Boatman's Lay" see Walsh's "Popular Songs."

Such are some of the domestic songs, which are always the truest mirrors of the home-habits of a people. This being the case, it matters not much whether prejudiced foreigners, looking at the squalor in which their iniquitous laws have placed some of our people, and exaggerating basely and lyingly that misery, publish abroad their derision or blame upon our country. So long as the mind of the people is chivalrous and refined, as the songs which they love most, because these possess noble, tender, and patriotic sentiments, show that the mind of the Irish people undoubtedly is, squalor will not debase them, nor will their misfortune be their fault.

The reader will find many a love-song in every language ; the following fragment will appear to him, perhaps, in its simple heart-lovingness, equal in feeling and expression to the most delicate. Yet, it is evident that it is (in the Irish) the production of an untutored peasant.

UNDER THE GREENWOOD.

Air :—“ *The Maid in Bedlam.* ”

Na c' aoibhinn do na h-éinínnib,
 D'éinnígean go h-ann,
 'S b'ídean a' ceisleabair le céile,
 An aon éiríob' amháin ;
 Ní maí ríh dam féin,
 'S dom céad míle zrao,¹
 I' fada ó na céile oráinn,
 D'éinnígean sa c'la.

I' bainne í na' h' hle
 I' deire í 'na' h' r'zéinn,
 I' bhínn í na' h' beidhinn
 'S i' roilreice í na' h' z'neinn,
 I' fearu' na' ríh uile
 A h-uairleact 'r a méinn,
 'S a' Dh'í! ta i' na' f'laic'í,
 Fuair' z'ail dom péinn!

How pleasant, sweet birdies !
 To wake in the dawn,
 And sing to your true-loves
 The same bough upon ;

¹ An ceud míle zrao, literally, *my hundred thousand love*, i.e. *my hundred thousand times beloved*. Hardiman said it was impossible to translate this little song.

Ah, not thus can I whisper
 To my darling one,
 'Tis far from each other
 We wake in the dawn!

She's whiter than lily,
 More fair to gaze on,
 She's more sweet-toned than violin,
 More bright than the sun!
 But better than all, is
 Her mind high and free,
 And, O Lord! take this absence,
 This anguish from me!

It is true, that subjoined is an epigram which shows that the author had no very high opinion of the stability of woman's affection. He must, however, have been some very ill-featured wretch who could not attract them, or some sad churl who lost them on his nature being appreciated. He was in earnest, at all events.

Ḷo ṛḶarṛaḶ aḶ laḶa le ḶḶḶ do ṛḶaḶ,
 Ḷo ṛḶarṛaḶ aḶ eaḶaḶ le Ḷa ḶḶḶḶḶḶ baḶ,
 Ḷo ṛḶarṛaḶ aḶ ḶaḶḶa le ḶṛeḶḶḶḶ Ḷa Ḷ-ḶḶaḶ,
 ḶḶ ṛḶarṛaḶ aḶ ḶaḶḶaḶ le Ḷ-ḶḶḶḶḶḶ ḶḶa!

When cease the ducks upon the lake to go,
 When cease the swans to sail in plumes of snow,
 When cease the hounds to gnaw the bone, we know
 Deceit will cease in woman's heart to glow!

Having quoted a verse so derogatory to fair ladies, there is no choice left me but to insert stanzas justificatory. Harken to their admirers and defenders, a host against one foe!

'SḶ blaḶ Ḷeal Ḷa ṛḶeḶaḶ Ḷ!
 'S blaḶ Ḷeaṛ Ḷa ṛuḶ-ḶḶaeb Ḷ!
 'SḶ ṛḶaḶḶa b'ḶeaḶḶ ḶeḶḶḶ-ḶaḶḶ
 le Ḷ-aḶaḶḶ do ṛḶ!

'SḶ Ḷo ḶḶḶe! ḶḶ Ḷo ṛḶḶ Ḷ!
 ḶḶ Ḷ blaḶ Ḷa Ḷ-uball ḶḶḶḶa Ḷ!
 ḶḶ ṛaḶḶa aḶḶḶ aḶ ḶuaḶḶ Ḷ
 'ḶḶ ḶoḶḶaḶ Ḷ ḶḶaḶḶ,

She's the white flow'r of the berry!
 She's the bright bloom of the cherry!
 She's the noblest—fairest maiden
 That ever saw the day!

She's my pulse! my love! my pleasure!
 She's the Apple's sweet bloom-treasure,
She's Summer 'mid the storm-time,
 'Tween Christmas and the May!

Surely no poet has ever expressed more delicately or poetically so beautiful praise! Yet the Irish seems to have been the out-gushing of an unlearned mind—not, remember, that it is at all ungrammatical, the peasantry speak with wonderful purity—but because of its simple construction. The following are clearly the productions of more educated men, they have not the gushing simplicity of the above quoted.

Քի Օհե! չաղ մե ամ ԲԵՐԼԻՆ,
 ՌՕ ամ զՕՂԻՆ ԵՐԵՅ ԸՅՅՆ;
 ՌՕ ամ ըՕՂ ԸՊԻՂ Ը ՂՅԱԻՍԺՆ,
 ՁԻՐ Ը ՂՅԴԱՇԱՅԵԱՊԻ ԸՄ ԸԸ ԸՕՊԱՐ.

ՁԻՐ իՄԻ ՅՕ Մ-ԲՍԱՂԻՔԵՍ ՕՅՕՄ
 ՅԵՍՅԱՂԻՆ ԸՅՅՆ;
 ՕԸ ԵՂԱԸ ԸՅԱԸ ԸԸ ԵԱՂ ԼԱՂԻ,
 ՌՕ Ը Մ-ԵՐՈԼԼԱՇ ԸԸ ԼԵՂԵՂԻ.

Would that I were the apple,
 Or wee daisy only,
 Or the rose in that garden,
 Where thou walkest lonely.

For, of leaflets or flow'rets,
 Thou surely wouldst choose some,
 To bear in thy bright hand,
 Or wear on thy bosom!

Perhaps the most triumphant refutation of that calumnious epigram is this:—

ՁԻՆ ԵՂԻՇ ՁԻՐՈՇ.

ՕՒ Մ-ԲՍՍ ՏՍԵ ԸՂ ԲԱՂԻՅԵ,
 ԻՂ ԸԱԼԱՂ ԵԵՇ 'ՂԱ ԲԱՂՔԵԱՐ ԵՂ,
 ՇԵՂԻՅԵ ՄՂԻՆ ՅԵԱԼԱ
 Ձ'Ղ ԸՂ ԸԼԱԸ ԵԵՇ ԸՂ ԸՕՂ ԸՅ ՂՂԱՂ.
 ՕՒ Մ-ԵՐՕՂԻՔԱՅԵ ԸԱՂ ԸՂԻՆ 'Ղ ՏԱՇՐԱՂԱ,
 ԱԼԱ, ԸՂ ԲՂԻԱՂԻՇ, 'ՂԱՂ ՏԵԱՂ,
 ՄԻՂԻՇԵ, Օ ՄՕ ԸԱՂԻՆ ԵԱՂ!
 ՌՂ ԸՂՕՔԱԸ ԼՕՄ ԸԸ ՂՅԻՂՕԲԱԸ ՅՕ ԵՐԱՇ!

Had I for ink the ocean wide
 The broad land for white paper,
 Each wing that e'er in motion hied
 For quills so smooth and taper—
 For guerdon, got I Eire's self,
 And Europe of the bright air,
 The half thy virtues—Fairest elf!
 I never could indite there!

Such praise seems rather too energetic to be heart-felt; indeed, the Irish title “*an blaic ainne*” sounds very like *Blarney*. If ever it were written as a serious compliment, the gallant must have been a lover of the old courtly type—in periwig and powder. More probably it is one of those blythe outbursts of extravagance, intended to indicate slyly real feelings under an unblushing mask of hyperbole.

On the subjects of richness and poverty there are many epigrams, circulating among the people. In fact, in every rural district where the Irish is spoken, curious gems of quaint humour, flashing wit, and a keen knowledge of men and morals adorn that golden casket—a Celtic peasant's heart. Persons conversant with the people would do well to catch these up from oblivion, and give them to the world through the press. Some of the following have never before seen the light, others that have been printed by Hardiman were either without translation or linked with very free ones.

An tÉ a b-fuil ioclaid go tinnin
 'S a éruac an fóin,
 'S a iucalla rille, i me
 A gair mhóir-éirí bó,
 A gáol níl éiríon go b-fuil
 A b-fuaicé gáil lón,
 'S b'iad na ceine níl éiríon
 Do'gh t'ruaig gáil t'reóin.

The rich man whose grain-barn is brimful,
 And thousands his stooks,
 Whose table is sumptuous, and many
 His herds and brooks,

His kindred—he never will know them,
 If in need they stand,
 Nor fuel nor food to the wretched
 Will he command.

Нјон ѿуџ аη гаѿаѿ гаηη аη τ-οϋηαѿ ηηαη,
 'S ηј ηαηβ гаηη ηарη џηаѿаѿ ροлаηη ηа ѿηаџ ;
 Нј бηοη џηαѿ аџ ηηа ѿο џηοџаηηе ηаѿ
 'S ηј ѳаџѳаѿ аη баг ѿа аηηе ѿηηе ηа ѿηаџ.

No Lazy Well-fed to the Hungry's kind,
 Yet Lazy always leaves a lack behind,
 No love from maiden woos decrepit age,
 And Death stays not for Beauty's equipage.

In the following stanzas, which seem to me highly poetical, the stricken bard essays to persuade Misfortune to depart awhile to dwell among the rich ; but is answered that, stricken though he be, there are yet greater miseries to come.

ON MISFORTUNE.

WILLIAM MAC GEARALT SANG :—

џаб ѿοηη, а ѿηаηг ! ѿаηηе ѿηηηеаѿ ѿηοѿ,
 На бј аη ροѿаηη аη ροραηβ а џ-ϋοηηηηηџе ηηџе,
 Еηηџѿ аη ροѿаг—βеηѿηη ϋοηѿаηηа аѿ ѿοηηηηηџе ηηј,
 Марη а б-ραџаηη деοѿаηηа ροѿаηηа βеѿηη βηηеаџ ηг ρηοη.

Аη ѿηаηг.

Нј η-аηη ηοη, а βηηаѿаηη ! ηј ρџаηηеаѿ ηеѿ џηаοη,
 βеηѿеаѿ ρаηѿѿе ρаοη аѿ ηηаηηаηβ, ηο аѿ βηηοηηаѿ аηηοг ;
 βеηѿ аη βаηηηеаѿ џаѿ ηа 'џаηη а η-βаѿѿаг ѿο ѿηџе,
 'S βеηѿ ѿаηηηџе аџаηη ρаηѿѿе аѿ βοηηаηβ џο ϋеηη.

THE BARD.

“ Pass on, O misfortune ! I am weary of thee,
 Dwell not longer on misery's straw with me,
 Rise forth to the down-beds, O Leveller, see !
 Thou'lt find the red wine and sweet beoir¹ flow free.”

MISFORTUNE.

Not I, O my cousin ! I will not flee !
 The pang to dart through each limb I'll be,
 I'll guide, through thy hut, the rain's grey sea,
 And the keen thorns of sickness I've yet for thee !”

¹ βеѿηη must not be mistaken for *beer*, though seemingly the same as the latter, and possibly its root.

Here are words from an elevated and upright mind—
they would not be ill guides for a life.

Нј ђаиηиη дуиηе, 'r ηη ђузайи ηио ђлан фай дон,
'S ма ђаиηиη ииηе ηη иηеагаиη зур ђайи оиηи ђ,
Эи еиађ ђуиђиη роиьиη, ηη роиьиηе ђађ ηа иηе
'S ηј'л ђайл а η-дуиηе ηађ дуиηе доη ђайл риη иηђ.

I traduce no man—my honour to none confide—
If I am traduced, I feel no stain abide,
While men sit merry none merrier is than I,
Who in differing minds still find some common tie.

The “blunt, bluff honesty” of Englishmen has been so
truly appreciated by the people, that there is no proverb in
Munster looked upon as more an axiom than this:—

Зайи Sacraηηайђ,	Smile of a Saxon,
Дпаηηђађ ηаδиайђ,	Grinning of curs,
Эђаηђ ђђ,	Horn of oxen.
Но еиђ ђапулл.	Or hoof of horse.

The “Englishman’s smile,” it will be seen, leads the
van—it being the most destructive.¹ The next epigram
was made on seeing an Englishman hanging on a tree.
Hideous must the perfidy have been to wring so bitter
words from a generous-hearted people, as these are:—

Ир ηайђ до ђоηађ а ђиайи !
Кађ до ђоηађ аи зађ дон еиηађиђ ;
Эиηи ђђаη ! Зайи ђоиьиηе иηиη файл,
Лай дед' ђоηађ зађ дон ла.

¹ Hardiman gives another with translation to the same effect—
indeed they are nearly as plenty as their causes.

На дђаη ђиηаηη ηе феар залба
Эиηа зиηиηи, ηη феиηиηе дуиђ,
Веиђ ђоиђђе аи ђј до иηеалђа.
Эђ риη ђоηаη аи ђиη залба иηђ.

With one of English race all friendship shun,
For if you don't, you'll surely be undone,
He'll lie in wait to ruin you when he can,
Such is the friendship of the Englishman.

This has been pithily done into Latin, by one who, (remembering
the Pope's pun on seeing the Saxon children—“*non angli sed angeli.*”
“They are not *Angles* (Saxons) *but angels*”)—thought the English
were certainly angels—of the torrid zone!

Anglicus angelus est cui nunquam credere fas est,
Cum tibi dicit “ave,” velut ab hoste cave!

Good is thy fruit, O Tree!
Plenty of such to each branch of thee;
I only grieve that the forests of Erinn
Are not daily full of the fruit thou'rt bearing.

Dóibhne a gúir d'ianrúimor air a gúir an,
Bianra gan íce an féilte ir an chraí
Zin an té úd le'n mian luób béarla beite rlan,
Do d'ibhne r'hoct Ir a gúir Eimeanáin!

Banishment and bondage, ruin and remorse,
Pangs incurable thro' each bone and sinew's course,
Be his lot, who'd wish well to England's faithless clann,
That exiled the noble race of Ir and Ereaman.

Do énearzain an raozál, 'r féid an zaoct mar rmal,
Ullardnom 'r Séarar ran mhéid rin a b'íd na b-páirte;
Ta an Teamáin na féar, ir féal an Tíaoi mar aca,
'S na Sacraimháiz féin do b-féidrin zo b-fuizóir bar.

Empires have fallen and decay sweet, like a blast,
Caesar, Alexander, and their like into the Past,
Tara is but grass, and lo, how Troy is ghast,
So England will surely die the death at last.

I shall now conclude these specimens with:—

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE FOUR PROVINCES.¹

Ir aluin r'zair zác flair a Múinán,
Zis corairte cruice zác anbfann,
Ir tír l'ionra i de m'ir ir de beóir,
Zis r'ín-d'ídean zác d'íe-leóir!

Ir ionda zúe, a z-clair laizéan, zo mear,
Stéud líacínair a gúir tréan-féar;
Ir úiz-bean foimeandá r'áin chéir,
Ionra h-ionad uairle 'r onóir!

Ní líacáid fuiréin a gúir an fáir
'Na maizéan aluin ir arid-flair,
Zis z-cruicáir Ullad na lanh mear
Na r'zair, na n-eal ir na d-tréin-féar!

Ta Conhacht molair dá m-beidrin mo zorb,
Conhacht doibhin, gan doh loób,
Ta óir le fáizair anh a gúir luób a'íur rann,
A gúir 'r'í Conhacht cruicéad Eimeann!

Each Munster chief is a stately Flower,
The weak one's dauntless defending power;
'Tis a land o'er-flowing with honey and beoir,
And shelters and succours The Poor evermore!

¹ This has been kindly communicated by Professor Connellan, who received it from the lips of a Donegal peasant, *O'Gallacher*, in 1825.

On Leinster's plains what voices of revelry,
 What fleet-footed steeds! what Columns of Chivalry!
 How; musical, mirthful and modest each maiden,
 Whose soul is with honor and truthfulness laden!

'Twere easier to reckon the leaves of the lea
 Than the beautiful maids and high chieftains that be,
 In Ulster!—Grand home of stout steed-mounted warriors,
 Thy shields and thy quick swords are Liberty's barriers!

Dear Connacht were praised, tho' hushed in the tomb I lay,
 O Land without fault!—thou never look'st gloomily!
 For the Children of Song gold and honors flow therein,
 And 'tis Connacht's the wheat! of our green pleasant Erinn!

Thus terminates a desultory but not, I hope, an unreadable preface. Throughout—the Irish and arrangement have been under Mr. O'Daly's care. On me fell the choice, translation and versification of the poems. The English I have tried to make more faithful to the original in meaning, metre, idiom, and order of ideas than is usually the case. Where I have departed from the metre (as in "The Slight Red Steed") it was in order to give another which, *in English*, sang better to the air. If it be objected, as has been the case, that the Grecian and Roman deities are carefully excluded from the few Jacobite relics herein, I cheerfully acknowledge myself to be alone the delinquent. If the opinions I have expressed above and through the body of the work, seem too favorable to these Celtic compositions, as peasant-ballads, they cannot be attributed to a Celt's or Momonian's partiality. For, the translator is an Ulsterman and of Viking race, deriving from their publication no other gain than an increase of respect and love for the delicacy, devotion and chivalry of a much-maligned people. That loving, ever-young loyalty to Erinn, which they tenderly and manfully cherished through the most tempestuous ragings of persecution, and to which they devoted their heart's blood as nourishment, appears to me inexpressibly noble and beautiful. It was the prototype of that young Frenchman's conduct, who,

¹ This very flattering allusion to Connacht might give a clue to the anonymous poet's birth-place.

having obtained in the Holy Land a scion of a cedar of Lebanon, watched over it carefully on the voyage home. Who, when that voyage happened to be protracted by adverse winds, and the allowance of provisions reduced, watered it with part, and when that did not suffice, with all of his own curtailed allowance of water—and who, when the irresistible tempest came and wreck followed, swam ashore with it in his bosom, and died exhausted upon that shore. The little scion, however, has itself grown and increased, till it is now capable of giving a home to many singing birds and a shelter to a multitude of men—a stately cedar of Lebanon, in the *Jardin des plantes*, in Paris.

Courteous Reader!—Farewell.

ERIONNACH, M.D.

ERRATA.

The following errors occurred in the hurry of printing which the reader will kindly correct with his pen:—

<i>Read</i>		<i>for</i>		<i>line</i>	<i>page.</i>
Thro'	O'er	2	5
Ullad'	Ulla	15	5
Stalk	Stalks	7	17
Till	This	4	19
Live	Life	23	21
Gloaming	Gleaming	2	25
Growing, and misfortune		Growing misfortune		9	25
Big	Pig	14	27
ḍḡarriarḡḡ	ḍḡarriarḡḡ	3	44
Caoil Each	Caoileach	1	64
aco	ca	7	78
rḡaoirle	rḡaoirle	4	92
Cut	Out	7	93
Ile-yeen	Ne-yeen	32	173
Sick is	Since sick	13	189

The song of the Caravat at page 16, ascribed to James O'Donnell, is by John O'Donnell of Athlacky.

There is a verse omitted in "Drooping Heart," p. 59.

After the 14th Sheet was printed off, we were informed that Slady Castle referred to at page 214, *n.* is on the estate of James O'Keefe, Esq. of Mountain Castle, and not on Mr. Chearnley's.

THE
POETS AND POETRY
OF
MUNSTER.

AN BUACHAILL BĀN.

SEAZHAN O'COILEAIN³ RO CHAN, A.D. 1782.

Fonn—"An Caslín Donn."

Maídhion laoi zíl fá duile cráinnh zláir,
Dhoine am aonair coir imíoll tráza;
A b-rioiar triem' néalta do dearcas rpeirbean,
Az tealct ó éab deas na mara am dáil:—
Ba ceirte a briaicte ná buille nínn cúir,
Tanuibe caoil-pínn buairte ar páir;⁴
Jr é dúbairt le díoznair, "Oc! uaill mo énoide-ri,
Nó b-feicfead cóidce mo Bhuacáill Bān!"

Ba éaoín a déidhíon,—ba nínn a h-aolérob,
'S a dlaoi na rlaoda mar ór zo ráil;
Ba zíle a h-éadan ná zúúir na réaltan,
Bheir solur zléinnéac dó'n t-raozal roirín la:—

¹ The literal translation of the heading of this song, An buacáill bān, signifies *the Fair Youth, the Darling One*. The present poem is one of these Jacobite reliques, whose beauty has forced me to translate them, although I am far from admiring the conduct of the Stuarts. Yet, I do think it would be wrong to consider these songs purely Jacobite (in the Scotch sense), for the Irish cared less for a king than for a deliverer of that land, which they loved with an intensity beautifully shown in this ballad, but perhaps more so in that of *Síle Ní Choínnealbáin* in this volume.—ER.

² Those, whose rage for anglicising is great, have made this John Collins; now, the Irish family of O'Coilean, or O'Cullane as written in Munster at present; or Cullion, as in Ulster; or Callen, as in Leinster, has not the slightest affinity with the English family of Collins, and consequently no right to usurp the name.—ER.

³ John Collins, author of this poem, was born about the year 1754, and descended from the O'Cullanes, an ancient Irish sept, who were formerly lords of Castlelyons in the county of Cork, and the surrounding territory. But having lost all their possessions by

AN BUACHAILL BAN.¹

JOHN COLLINS SANG.²

AIR:—" *Cailin Donn.*"

With crimson gleaming the dawn rose beaming
On branchy oaks, nigh the golden shore ;
Above me rustled their leaves and, dreaming,
Methought a nymph rose the blue waves o'er !
Her brow was brighter than stars that light our
Dim dewy earth ere the summer dawn,
But she spake in mourning :—" My heart of sorrow !
Ne'er brings a morrow—*mo Bhuachail Ban !*"

Her teeth were pearlets, her curling tresses
All golden flowed to the sparkling sea,
Soft hands and spray-white, such brow as traces
The artist's pen with most grace, had she !

the turbulence of the times, his tribe and family, like most of the Irish, were thrown on the world for subsistence. Collins, showing early symptoms of a disposition for learning, was destined by his parents for the priesthood ; but after he had made considerable progress in the classics, untoward circumstances, or perhaps his own wishes, prevented the carrying out this object. At the age of manhood he took a wife, and soon became the father of a family, and was obliged to turn schoolmaster for their support. He taught at Myross for a long period ; and, while thus occupied, composed several beautiful compositions in his native tongue. His poem, entitled " *ḂḂḂḂḂḂ ḂḂ ḂḂḂḂ ḂḂḂḂḂḂḂḂ*" (see *Hardiman's Minstrelsy*, vol. 2, p. 234), surpasses anything in the modern Gaelic for sublimity of thought and elegance of expression. His translation of the *Exile of Erin* is equally beautiful. Mr. O'Grady, late President of the OSSIANIC SOCIETY, has in his possession a large collection of his manuscripts, written about 1774, and among which is a history of Ireland, but left in an unfinished state. He died at Skibbereen, in the year 1816, at the age of 64 years.—J. O'D.

¹ *ḂḂḂ*, i.e. parchment.

Do bí uile fóillrī na zréine a z maínce,
 'Na leacain mjonla tré lictir bán;
 U' r rruic z an dírze ó fléaceta a rínn poirz,
 Shoemad, ríozda, d'a Buacail Bán!

Jr tara fléacdar do' n m-bruinhzoll maoida,
 Whioçain, béaltair, múinte, mha;
 U' r d'fiorraiz mé di a laoitte zaoideilze,
 A cine, a zaoðalta, a dleact, 'ra cáil;—
 An duil do déitib crijon an aedir í,
 Nó' n zein do méitib an t-raoizil a zmad;
 Nó chead é' n tréin-fear do buair a céadfaid,
 An a n-zlaodan rí “An Buacail Bán?”

An tura an méaltan² ru z bairi rzéime,
 O mhaib na h-Eirionn a zol ra n-an;
 Or cionn a tréin-fir, Naoir do traocad,
 An Ulad an éirli z le cealz námad:—
 Nó' n leanan coirteac rin zéir do' n Lín clainn,³
 An rruic na Maole dob' fada a z rnam;
 Nó céile an taoiriz ruair céim na Craoibe,
 Nó' r éaz ran z-coirctinn an Buacail Bán?

A dúbairt an céib-fionn, “nī neac do' n dréim rin,
 Do ríon do dréact me, act Fódla ata;
 Fa zmuolla Tall le treall air zhaodluib,
 Cíoda, caomnac, an Inhir Fáil!—
 Jr cian a z zéar-zol a caoine a tréin-fir,
 A cumann céile jr fada an fan!
 Oizne zaoimar Whjlead 'r Eibin,
 'S Choirinn na z-céad z-cait, a Buacail Bán!

¹ Cinel or clann.

² Réaltan, star. The allusion is to Deirdre and the sons of Uisneach, called Curaidhe na Craoibe Ruaidhe, or Heroes of the Red Branch; for an account of whom see *Transactions of the Gaelic Society, Dub. 1808.*—J. O'D.

Like crimson rays of the sunset streaming
 O'er snowy lilies, her bright cheeks shone,
 But tears down fell from her eyes, once beaming,
 Once queenly seeming, for *Buachaill Ban!*

I lowly knelt to the nymph of glory,
 The fair and gentle, the beauteous flow'r,
 And sought the lay of her gloomful story
 The kinel¹ owning such lustrous dow'r.
 "Art thou a fay of the azure sky, is't
 From royal ranks that thy race is drawn?
 O, name this Highest whose fate thou sighest,
 For whom thou diest—thy *Buachaill Ban?*"

"Art thou that star of the maids of Erinn
 Whose heart is bearing such burning grief,
 Since Ulla's dolor, when fell, unfearing,
 Thy Naesi prey to a faithless chief?
 Or plaintive fairy who, o'er Moyle's waters,
 Sent Lir's fair daughters in form of swan,
 A red-branch knight who lies low in slaughters,
 Was he thy darling—thy *Buachaill Ban?*"

"O, none of these," said this wondrous maiden,
 "For I am Fodhla⁴—Queen of the Gael!
 With chains o'er-laden my clans are fading,
 And chiefs are bondsmen in Innisfail!
 In wasting woe I've been long a griever
 For One—the heir of victorious Conn,
 The knightly scion of royal Eibhir,⁵
 My darling ever—my *Buachaill Ban!*"

³ *l̃j̃ñ ð̃l̃ãj̃ññ*, the children of Lir, who were transformed into swans by their stepmother, and spent seven years in that form in the British channel. *Vide* MS. *Õj̃z̃j̃ð̃ ð̃l̃ãj̃ññẽ l̃j̃ñ*, announced for publication by the *Ossianic Society*, also Griffin's *Tales of the Jury Room*.—J. O'D.

⁴ Pr. "Folla." An ancient name of Erinn.

⁵ Sometimes written Heber, pronounced Eiver.

Szuir do' h zair rin a bhuinziil arrais,
 A' r bi zo rarta, zé cada atá;
 Do ppiouhra nábaç, clúnamuil, laidiu,
 Trípaç, zardaç, ar reaçrañ!—
 'Ta' noi r zo cróda, 'r buidean na h-Eóppa,
 An an z-cóir da zo h-iomlán;
 A z tizeaçt ad pōirtuib le neart zan teórad,
 'S buaidfid Fódla do' h m-Buaçaill Bān!

An élor an rzéil rin do rzaip a claonta,
 'S do zāb a caon-çruiz óir da blaç;
 Do feinn a zéaza zaoil a h-driéaçtað,
 A' r a rjóza aor da ba mōi le náð:—
 Na h-éin, na mīolta, na choic, na coillte,
 Aibne, 'r ljoza, a h-iomarbāð,
 Do bi az raiuce ir na zleanhta tīmçjoll,
 Le znean d'a laoiçib do' h m-Buaçaill Bān!"

ΡΑΤΡΑΥC ΜΗC ZEAPÓJT¹ RO CHAN.

Fonn—"Oé! Carlean na Blarney mo múinín."

Ceó dhaoizéaçta feoil ojdce cum fázañ me,
 A' r an mīn tñi do çárlad cum ruain;
 Am' rjoi-çarad a z-coillte zan áçrjoið,
 Zo dhaoi-loç na Blarney do çuadar:—
 Do rñear coir çraññ zlar na m-blaça,
 A' r taoib liom do çaiñz rí ruar,
 An çaoñ-bean bad mīne a' r bad breazçta,
 D'an rjoiñaid ó Adam anuar!

¹ Mac Gearoit was a native of Blarney, county of Cork, and composed this song about A.D. 1744. He must be an obscure

“ Rejoice ! Rejoice ! tho’ long thy slav’ry,
 At last, O Bright One ! he comes—thy Chief !
 He comes—thy Champion—with hosts of brav’ry,
 Whose hearts are burning for thy relief.
 With armies bearing the flag of Erin,
 On tall barques steering thy seas upon,
 Soon shalt thou crown with thy hand victorious
 Thy lover glorious—thy *Buachaill Ban* !”

Her sorrows fled—she struck the golden
 Sweet-ringing harp with her snowy hand,
 And poured in music the regal, olden,
 The glorious lays of a free-made Land !
 The pebbly brooks in the vale seemed springing
 With brighter sheen on that sunny dawn,
 And birdful woods with delight were ringing,
 So sweet her singing for her *Buachaill Ban* !

THE SPIRIT OF BLARNEY.

PATRAIC MAC GEAROIT SANG.

AIR :—“ *O Blarney Castle my Darling.*”

Night robed in a mist of enchantment
 The slopes and the glade-arching boughs,
 As, tired roaming where mansions were scant, went
 The bard by the fay-lake to drowse.
 The branches of blossoms drooped over
 Which, sudden, a brightness illumed,
 And a Fay of all fairness did hover
 Where shadows druidic had loomed !

“ *ollamh ne dān*” among the bardic profession, as this is the only effusion of his we ever remember having seen.—J. O’D.

Bjodzan mo cnoide 'nam le h-āzar,
 D'a zhaoi tuzar lan-zean zo luait;
 Da bhaoiċe, dā nīn-morċ, dā zāine,
 Dā caoin-leacain āluinn zan ċruaim:—
 Dā dlooi-folt tċub, buide-ċarċa, fāinneac,
 Dā cċoc cruihne, blāċmāra, cruaid;
 A'r dā fċor-fāda ģ 'h oċċe hċor ċar ģom,
 Bheċċ aċ fċor-amāre ālneacċ a rhuad!

A ċaoin-bean ģa mċn-ċlac 'rē māċaim leat,
 An tu Aoiċċll ō'h m-bān-ċraiz a d-tuait?
 An tu Clċodċa ō'h rċċ ģor ģo Aine,
 No Mċorċar fuaċi bāri māre an t-rluaid:—
 Nō 'h bċiċċdeac mċz Naoiċ leir tar fāile,
 Nō 'h ģolċnoċac ċrāibċeac fuaċi buaid;
 Nō 'm cuiċe leatċa a ģrċċ a d-tċāċċ dam,
 Cā tċi ar a d-tānċaċ ar cuaid?

D'fċor ċlanċa Mċlead le māċ mē,
 Ce dċrċe mo ċāinde ċum cuain;
 A'r fċor aċ Bān Aoiċċċ do ċhāċaim,
 A'r le dċozċar zo d-tānċad anċr a ruait:—
 Dā ģrċċċ zo m-biāċ Bċocūnt ģa Blārhānċ,
 'Na ģ-aol-bċoċaċb ālne zo luait;
 A'r an Stċobānt rċċ bċ le real fānac,
 'Na mċċ āri ċri h-ārdāib zo buan.

Aċa ģċċ eile ar m'ċrċċċ le māċ 'noir,
 Mā'r bċċċ ģċre tċāċċ ar ģō luad;
 Zo b-fuċl Laoirēac zo buideanċar 'ran Spāinneac,
 A'r a ģċnoide-loċċzċr lanċar a ċ-cuān:—
 Sċaoċfċid ċum crċċċ ģur Fāilbe,
 A'r ģċ rċċċocfāid dā ģānāid ar cuaid,
 A'r ċur ra mċ beāċ ro a b-fċor-deċne an Mċhāra
 Do mċiċfċid zo h-āċċċċe an buad.

¹ The fairy of the white Rocks in the north was Aoiċċll (pr. Eavil.)

² Pr. Annia.

³ Pr. Cleena.

⁴ Pr. Deirdra.

My heart throbb'd with rapture, and brighten'd
 My soul, 'fore that nymph from Above,
 For the smile from her brown eyes that lighten'd
 Sent my bosom a-thrilling with love !
 O, berry-red cheeks ! and O, cluster
 Of curling gold hair to the knee !
 I could gaze the whole night on your lustre,
 And the night seem a minute to me !

“ The Brink of White Rocks¹ hath it been a
 Retreat for thy beauty ?” I said,
 “ Art thou Ainne² or Miorras or Cliona,³
 O gentle and snowy-palmed maid ?
 Art thou Deirdre⁴ whose wonderful fairness
 Lured a crimson-branch knight o'er the sea
 Hast thou tidings of sorrow or rareness
 From thy wand'rings to whisper to me ?”

“ For Mili's⁵ high clann I am grieving,
 Of that Flower of the Brave is my race,
 And long—long I've mourn'd in Ban-aoibhinn⁶
 And yearned their return to THE CHACE.
 But know !—of the Viscount of Blarney
 Soon the voice in your turrets shall ring,
 And the Exile be victor in war, nay !
 Three Islands will crown him their King !

“ These tidings thy clansmen to charm, or
 To frighten their foes, bear away ;—
 Our warriors in Spain d'on their armour,
 And the barques of white sails fill the bay.
 They'll wing to green Erinn their way—tide
 And tempests shall scatter the foe,
 O, Freedom shall gladden ere May-tide
 The true-hearted Lordly and Low !

¹ Latinised Milesius.

⁶ Pr. baun-eevin—the “ pleasant plain or slope” which lies beside the Loch.

Ա րէլմ-բլր յա շրէլշ մե ար ան Ծ-տօծ րօ,
 Ա'ր տէաշնամ կոմ րիօր շօ Շլր Եօձալն ?
 Պար և Ե-բաձար շէաճ Երալնշլոլլ մաօրձա բաօլ
 Ծրաօլշէաճտ ան,
 Ա յ-ձաօր-Երաձալն րիօձա ար շրձոլլ ;
 Ելծ' քլէրնէաճտ շաճ Լաէ 'շլրնն ար ԼօլնԵար,
 Ելծ' բէարձա, Ելծ րալնճէ ար շր շէօլ ;
 Ա'ր շէլե մա'ր մէրնն Լէաձ րան օլձճէ,
 Ա'ր և յ-էրնլ շէլճ շրլօնա Ելրն Օձ !

Շէլլլմ ձօձ' Երէլնլն-րլ և Երնլձօլլշ,
 Ա'ր տաձարն շրէլմրէ ար բէաճ մլ ձամ յօ ձօ ?
 Շօ Ծ-տլշէաճ բէալ ար բէաճալնն մօ ձաօրնէ,
 Ա'ր շօ յ-ձէալնբաձ շաճ յլծ շրն և Շ-ճօլր :—
 Պօ րշէալձա ձամ' շէլե շօ յ-լնրլօձ,
 Ա'ր մօ շաօրն-Երալնէաճտ շօլձճէ շրն Լէօ,
 Շօ յ-ձէալնձարն մօ Լէրն-շրն բա կլօձալն,
 Պա շրէլշլմն տա և շաօրն-Երալն բամ' ձէօրն !

1 Tyrone, all Ulster, was anciently famous for its skill in druid power, and this reputation of superhuman art seems to have long adhered to it. This sometimes appears even yet under a modified form, in a manner rather flattering indeed, but also not seldom

" And thou, wilt thou visit th' entrancing,
 The beauteous green glenns of Tyrone,¹
 Where a hundred bright maids, in silk glancing,
 Enchantment doth number her own!
 We'll have festivals, dancing, and gladness,
 The harps shall light music outpour,
 The fairest fay love thee to madness,
 And thine age change to glad youth once more!"

" O, fairest of Fairies! so sweet are
 Thy words that I'll fly to thy dell,
 Ere a month when I place my goods meeter
 And say to my kindred—'farewell!
 The beloved of my youth I must give her
 My kindest of blessings for aye,
 Then, from thee, gentle fay, If I sever
 May I swiftly go down into clay!"

astounding to Ulster families who may have settled in some parts of the south. Whenever a neighbour falls sick, or an animal pines away, to them come the persons most interested in the matter asking for medical advice, and discontented unless they receive it, believing the refusal to proceed from surliness of disposition, and not from want of power!—ER.

LOCH LÉIN.

Fonn:—Bean an Fhjn Ruad.

Lively.

Do ríúblar a lán zán rpar a d-toraç mo raolzil,
 O'n t-Sionainn¹ zo Raç² a'r coir banra daingiona
 an t-rléib;³

Ní fearaç aon aic ba breazta a'r ba deire na é,
 An baile beaz ban tá laim le barrna Loch Léin.

¹ Sionainn, the river Shannon.

² Raç, Charleville, county of Cork.

LOCH LEIN.⁴

AIR:—"Red-haired Man's Wife."

THE following song was supplied to us some years ago by Mr. Conor Mac Sweeney, a gentleman well known to Irish scholars through his edition of the "Songs of the Irish," &c., published in 1844, who took it down from the recital of his mother, an excellent Irish singer. It is very popular in the South of Ireland—more particularly in the locality which it commemorates. Killarney is the most attractive place of resort now in Ireland, being visited by tourists from all parts of the world. It has also been immortalised in Fenian poetry, as a place of general resort by the *Fianna Eirionn*, or Irish Militia, for hunting the red deer, with which the country, then abounded. In one of these poems, published in the Fourth Volume of the *Ossianic Society Transactions* (see p. 201), it is stated that vast amount of treasures are buried under the waters at the northern and other sides of the lake.

The O'Cearbhulls or O'Carrolls, were ancient chiefs of this district, but the O'Donohues, ancestor of the present O'Donohue, M.P. dispossessed and reduced them, and erected a new territory, to which they gave the name of *Eoganacht Locha Lein*.—J. O'D.

I've roved thro' a thousand vallies when gay youth was
mine,
O'er Sliav's verdant slopes, and from Rath to where
Shannon's waves shine,
Yet never a spot—tho' fair, and fair without stain,
Was bright as the white dear village by blue Loch Lein!

³ *Slíab*, a district so called in the county of Kerry, where an annual fair is held, known by the popular name of *Δοηδὸς ἂν τ. ῥιέβη*, i.e. the mountain fair.

⁴ Now the Lakes of Killarney.

Naç aoiðinn an airt na b-fárafid torcuige zo h-úr
 An daim zo ríð breáð azur plana ar mácaib na
 Múman;

Craimh loihzir a' r báid zan tráct ar pluma na
 aball,

A' r zur az Ror an Chailleain,¹ bíon mha az
 reihim a d-tiuh.

A m-bun torca na rlóð bíon rróit az raoidib da
 feabar,

Bíon ríon azur beóir ar bóid aca a m-bun torca
 a ngleain;

Bíon an ríad 'co cum rróit, cum ceóil an dnuid
 a' r an creabar,

An lon dub ran r mólaç zo ceólmair ar báimaoi
 na z-craimh.

Do ríublar Baoi Bhéanna,³ coir Eirne,⁴ a' r ar
 ran t-roir tuaid,

Coir Mhainze⁵ zan breáð, azur tréimre a n-arm a
 d-Tuamuh,⁶

Ní facar dou ball de'n méid cé zur b-fada i mo
 cuairid,

Ba breáðta na Loch Léin mar a m-bíonh an máz-
 íluað.⁹

¹ Ror an Chailleain, Ross Castle on the lakes of Killarney.

² This mention of Ross Castle proves that a certain degree of antiquity belongs to this poem; for, in all probability, it was composed long before the siege of this stronghold by the English under the command of the "merciless Brochil" in 1653. Ross Castle belonged to the noble family O'Donochoe Mor, chieftains of the territory called the Eoganacht of Loch Lein. It is picturesquely situated on a jutting "ross" or headland on the eastern side of the lower Lake, and commands a beautiful view of the waters, the winding strands, the green and wooded islets, and the wavy outline of the mountains—boundaries of the horizon.—ER.

How beauteous that vale where berries blush on each tree,
 And stateliest oaks overshadow the flow'r-starr'd lea!
 O stately as tall masts are they, where apples gleam bright
 And damsels from Ross-castle casements² pour songs of
 delight!

Bontorra of hosts! thou gladden'st the children of song,
 They've red wine and sweet mead ever thy valleys among,
 They've deer for the chasing, woodcocks and starlings I
 trow,
 While blackbird and thrush, their minstrels, sing on each
 bough!

I've wandered red Bearra and Thomond many times o'er,
 Through Ulad⁷ the grand and by Erne's⁸ bright green-
 woody shore,
 But never my eyes have seen, by mountain or main,
 The peer of the fairy mirror of blue Loch Lein!

³ Βέαρρα, a region, and now a barony, that of Bere, in the south-west of the county of Cork.

⁴ Είρνε, the lake called Lough Erne.

⁵ Νάηης, a river in the county of Kerry.

⁶ Τουατ Νιόνη, Thomond in Clare.

⁷ Ulster.

⁸ Loch Erne is a most magnificent expanse of water, gemmed with green emeralds of islets, whose trees and shrubs look down over the very brink; it is situated at Enniskillen, the azure mountains of Connacht guard it on the west, and one of the most perfect of the "monarchs of time," an Irish Round Tower, raises its mystic head above its once sacred islet, and seems to rule the waves from the island of Devenish.—ER.

⁹ Νηαδ-ήλουδ, the good people or fairies; literally, the host of the plain.

AN CARABHAT.¹

SEAMUS O'DOZHHAJIL RO CHAN.

Fonn—"Taimre am' còdla, &c."

Jr fada tã fuaim a3 3luaipreaçt eadhriinn,
 A3 tuar cum rparriuihne a 3-Clari Uj Nèill;
 O bailte na tuata 3o bhuac na fairze,
 Uabari a' r eazla a' r ari ar 3aoiðeirl;
 Ta riormad nò mhòri ran 3-cuan ro n-aice lihh,
 An eazlaip buarèa ari uairi an aiprihh,
 A3 rille na rùl tabairt comairle buir leara ðib,
 A' r taimre am còdla nò jr fìori mo r3éal!

A buacailiðe an crioide na bi3ið a b'feairiz liom,
 Jr ðib do rpreazaim mo riðite béil;
 Tazann orhad am crioide nuairi çim na leahan rjð
 Æli3e na h-eazairle jr aihye mhéih;
 Açt a3 imteaçt le baoir a3 dèanad aihli3 buir
 n-anmahn,
 Mharr do beitð daill 3an riadairc ari meairball,
 3eallaimre ðib 3o b-fuil búri narinde a3 ma3a
 fú3airb,
 Taimre am còdla nò jr fìori mo r3éal!

Jr é téazair3 na cléirre a' r riéiri na h-eazairle,
 An t-ri3e, mar mearaimre, b'feairi cum Dé;
 A' r nì a3 dul cum an aonair3 le faobar 3o feair3aç,
 Tnéan faoi ariim cum lamac na b-pléar;

¹ An Carabat, *the Caravat*. This song was composed about the year 1810, by James O'Donnell, of Laurencetown, Kilfinan, co. of Limerick, for two factions which started in Munster, who went by the soubriquet of *Caravat and Shanavest*, i.e. cravat and old waistcoat. Notwithstanding the exhortations of the clergy, and their denunciation of the lawless system pursued by these misguided men, they followed their nocturnal visits to the farmers of the infected districts, regulating

THE CARAVAT.

JAMES O'DONNELL SANG.

AIR:—"I'm Asleep, or the Truth I Declare."

Among us this long time a rumour in motion goes,
 Foreboding dissent in thy land, O'Neill!
 From towns of the inland to where the blue ocean flows
 Stalks Arrogance, Slaughter, and Dread 'mong the Gael.
 There are murmuring whispers abroad in my haven here,
 That at mass-hour the Church seems in sorrow most grave
 and drear,
 That from you, for your own sakes, with tears it doth
 crave an ear
 Taimse am chodhla no is fíor mo sgeal?²

O, friends of my heart against me bear not anger's wrath,
 'Tis you, you—faraor! whom my sad words wail,
 I mourn that I see you tread only Red Rancour's path,
 Exiled from that Church who for *you* did ne'er quail.
 O men! of the drink of Despair are ye quaffers mad?
 O blind men! you see not the grief—the Hereafter sad,
 Now! now! may the Saxons, your foes, look with laughter
 glad!
 Taimse am chodh a no is fíor mo sgeal!

Hear the voice of that Church which to heav'n is gratefulest,
 The tones of our patriot priests which cry:—
 "Go *not* unto fair-greens with anger-and-hate full breast,
 'Tis friends and not foes whom you doom to die."

the letting of land. sale of buttermilk, &c., until many of them paid the penalty by sacrificing their lives on the gallows. James O'Donnell composed the present song on the occasion, which, if deficient in poetic talent, is at least highly valuable as containing a wholesome advice.—J. O'D.

² Literally, "I'm asleep, or true is my tale."

Nać dealb an rzeal dá léazad az Zallaćoin,
 Zup b'jad clanna zaodal tá az déanad an aćaraionn,
 Az feallad an a ćeile faoi žnė zać feana ćeiit,
 Bherť azur carabat bán do ćrėiž!

A duine zan meabairn tá az labairt zo ceanarac,¹
 Teann, zan eazla, an airt faoi an t-raożal;
 Tuiz fearťa nać cabairn duirt a n-am an feana-berť,
 Lom, ná an carabat bán do ćrėiž;
 Jr jad an da ball ćuz búr ž-ceann faoi ćaircuirne,
 A'ť ćairruiriz dliżće ná nZall a ž-ćionn zać baiľe
 azuib,
 Jr eazlac liom zup fanh riľ eatorra,
 Taimre am ćodla 'rńa dúiriz mé!

Ari ćairze ná an rćoin, an óri ná an airiżiod,
 Mo b'rói! ni'ľ aine aco aćť b'ruizėan a'ť plė;
 A leabair 'ra m'oidė a n-ól 'ra rażuirne,
 A'ť m'oi-ćuid b'neacaid do'ń bán-p'airėear;
 Az teaćť do'ń t-r'ior'ń b'ion ćr'oid-řuic baiľiżće,
 A'ť eaćđna m'oi aco an *Roman Catholics*.
 Az ićead 'raż óľ, a'ť búri b-p'ócaide az teanna leó,
 Taimre am ćodla nó jr ř'ior mo rzeal!

Nać ionznad liom nać múineann dada riľ,
 Comairle rażairť ná ćuirra an t-raoiżeil;
 Ca b-řuil búri ž-caraid a ž-ćuirť lá'ń plė n'ń
 aćaraionn,
 Chum búri ž-ćuirť do ćaznad, nó búri ž-ćar do plė:

¹ The poet repeats here one of those *arguments* which doubtless assailed his good advice in conversation before. His opponent menaces him first, and then taunts him with the fact that the law (which *he* had broken in the bard's neighbourhood) laid *its* penalty on the *bard*, I suppose in the shape of an extra-police tax.—Er.

How woeful the Saxon would look and sink evermore,
 Did the Irish uniting once vow not to sever more,
 And for sake of old Freedom resolve to cease never more
 This Shan-vest and Caravat factions did fly !

“ O man without spirit ! who talkest so very meek,
 Thy high, gallant courage can need no stay,
 Understand, then, henceforth thou’st no aid on that merry
 week,
 When Shanvest and Caravat factions display !
 These two arms have left thy friends powerless to squeak
 behind,
 And foreigners’ laws brought on *your* homes to wreak
 their blind
 Vengeance !—I fear that both leave thee but weak of mind.
 Taimse ain chodhla ’s na duisigh me !”²

Alas ! you’ve no thought but for striving and quarreling,
 You stay not for friendship, for love, or gold ;
 Mid swearing on books and the black ale unbarreling,
 With ink-horns prepared and the parchment unroll’d
 What tales at the Sessions your foes will be setting forth,
 The vile-visaged bailiffs will then spread their netting forth,
 They’ll drink and be merry while *your* purse is sweating forth
 Its very heart’s blood in their wringing hold !

I wonder that nothing will teach you to mend your lives,
 Clerical counsels or ways of men ;
 At court, in the law-battle, where is the friend who strives
 To plead for, or shelter or shield you then ?

² In the last line, he says, “ I am in my sleep, and don’t awaken me”—a very significant phrase. Pr. “ Taumsha mo hulla iss nee yoosa me,” or as it is often said especially in Ulster, Ta me mo hulla iss na doosi me, which a Sacsanach, when calling for that air, metamorphosed into, “ Tommy Maculla made boots for me !”—ER

Nà fεiϭion ηβ nómajb búri z-cómairra ceanzajlte,
 Faoi zlarajb zo dlút zanj rúil le cara aco;
 Djol aijnid le búiri az tñúit le na z-carindur,
 Taimre am éodla nò ir fíori mo rzéal!

Da m-bjad clanna Zaodal an aon toil aizne,
 Mo bñón! ba deacair a z-claoib zo h-éaz;
 Do bñonhjad mac Dé ran t-raozalra maé orra,
 A' r niozact ná b-flatar a z-cñioc a raozajl:
 Ir eazlac hom, paraoiri! zur meallad ríb,
 Zo b-fuil flatarman níd éoin ruižitele SaZRannajz,
 Zanj amairc an Cñioird, ná'n Tñionóid beannajzite
 Taimre am éodla nò ir fíori mo rzéal!

A η-aihim mjc Dé do béarfairn teazarz díb,
 Comairle búri leara da m'ajl líb é;
 Zanj beic az imteact an rtrae na maoba a atanta,
 Nò ir baozal díb earzuine nò cáin ó'n z-cléiri:
 Zlacajzide ciall a' r deinió búri nanmanna,
 Tuizizide féin zo b-fuil an raozal an lara fúzajb
 Az fealla an a céile an zac taob do'n t-reanna-
 céirre
 Bherc azur Carabat cñion zanj rzéim!

AN CHUAIJCHJN BHJNN.

Ir anhr an oide bíim fá bñón!
 Bñodann mo émoide-rí a rziz am dóc;
 Cñion tuirim a nzmád le blac na η-óz,
 A' r zanj cor na cñioide ná aon cam.

Behold! now already your neighbours in fetters there,
 With no sweet hope of Freedom—till to Death they are
 debtors there—

Paying boors for scant friendship—a breath of the better air
 Their white money strengthens our foeman's den.

Did the clans of the Gael but unite in sincerity,
 What foeman could conquer or good man grieve?

O Heaven would grant us long-living prosperity,
 And glory of glories when life would leave.

That path, O my friends! you are turning your backs on it,
 Before you Disunion stands armed with his axe on it,

He flees from our foeman—he leaves the vile Saxon it!—
 The sway upon earth and life divine!

In the name of the Highest—these counsels I speak then
 forth;

For *your* sake—for sake of our bleeding land;—

Return to the fold, nor its mild orders break henceforth,
 Lest on your brows be imprinted the brand.

O return and turn quickly!—we've but a short life of it,
 This sorrowful wrath, sure the Low'r World is rife with it,
 What fools 'mong their friends would make one scene of
 strife of it,

Life to your GOD and for Liberty stand!

THE MELODIOUS LITTLE CUCKOO.¹

'Tis night by night I sink in gloom!
 Dim shadows around my sad heart loom
 Since I've come to love youth's fairest bloom,
 The pure, the true-souled maiden!

¹ Ἀη ἑυαίρη βίρη, literally, the melodious little cuckoo.

O Dhia zan ipe azur mire az ol,
 A d-tabairne an fionn na a d-tir na h-òz,
 D'fàzfairn fèin mo cèile a m-bhòd
 Zan cor zan lùt, zan coircèim riúbail,
 A h-òilean fuar zan tear na còir,
 A' r zan aon neac lèi dà zaoltaib.

Jr iad na h-éanlaic jr reine jr bhinne zlóir,
 An bairna zéaz az déanam ceòil;
 Jr zairid zo m-bhadra am coimairra dòib
 Az riubal an a b-fuaid zan aon ciall!
 O tairm me fealad a b-riah nò mòr,
 Bliazair lan-fada azur riaticè an fozmair,
 Le teannta cora nar airmidèar fòr,
 A riç na z-còmaçt na léiz me a dneòz,
 Sinte a h-uairç a' r mo ceann fá' h b-fòd,
 A' r zèabad bair muna b-pòrfan lé me!

Ta aon deirb-rjúir amáin a' r m'atair beò
 A' r baid zo briaç az tal na h-deòir;
 Az tuiall fam' dàil a' r mire an feòd,
 Zan cor na lùt am' zéaza!
 Tuid an z-clann naç h-dearnad peacad fòr,
 A coim jr zile 'na' h t-airzèad beò;
 Do èioirad folur a h-doricèadar dòib,
 A hzleantair ceò az zabail an nòd,
 A' r zur millre lom ó na béilín pòz,
 'Na riúira a' r mil na h-Éirneann!

Tre cuac na z-craob ma èizim cum bair,
 Ní b-fazad rí coirdè fear ní r fearn,
 Zo d-tuizfèad rí fèin faoi ceann beazairn,
 Zur ab olc atá rí déanad!

¹ "The Land of Youth." For descriptions of this beautiful clime the reader is referred to Vol. IV. of Transactions of the Ossianic

O Dhia ! that we were in the " Tir na n-og,"¹
 Or in streamy glens where joys disembogue,
 The sniters and sorrows aforetime in vogue,
 The scornful tones and saddening sneers,
 Looks brimming over and over with tears,
 Some chill, far isle would be laid in !

The sweet voice of birds in leafy trees,
 Would shed soft songs on the honied breeze,—
 'Twere smiling to have such neighbours as these,
 And wander with care unladen !
 For long, long have I this crushing pain,
 In griefs which could no solace obtain
 Red Autumn passed—ere it blush again
 My head shall rest 'neath the grass so green,
 Or I'll win for my bride my bosom's queen,
 This flower of Blossoms unfaden !

My father lives and my sistereen,
 But they cherish tears, they grieve unseen,
 For my strength is fleeting, and pale's my mien,
 My arm—no vigour is therein !
 Thro' the sinless bird of snowy white,
 Whose brow is more fair than the silver bright,
 O 'twould shed a ray of beauteous light
 In the darkest glenn of mist in the South,
 And I'd rather one kiss of her little mouth
 Than the honey of Olden Erinn !

Ah ! if I die from my white cuckoo,
 She never will find a heart so true—
 And she will mourn, in a small time, too,
 The deed she doth is so cruel,

Society ; the Voyage of St. Brendan, by D. F. M'Carthy, and the
 radiant romances of my talented friend, " Feardana," of the NATION.
 —ER.

30 rúzaç, rultman, 30 η-έινζεοδ la,
 Da m-bjad azam i 'dij mo lamā,
 Thlobmajn rocapact di zan çajm,
 B'fíú i fázajl de bnejr tar mñajb,
 Le feabar a tpejce, a méijn, 'ra çajl,
 'Sa cõmhuize a 3-cújre breaz solman!

Mā' r ar ti mo meallta dij r a çajr,
 Nj çnejdm leat a b-fujl tú rājð,
 Da m-bjadajnjre boct a' r 30 b-fazad m fear bar
 30 η-zeobta hom zan aon jad?
 Nj dod' çujð do çuz mé 3jad.
 Act duitre fejn a rpejnbean breaz,
 A çuaç na 3-çraob rlan leat 30 brāt,
 A çrojðe 'ra 3jad jr tú tam' çrad,
 Da mo hom zaç ajr a b-fujl fear az far,
 Nj jarrajnj feojrlnjz rpre leat!

AN CEARDJNEL.¹

Ta caçúzad mōr ar m'ajzhe,
 A' r dōlar lej r,
 O çjm an faozal az açarjuzad,
 Le tpejmre a' r bnejr,
 Clann na d-çaojreac 3-ceannarac,
 Da d-çabajrre anuar çum tarçajrre,
 A' r clann na lōpac açarjac,
 Faoi Cheardjnel!

¹ An Ceardjnel. This was an article of female apparel, much worn about the middle of the last century, same as hoops are at the present day. About the same time came into vogue the high-heeled shoes and high-cauled caps, which formed the fashion till

Might I press her to my breast for aye
 I'd soothe her sighs in the gleaming gray,
 With soft caress and sweet minstrelsy,
 For in beauty of mien and mind more fair,
 O, she's worth all the troops of damsels rare,
 Who have mansion, gold and jewel!

“ If to deceive me once more you try,
 I trust not half your bright words, I!
 Had I *no* grass growing misfortune nigh,
 Would you sing me then of your true love?”
 “ I've never loved your grass nor kine,
 But your own dear self, O maid divine!
 And now farewell! my blessing be thine—
 O bird of the wood! you have grieved me keen,
 Had I every spot where grass grows green
 I'd ask for no farthing with *you*, love!”

THE CARDINEL.²

My heart is full of gall, to-night,
 And sorrows swell;
 To see what changes fall, a blight
 On hill and dell;
 Kindly clanns and valorous
 Are sinking poor and dolorous,
 And crafty clanns look tall o'er us
 In the Cardinel!

about the year 1800 or a little later, when they gave way to a more becoming and tasteful mode of female attire.—J. O'D.

² This, the cardinel cloak, was a “new-fangled” kind of mantle for the female sex; I think the word should be written cardinal, but not being deeply versed in millinery, I prefer retaining the original Celtic orthography so far.—ER.

Ան սայր շիջի՞ յօ ծէ՛ր՝ աղ սիրիօղի,
 Ո՛ր աջ տրա՛ւտ սիր ա ելի՞ծ ;
 Ո՞րս աղ ն-ճալչար տա՞ ծ'ն Ա՛ւար-մաճ,
 Լե բա՛ջալ Լա՞ աղ երբէ՛ծ ;
 Ա՛ր յօ ծ-տօջբաճօլր նա մարծ-ճօլրբ,
 Ե՛ս քիլլե քիօր՝ ա նշլարանայծ,
 Լե բսայր ա յ-ցլոն՝ աջ եա՛ւտարած,
 Աս՝ աղ յ-Շեարձիղել !

Իր է՛ ճեք Տաճ՛ծ Ո՛ր Շա՛ւարս,
 'Շսր Ալոնե՛ Լեյր ;
 Ո՛ր լ քիօճա՛ աջսլոն նա բարրօղտա,
 'Տիր շեարս՝ յօ մ-բել՛ծ ;
 Եօքբաճօլձ աղ շեանայրե,
 Ա՛ր ճիօլբաճօլձ աղ շարտայրե,
 Ա՛ր շեանո՛ւճաճօլձոնե բարրօղտա,
 Փօ՛ղ Շեարձիղել !

Ա մա՛ւարս նա՞ ել ն-բարբալձ Լիօմ,
 Ո՛ր ճօլր ճսլտ՝ ա ելի՛ծ ;
 Ե՛ս 'ճաճ մօ քաօ՛ւար քեա՛ւտմայրե,
 Ա՛ր քաճալտար՝ Լեյր,
 Ե՛ս ճա՛ ճաճարկն՝ եայրջե՛ աջսլոն,
 Ա՛ր մա՛ճար ճա՛ ն-ճիօլ՝ ճի՛ս Տա՛ւարոն,
 Ա՛ր շեանո՛ւճաճ ի՛յաճ քան բարրօղտա
 Փօ՛ղ Շեարձիղել !

Պալլա՛ւտ Փե՛ 'րնա հ-եա՛ջալրե,
 'Տան Փհարս՝ Լեյր ;
 Աս՝ աօղ նեա՛ւ եօ՞ ճօ՛ւ ճարթբեաճ՝ տս
 Ա Շեարձիղել !
 Ո՞րս Լեանբաճ՝ ճօ նա բարրօղտա,
 Փօ՛ ճիօ՛ւճ սր ճա՛ւ քեանաճեան,
 Երա՛ւ ճօ՛ղ ներկն՝ ճա՛ւտանաճ,
 Ա՛ր ճաճա՛ Լեյր .

O when they go to hear the Mass
 They mind not Hell,
 Nor think what wages drear may pass
 At their Last Day's knell.
 For 'tis they—themselves!—would raise the Dead,
 Who're folded deep in daisy bed,
 With noise from every crazy head
 O'er the Cardinal!

“ We've no silks nor fashion new,”
 Saiv¹ and Annia tell,
 “ But sure, each has a passion to
 Be just *such* a swell!
 Let's eat the praties wee and wet,
 And sell the pig—till we can get
 The fashions! faith they'll see us yet
 In the Cardinal!”

“ Och, mother, don't be hot at all,²
 It doesn't suit yoursel'
 My whole week's hire you've got it all,
 And more as well.
 We've two white kids, none fatter play,
 We'll sell them both on Saturday,
 Themselves will, for that matter, pay
 For the Cardinal!”

The Pope's curse and the Church's too,
 With book and bell,
 'Light on whoever clutches you,
 O Cardinal!
 Who will not, as their mothers would,
 Wear dyed frieze and the other hood
 Which every change of weather stood
 By wood and well.

¹ This has been latinized Sabia, (it is pronounced Sive).

² The mother, it seems, would not agree to the selling of the good potatoes, so they devise another method of raising the funds.—ER.

Fuač mo črhojde a' r m'ajzhe,
 Dho' n Cheardinel!
 O čonarc fillte an čallijž é,
 'S mé az zabail tre Zhleann Fleirž¹
 Do p'reab mo črhojde ne h-anhrad
 Ba čormúil i le h-anhrpioraid,
 Do buajleap a' r do leazar i,
 An lair na pleirz!

FALST. LÉIWHIA.

UIUWAZ ANIC CARTAIN AN DÚNA KO ČAN.

A članha zaol řajřizijž búri laima le čéile,
 Čuiriž *huzza* řuar, ča' n bairne an řaočar,
 řairiřijde zo dlúřč
 A n-aiće lučč an čúil,

'S ná teibead a' lúč an aoirřear,
 Trearřaraid na búri 'r triaočaid,
 Čia řada řijb řúřčča a n-đaořibriuid,
 Az aččanna čúirte,
 Bhúri ř-čarřa 'ybúri n-đúčaiřž,
 Ačaride a' r řúirč žač řéile!

Na tuiřijđ a čairide a řad žur *Treason*,
 Do đuirne đá đ-triáččad an đála an ř-řaoiřijlřeo,
 'Sa đ-tuřadair čúřčairne,
 Do đliřčče bunorčionn,

Le mřonaiđe đá đ-řabařit řa n-éiřčeač,
 Řinřin nari b-řiú an čoirř naomčča,
 A b-řoirřm an řiřionnřa řaor řinne,
 'S ná řaiřč an Wuirne do brijž
 Ačč an őirřead le mřaoi,

'Sijř đuirne žan črič do žéilřiođ!

¹ Žleann Fleirž, Glenflesk, or the river *Flesk*, in the county of Cork; for an account of which see Windele's *Historical Notices of Cork and Killarney*, p. 424.—J. O'D.

My hearty curse and loathing tear
 The ugly shell!
 Since I saw a hag this clothing wear
 In Glen-flesk's dell.
 My heart leapt up in sudden wrath,
 She looked an old ghost on my path,
 I struck—she got a muddy bath
 In her Cardinel!

GRASP HANDS!

WILLIAM MAC CURTIN OF DOON SANG.

Be your hands, Irish clans, with each brother's united,
 And hurra! on the goal of our labours we've lighted!
 So stand on your guard,
 O'er your country keep ward,
 Let none be enslaved or affrighted!
 One bold blow will soon end the matter,
 Dash down your harsh foeman and shatter;
 Tho' long was your slav'ry
 Great was your brav'ry,
 And the spoilers of homes we will scatter!

Believe not, good friends! that 'tis treason
 Of the world and its changes to reason,
 We've far better cause
 To name thus the vile laws
 They impose without justice or reason!
 They blaspheme the high might of Lord JESUS,
 Who loves us—who guards us—who frees us
 Full soon from their guile,
 And they basely revile
 Sweet Mary, the purest who sees us!

Da d-tazaid a d-triát ó'n Sbaínn *Invasion*,¹
 Zo calaie Fhínn Trazá² nó'n bað rín Béalra,³
 Ba cáilma an trúp,
 Do macad ó'n Múnaínn,⁴
 Zo h-acamaínn úmal dá b-féacáínn,
 Fínn Bíoínn⁵ azur dúitce Uí Néill⁶ foínn,
 'S Conácta⁷ an rúd an réide,
 O Iuir na m-Bó⁸,
 Zo Doíne⁹ na reól,
 Nuair éluífidí r'zeoínn a rzéalta !

Ba túizte do cáic an rzáil na réiltean,
 Nó an an rzamalra d'fár zo h-ard air Poebur ;
 No an an z-cuaicéin bhínn,
 Do bí az labairt ran z-coill,
 Nó an an larair do bí anur na rpeáitad ;
 Zuir ab acárac ní z bí nzaon dúínn
 D'fúil ainnear díll r-Séamuir,¹⁰
 'S zuir míctid an níd rínn,
 Do teaáctuin cum críce,
 Zuir maie feicíonn le díol uair éizínn.

Ir ionda Szarannac laidínn lan do faozaltaáct,
 'Za b-fúil beáta zo ráim 'r breazáct éadaiz ;
 Na z-caitfid ríud rtríoca,
 Zan aitor zan aoibhear,
 Zan cead aco ruize air an d-téaríma,

¹ *Invasion*. Want of self-reliance is the never-failing characteristic of the Irish. In the chief part of the compositions of the last century, Spain and France are invoked for assistance to rid Ireland of English dominion ; but these great powers, although France made two or three efforts, and Spain one, only smile at the folly of a people divided among themselves, and lack courage when the opportunity presents itself.—J.O'D.

² Fíonn Trazá, Ventry Harbour in Kerry.

³ Béalra, Berehaven, the bay of which the poet points out as a safe landing place.

⁴ Múnaínn, *Munster*. The poet calls to mind the victories

If Spain of her arm'd men should spare a
 Battalion to Ventry or Béarra,
 How Munster would shout,
 How her swords would leap out
 With the gallant O'Neill' and Clan Biorra!
 Right gladly would brave Connacht lead them,
 And drain all her vallies to speed them;
 From Innis na m-bo¹¹
 To Derry would flow
 The conquering billow of Freedom!

All know by the light stars have given,
 By the clouds o'er the sun which were driven,
 By the cuckoo's sweet song
 Speaking green woods among,
 By the flame that hath flashed in high heaven,
 That of kings ws shall soon have a changer
 In our chief's heir so long a world-ranger.
 O, 'tis time that he come,
 To his Land—to his home,
 And our welcome is warm for *that* Stranger.

The Saxons so sensual and greedy,
 Full of riches and gold—yet still needy,
 Living all for this world,
 From this Land shall be hurled
 With a thundering shock and a speedy!

obtained by *Ceallaún Charrl* against the Danes, by *Brian Boru* at Clontarf, and by Sarsfield at Ballyneeta, over the Williamite troops, in 1690.—J. O'D.

⁵ *Fir Bhirria*, the men of Birr.

⁶ *Uí Néill*. The Ultonian chiefs of that name are referred to here.

⁷ *Connaught*.

⁸ *Inis-Bofin*.

⁹ *Dorrie na feól*, Londonderry.

¹⁰ *Séamus*. This is James II. the most dastardly poltroon that ever set foot on Irish ground. He lost Ireland at the Boyne rather than leave his daughter, who was married to William, a widow, just as if she could not get another husband among the Irish chiefs to replace the old Batavian veteran.—J. O'D.

¹¹ Pronounced *Innish na mo*, i.e. the isle of the cows (possibly *Inis na m-bo* *na m-bo* *na m-bo*, the isle of the fair cow.—ER.

An feadh mairfid na roillre a' P'oebur,
 Na uirze ran linn rin T'etar;
 'S clanna mhic M'ilead,
 A b'feadhan a rinnfean,
 Le fearna d'f' doirid an aon mhic!

UILLIAMS' JNGLIS' RO CHUAN (1740).

Ta oig-bean ran tin,
 'Sir eolac dam i,
 Ir tiom a folc, ir maian a porz
 Ir modarl' rar mairfeac i.

Le na meadhanb' feineann ri,
 Ar ceada puirt zo bhinn;
 Mo lean! mo cneac! nac b'feadainn teact,
 A z-cein tar lean a' r i.

Ta r'aid-bean coiri ran tin
 Znad zac oig-fir i,
 Realtan eoluir, zrian an b'otar,
 Bairhin ordan an z'irhin!

Nj'l clann nj, cleas na croide
 Aet treite maite z'irhin,
 Mo lean! mo cneac! nac b'feadainn teact,
 A z-cein tar lean a' r i.

Ta h-or-folc buclac ban,
 O c'roin a cinn zo rarl,
 Le'm feolad r'inn, mar leointe o'n n'zaoit,
 A z-comhar tinid an t-r'aid.

¹ For an account of William English, see *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, first series, p 27, INTRODUCTION.

While the sun-flame above us burns ever,
 While water fills ocean and river,
 Our green Father's-land
 Shall no more bear the brand,
 And a tyrant shall enter it—never.!

THE EXILE'S FLOWER OF LOVE.

BY WILLIAM ENGLISH.

A maiden I did see
 In this pleasant counterie,
 With tresses bright, with looks of light,
 All beauteous grace is she!

She strikes the soft harp's notes
 And her voice most sweetly floats,
 My woe! my loss! I may not cross
 With her, the brine of boats.

A stately maid, I've seen,
 Of all brave youths the queen,
 Our star of Love, our sun above,
 Our blithesome, gold *baibin*.²

Her heart's a very shrine
 Of qualities divine,
 My loss! my woe! 'twere joy to go
 With her across the brine!

Her hair of curling gold
 That to the grass is rolled,
 Doth make us move where'er she rove,
 As to sails the breezes hold.

² Pron. *bau-been*, an affectionate diminutive, "my little baby."

Le na bérlin bínn, tair, clát,
 'Sead léjžean ri 'h Bjobla an clár,
 'Szac áit do 'h tír, 'na nzeabad mo maon,
 Zo d-tóžbad Crijord léi lám!

Ta ržajl na ž-caor na žruad,
 An bairn-čnejr t-rém žan žruaim,
 Njor beaz an raožal, d'aojn fearn faoi 'h rpéir,
 Žheabad cead rujže léi zo buan!

Jr fada réjđ mo čuajrd,
 Az éalód léi cojr cuajr,
 Da m-bjadajnn žan aon, az žol tar m'éir,
 Na neac do deanjrad buajr!

Racadra anoir a nún,
 Tar rajle žlar na d-tonn,
 A' r fajrad mo žrad žeal,
 San' áit-reo zo dúbac!

A Whujne fórtajž dúinn,
 Réjž anoir an ž-cúir,
 A' r nac fajraimri an bairn-čnejr,
 Da m'áil léi teacť lom!

Ma čjžim-ri a nun tar toinn,
 A' r zo d-tiocrad čžad žan moill,
 Da d-tiocrad lom zo caoin-đil, čujr,
 Zo d-tóžrad an rmujt om' čmojde!

Cujrřiod řúžac žan moill,
 Žilln řúžac žmojde,
 Do bearrřujnn lom tú b-řad óđ' dújtče,
 Anžiri čujr-tair mjin!

With little red lips, bright,
 She reads, so sweet and right,
 The Book of Heav'n—where'er I'm riv'n,
 May HE shield her round with light!

The berry's crimson glows,
 Amid her cheeks' pure snows,
 O fair's his life who wins as wife
 This brightest flow'r man knows!

O long would be my way
 With her by dell and bay,
 Were there none behind to weep, or find
 Some means their hate to pay.

But now upon the brine
 Of barques, is floating mine,
 And I must leave my love to grieve,
 My Flower of Love to pine!

Sweet Virgin! ah, bestow
 Some solace on our woe,
 For, sure, I'd ne'er forsake my dear
 White Love, if hence she'd go!

If now I cross the sea,
 Yet, soon, I'll turn to thee,
 And then thou'lt come,—thou'lt surely come,
 And drive this cloud from me!

Soon, soon, I'll guide unseen,
 A poney, swift and keen,
 And we will rove from Erinn, love,
 My gentle, maiden queen!

AN ANTI-CHRISTIAN CHAUNSA.

PÁTRAIK O'CONCHUBHAIR RO CHUAN..

Fonn—"Cairpoll Múman."

Aitá aithirí áaoiḡ le real am élaoidéam,
 Ní plár ná bréag!
 Do bhradais̄ zaoite tárrirha tríom,
 Le zrád dá rzéim!
 A ramuil díob ḡior ḡeanzímáð linn,
 O tárlaid me;
 Ais̄ tárrdiol tíoréta a b-pad óm' zaoidealta,
 Le fáḡ an t-raozárl!

Ní h-íonzná í do rlad mo éroidé,
 Le zrád dá rzéim;
 A'r zup zile a cuim ná rneacéta ar cmaoisb,
 'Sa brázaid mar zéir;
 A rriotal caoiḡ ir bhne laoid,
 Na zair ná d-téad;
 Do zoiḡ me tríom le fuinneam zrínn,
 Dá ráidte réim.

A folc zo ríor a z feaca ríor,
 Zo fáinneac, réis̄;
 Zo rraac ríim, zo duallaç buide,
 Zo h-áluinn znéi;
 A dearca zrínn do pad me ar baor,
 A'r d'fáz mé raon!
 Le tártíom éroidé do'n aithirí áaoiḡ,
 Ir zrádmair méinn.

THE GENTLE MAIDEN.

PATRICK O'CONNOR SANG.

AIR:—"Cashel of Munster."

My heart is o'erladen
 With trouble and care,
 For love of a maiden
 Sweet, gentle, and fair!
 I've strayed among strangers
 Full many lands o'er,
 But the peer of that dear one
 I ne'er met before!

Her beauty so rare is
 That love her I must,
 The snow not so fair is,
 And swan-like's her breast!
 And her word's gentle measure
 Rings tunefully clear,
 O, it wounds me with pleasure
 The voice of my dear!

Her yellow hair streaming
 Soft-curling and free,
 Like liquid gold gleaming
 Is beauteous to see;
 The sweet smile of her glances
 So joyous and bright,
 All my reason entrances
 With love and delight.

A mala c̄aoil ar a h-éadan c̄aoil,
 Fuair bairn tar béib;
 A' r a leaca c̄im mar r̄neac̄ta zlihh,
 Tne r̄z̄ail na z-caor;
 A mama cruilh, a r̄amuilc̄ l̄ic̄,
 Ar blač̄ na z-craob̄;
 A' r ar ālneac̄t zhaol zur r̄ápaib̄ r̄í,
 Beaη Phār a' r Phriam!

A leabair-c̄noib̄ m̄ih̄ ir zar̄da z̄h̄im,
 'Sir r̄áinneac̄ r̄éim;
 A z tarraih̄z z̄h̄ib̄ ar b̄razaib̄ l̄ih̄,
 Le bairn a m̄ear,
 Cearca r̄raoic̄, alađ ar l̄ih̄z,
 Ir clōđ zač̄ éih̄,
 Do dealbuid̄ead̄ aη aih̄z̄ir c̄aoil,
 D'f̄az̄ m̄e a b-p̄éih̄.

Cia zur fear dam c̄noide zur fear me d̄ib̄ir,
 Wh̄a a z-c̄éih̄!
 A' r do c̄leac̄t zan c̄oimreac̄t r̄reardal buid̄'ne,
 Nār c̄lač̄ a r̄éim,
 N̄ior d̄eōnad̄ m'̄ih̄c̄ih̄ dam zan r̄z̄raoc̄ad̄,
 Le z̄rād̄ do'η b̄éic̄t
 A' r b̄eic̄t real d̄a c̄oim̄deac̄t zan c̄ead̄ do'η t-r̄aoz̄al,
 Nā r̄z̄ac̄ noim̄ c̄léih̄!

O c̄reōnad̄ Cr̄iord̄ ran r̄iōđ t̄ú am' l̄ih̄,
 A' r zur z̄rād̄ar do m̄éih̄!
 A' r zo b-p̄uil cac̄ d̄a m̄uid̄eam̄ zur r̄áip̄ic̄iōc̄ r̄ih̄,
 A' r do c̄ail zur léah̄,
 Zur d̄earbuid̄z̄ir led' b̄riac̄raib̄ b̄ih̄,
 Zur z̄rād̄ leat me
 N̄i ceare aη d̄l̄iže zo r̄z̄ar̄r̄amaōir
 Zo b̄rač̄ led' z̄h̄éi.

Her pure brow most fair is
 Mid maids young and meek,
 The snow-circled berries
 But shadow her cheek!
 Her breast has the whiteness
 That thorn-blossoms bore,
 O, she shames all the brightness
 Of Helen of yore!

Her soft, queenly fingers
 Are skilful as fair,
 While she gracefully lingers
 O'er broideries rare.
 The swan and the heath hen,
 Bird, blossom, and leaf,
 Are shaped by this sweet maid
 Who left me in grief!

Tho' long proud and stately
 From women afar,
 And 'mid chiefs strong and great, lay
 My revel and war,
 Yet, humbled I yield me
 To this gentle maid,
 For travel can't shield me
 Nor sweet music aid!

Then, dear one! since Heaven
 Did guide thee to me,
 And since all see me given
 In love-bonds to thee,
 And that pledged from this hour
 I am thine evermore,
 O, cursed be the power
 That would part us, *a stor!*

2huzhū cāoīn nā nāīdte zhuīn,
 Do zhuādar tar bēīc ;
 O leat an nīd reo fāhūīnūz tīmēīoll,
 O Chlār zo Lēīm !
 Pheab le h-īnīn anōīr am cōīnīdeāct,
 Tar fāīl a z-cēīn,
 Nō do beānīāct bīōd zān rēad am tīmēīoll,
 2zūr flān leat fēīn !

SEAZHAN O'DHÍGE.¹

PIARAS MAC SHEARAINN RÓ CHUAN.

Nīōn zēīllīōr māīn do nāīdte,
 Fīte, fāīz, nā dīāoī ;
 Zo b-fuāīr an Bhulcān zhuānā,
 Bhēnūr bīeāz māī mīāoī :—
 Nō zo b-facād pēārīlād an bāīn-cīeīr,
 Le toīl a cāīnīde zāoīdīl ;
 Nā cārīlūīnī fīeāctā fāīzīte,
 2ī leabād Sheāzān Uī Dhīze !

Nīōn zēīllīōr zūr rīōīnād nēāīndā,
 Do cāctāīz dlūt an dīr ;
 2ēct cōrīōīnī pēacād 2hāmoīn,
 2' fānī tar d'āīrīnēōīnī dīb ;
 2hōrō nīrā dātūr,
 2hōīr īr nāīdte fīōīr ;
 O tuzād pēārīlād an bāīn-cīeīr,
 D'fēār māī Sheāzān O'Dhīze !

¹ SEAZAN O'DHÍGE, John O'Dee, the hero of this song, was a blacksmith by profession, and resided at Knockadoon in the parish of Ballymacoda, about four miles to the south-east of Youghal, in the county of Cork. He paid his addresses to a farmer's daughter, who was looked upon as the handsomest woman in the parish, and

Sweet maiden ! sweet maiden !
 My own love, so fair,
 Since far this is spreading
 From Leim unto Clare
 O, fly with me kindly,
 O'er ocean's wild swell,
 Or give me thy blessing,
 And love fare thee well !

SEAAN² O'DEE.

PIERSE FITZGERALD SANG.

I ne'er believed the story
 Prophetic bard ! you sung ;
 How Vulcan, swarth and hoary,
 Won Venus fair and young,
 Till I saw my Pearl of Whiteness
 By kindred forced to be,
 In her robes of snowy brightness,
 The bride of Seaan O'Dee !

I ne'er thought God, the Holy,
 A bridal would allow,
 Where Mammon spurs them solely
 To crown her drooping brow.
 "The Richest weds the Rarest,"
 That truth, alas ! I see
 Since my sunny pearl and fairest
 Is bride to Seaan O'Dee !

eventually got her parents to consent to their union, much to the astonishment of the surrounding country. Pierse Fitzgerald, the well-known poet and wag, who resided at Ballykennely, the adjacent townland, and whose house still stands there in fine preservation, took up the subject, and composed these stanzas on the happy occasion.—J. O'D.

Dá mo fear mar các mé,
 'S zup máit mar céard lom í ;
 Do ríneinn real mar Wháir léi,
 'S ní cúinne cáf ran maol :¹—
 Or é do breódaiz 'rdo crádaiz mé,
 'A' buain mo pláinte díom ;
 Do mama zealað, breazta,
 A leabað Sheazain Uí Dhíje !

WHÁIRE NÍ WHILLEOIN.²

A d-tiocfað a z buaint an airtinn lom,
 A Wháire Ní Whilleoin ?
 Do tlocfainn 'r dá ceanzal leat,
 A cúid do'n t-raoizéal 'ra rtóir !
 Raáainn féin cum aifeinn leat,
 'S ní le zráð dam aham é,
 Aed d'fóin a beit ra n-amarc oit,
 A ozánaiz óiz !

A d-tiocfað ahh a nzáindín lom,
 A plúir na m-ban óz ?
 Cnéad do beidmaoir a déanað ahh,
 A cúid do'n t-raozal 'ra rtóir ?
 A z buaint ablað do báir zéazad,
 'A' r bhuic ar loca a z léimead
 'A' r caillín deas le breazad
 Whar Wháire Ní Whilleoin !

¹ Maol, i.e., a bald or hornless cow ; probably the only stock Seaan O'Dee possessed.—J. O'D.

² This dramatic ballad, from the analytical form of the verb in the original, seems to be of Ulster origin.

Were I like most, ere morrow,
 A dire revenge I'd take,
 And in his grief and sorrow
 My burning anguish slake ;
 For gloom o'ershades my lightness—
 O, woe's my heart to see
 Her form of snowy whiteness
 Embraced by Seaan O'Dee !

MAIRE NI MILLEOIN.

“ Will you come where golden furze I mow
 Mo Mhaire Ni Milleoin ?”

“ To bind for you I'll gladly go,
 My Bliss on Earth, mine own

“ To chapel, too, I would repair,!”
 Tho' not to aid my soul in prayer,
 But just to gaze with rapture where
 You stand, mo b'uac'aill b'an !³

“ Will you rove the garden glades with me,
 O Flower of Maids, alone ?”

“ What wondrous scenes therein to see,
 My Bliss on Earth, mine own ?”

“ The apples from green boughs to strike,
 To watch the trout leap from the lake,
 And caress a pretty *cailin*⁴ like
 Mo Mhaire Ni Milleoin !

³ Pr. “ Mo vohil vaun,” my white or fair youth ; this term is often used as an expression of endearment, See that intensely touching scene in Carleton's “ Valentine M'Clutchy,” where the widow laments for her youngest son, her “ darling Torlach, her white-headed boy.”—ER.

⁴ Pr. “ colleen,” a young girl.—ER.

A d-tiocfáð cum an teampaill lhom
 A Whaíne Ní Wílleoín?
 Creáð do b'admaoir d'íarriaid an
 A cúid do' h-t-raoíal 'ra r'tóir?
 Aí éirtioct le cantraíneac,
 Na m'írtíneíde zallda ro,
 A' r' zo z-críochnócamaois an cleamhar,
 A plúir na m-ban oí!

Thuí mé cum an teampaill í
 Mo cúid do' h-t-raoíal! mo r'tóir!
 Thuí mé cum an teampaill í,
 Mo creac! mo m'le bróh!
 Do tarraíneí mé mo r'zian amaç,
 A' r' túz me rácað na clíab arteaç,
 A' r' léiz mé fuil a cnoide léi 'maç,
 Zo bairi iall a bróí!

Creáð é r'íh tá tú déanað
 A cúid do' h-t-raoíal, a r'tóir?
 Creáð é r'íh tá tú déanað
 A óíanaíí óíí?
 Léiz m'anam lhom do' h-r'zíníí reo,
 'S ní fáicead coidece aríí tu,
 Zo r'ubalírad na reacð níozacda,
 Led' leanb beaz oí!

Do túz mé ar an móin, í,
 Plúir na m-ban óí;
 Do túz mé ar an móin í,
 Mo creac! mo m'le bróh!
 Bhuaí mé díom mo cóta,
 Mo r'tocáide 'zur mo bróíza,
 A' r' d'éalois mé aníí an z-ceó,
 O Whaíne Ní Wílleoín!

“ Will you seek with me the dim church aisle,
 O Maire Ni Milleoin ?”
 “ What pleasant scenes to see, the while,
 My Bliss on Earth, mine own ?”
 ‘ We’d list the chanting voice and pray’r
 Of foreign pastor, preaching there,
 O, we’d finish the marriage with my fair
 White flow’r of maids alone !”

She sought the dim church aisle with me,
 My Bliss on Earth, most fair !
 She sought the dim church aisle with me,
 O, grief ! O, burning care !
 I plunged my glitt’ring, keen-edged blade
 In the bosom of that loving maid,
 Till gushed her heart’s blood, warm and red
 Down on the cold ground there !

“ Alas ! what deed is this you do,
 My Bliss on Earth, *mo stor* !¹
 What woeful deed is this you do,
 O youth whom *I* adore !
 Ah ! spare our child and me, my love,
 And the seven lands of Earth I’ll rove,
 Ere cause of grief to you I prove
 For ever—ever more !”

I bore her to the mountain peak,
 The Flower of Maids, so lone !
 I bore her to the mountain bleak,
 My thousand woes ! *mo b’ron* !²
 I cast my *cota* round her there
 And, mid the murky mists of air,
 I fled, with bleeding feet and bare,
 From Maire Ni Milleoin !

¹ Pr. “ mo store,” my treasure. ² Pr. “ mo vrone,” my grief.

ΤΑΥΘ ΑΣ ΤΕΛΙΧΗΤ.

ΔΑΙΒΗΙ Ο΄ Η-ΠΑΡΦΗΛΙΤΗΕΙ ΚΟ΄ ΧΑΝ.

Α μαιοιρ α΄ ρ με am αοηαρ,
 Κοιρ ταοιβ Φhlearza an ζαοιτα,
 Φα διοη δουλλε ζεαζ-ζλαρ am λυζε :
 Lem' ταοιβ ζυρ ρυδ ρρεηρbean,
 Βα τηη bηηηηe ραοι-ζυτ,
 Να caοιη-ορμυτ, ζυτ eanλατ, α΄ ρ ριβ :—
 Φα coηmδεατ bi caοc-ζηollaδ,
 Φο ceαρ με ρδο ηηηll!
 Le ραηζεadaιβ da λειη-cυρ,
 Τηem' ταοb deαρ zo cρμυηη,
 Φο ρυηζ' με ζαη ραοραη,
 Le διοζμαρρ do' η ηeαλταη,
 Φοb' αοιβηηηηe ρζεηηη azυρ ζηαοι!

Λιτηρ azυρ caοηα,
 Βηη az coηηeαρζαηη ραζ ρλεηηηeατ,
 Ζο ριοcμαη ηα ρειηη-leacaηη ζηηηηη :
 Να cηη ηηοηα, δεαδ-caηlce,
 Β' ρηη deαρ a η-beaλταηα,
 Α bηαοιτε ρα claοη-μοιρζ ζαη τηηηeal :—
 Α cρμυηη ηama ζεαηα,
 Ζαη claοclod ap a clη,
 Α ριβ α΄ ρ a η-aοl-οροb,
 Μαρ ζειρ ap an δ-toηηη,
 Βα τηηηηeατ ταη ηηαηηηαc τηυb,
 Βυηδε-caρδα ρεαηηlac,
 Α dλαοι-ρολτ zo caοl-τηοιζ ap bηρ.

¹ The O'Herlihies, from whom our poet descended, were chiefs of a district in the barony of Muskerry, county of Cork, and were hereditary wardens of the church of St. Gobnait, at Ballyvourney, in that county. In the notes to Connellan's edition of the Four

THEY ARE COMING!

DAVID O'HERLIHY SANG.

The eve-dews were weeping,
 And by Flesg I lay sleeping
 'Neath the green leafy boughs of the wood,
 Till I heard sweeter singing
 Than bird's song or harp's ringing,
 And beside me a bright damsel stood.
 O Love tarried nigh her,
 On my peace making war
 With his arrows of fire,
 Till my heart did unbar,
 Till he left me a capture
 To wild-throbbing rapture
 In the ray of that bright-beaming star!

The Lily of whiteness,
 The Berry of brightness,
 In hot combat her fair cheek contest;
 Her teeth seem'd the rarest,
 Her small rose-lips fairest,
 And her blue eyes made heaven their guest!
 Her bosom, soft beaming,
 Was snowy and free,
 Her neck was, in seeming,
 The swan on the sea;
 Her hair bright and pearly
 Fell in golden curls, fairly
 To her small, twinkling feet on the lea!

Masters (p. 199) many interesting details concerning this family will be found. Smith (see *Antient and Present State of Cork*, Vol. I. p. 193, ed. 1750), says, that Ballyvourney means the town of the beloved; and that the church is dedicated to St. Gobnate,

Ba túirpreac me am daon-rprear,
 • Sur rmuairhear trém' héaltairb,
 Ar cúrrairb an t-raozaíl cleairairg élaoin!
 An trác mairzlar do léimear,
 Le rún-réarc do'n réaltaí,
 A lúb coille aoraic zán teimeal:—
 Do bí lonnrao o Phoebur,
 Ar zéazairb zac crairín,
 A'r lonnrao ba zréazac,
 Ar zac aon barrna lúibe,
 Bhí lonnrao ó'n b-réarlad,
 Zo d-tiocrao mac Shéamair;
 Zán cúntar fá réim éairt na rízeac!

Bhí ronn-ríotál béite,
 Coir abann anhr an nzaoríca,
 A'r ronn-zúe na n-éanlaic zo bínn,
 Toza toirca ar zéaza anhr,
 Míl azur céir beac,
 Ir pláirpreac zac éirz ar an d-toirín:—
 Síubal rionnairc ar raotar,
 Poic, méic-broic, míl muize,
 A'r zac róir ealtan b'féidíir,
 Le h-aoinneac do ríon,
 Az rúznad 'raz pláirpreac,
 Zo d-tubrao a raon-zúe,
 Chum rúbcair luic créac azur caoi!

said to be a daughter of O'Connor Sligo, who in the sixth century was made abbess of a nunnery of regular canonesses there, by St. Abban; of whom there were two, whose festivals are celebrated on the 16th of March and 27th of October. David O'Herlihy the poet resided at Glenflesk, where some of the family still live. His great grandson, Mr. Patrick O'Herlihy of Ballyvourney, is the only bardic representative of the family now living that we are aware of.—J. O'D.

My heart had been teeming
 With grief, for in dreaming
 I had dreamt of the world and its guile.
 But my waking was splendid !
 My Love-star had descended
 Mid the green, leafy wood of the isle !
 The sun-sheen pour'd light on
 Each bough of each tree,
 The sun-sheen fell bright on
 Each grass-tip in glee,
 And my Pearl's sheen was streaming
 With such brilliance of beaming
 That her sway fell resistless on me.

Where that river rejoices
 Float the gods' divine voices,¹
 And the birds' mellow music rings clear,
 Each branch is fruit-bended
 O'er fish gleaming splendid,
 There is honey in mossy banks near.
 Then hither hares peeping
 'Mid frisking goats stare,
 Then foxes came creeping
 A-forth from their lair ;
 O, all beasts came in gladness,
 For her voice would chase sadness,
 * Would bring joy to the children of Care !²

¹ Ἐρροταλ ἢ ἠ-δεῖτε, is the text in some manuscripts, and it is it I have translated, as being more highly poetical. The translation of the Irish on the opposite page would be :—The *maiden's* voice, &c.—ER

² Surely this is a most beautiful and poetic mode of declaring the pleasures of our clime.—ER.

Jr búc, blaḡda, béapać,
 ʒo h-úmal d'p̄reaʒaɪn mé-ɾɪ,
 A'ɾ dúbapaɾt :—ɪɾ me Eɪne 'ʒur tɪʒɪm
 Chúzad le ɾʒéalta,
 Aɪ cúnɾaɾ na laoc meap,
 Do cúnɾaɪð le tɾéɪmɾe taɪ ɾoɪnɪ ;
 ʒur ɾúʒać tɪocɾað Séapɪaɾ,
 Faol méɪm cearɾ ʒan moɪll,
 A'ɾ ʒać p̄ɪoɪnɾa d'f̄uɪl Eɪbɪn,
 'Na ɾaon-baɪɾtɪb ɾjoćać,
 Uɪnð bɪnne a'ɾ cléɪɪɪʒ,
 'Na n-dúćcaɾ ʒan Eclɪɾɾ,
 A'ɾ bɪútaɪʒ an béapɪla ʒan bɪɪʒ !

Jr flúɪɾɾeać bɪað ʒaolðeɪɪʒe,
 A n-dún-bnoʒaɪb aolda,
 Le conʒnaɪn an aonɪɪc ʒan moɪll ;
 ʒo ɾɪonɪ ɾleaʒać ɾéap̄dać,
 Mear, tɾúpać, caɪtɾéɪmeać ;
 'Sdaɪ b-p̄ɪoɪnɾa cearɾ ʒéɪllɾɪð ʒać ɾɪʒ
 Beɪð múca aʒur tɾaoc̄a 'ca
 Aɪ béapɪaɪb an ɾéɪll,
 Sljoćt Shacɾaɪn na ʒ-claon-bearɾ,
 Na ʒéɪlleaɪn do Chɾɪoɾɾ ;
 Da ɾɾúnað taɪ tɾéaɪn mɪɪɪ,
 Nɪ dúbac̄ lɪom a ɾʒéalta,
 ʒan lɪunta, ʒan ɾéap̄da, ʒan ɾɪon !

With sweet tones, so holy,
 She spake to me, lowly,
 Saying:—" *I* am thy Eire, thy love!
 I bring thee a story
 Of gladness—of glory—
 Of rapture, all rapture above!
 For Freedom sails over
 The soft-smiling wave,
 Sword-girt is each lover,
 They are coming—The Brave!
 Thy clergy turn foam-ward,
 Thy song-clanns¹ rush homeward
 To the chace of the brute British knave!

"To the land of their fathers
 The Gaelic race gathers,
 And Heaven itself is their guide!
 Their troops, hence victorious,
 March many and glorious,
 Our true-hearted chiefs by their side.
 Far kings in alliance
 Are bound to come o'er,
 And sternest defiance,
 Rue, terror, and gore,
 Shall smite down the slavish,
 Shall shatter the knavish,
 And drive the foul fiends from our shore."

¹ The Irish means literally;—"The Order of Melody."

ՅՐԺԱՆ ԲԱՆ ԵՐԺՈՆՆ.

ԱՆԴՐԻԱՏ ՁԻԿ ՇՐԱՄԻՆԻ ԻՔՉ ԸՆԴԱՆ.

Եր ծնած չաօյն բաօլ բէրոյ,
 Ամ ծնն-լսլէջ չօ բաօն;
 Լե բայր բիօր ծօ'ն մնամսլ միօնա,
 Շիլճ չաօյն չաօն եբմ !

Ոյ նար կոյն եբլէ շրբէլ,
 Լե շրած շրօլծե ծա բշբիմ;
 'Տշար բ'ալոյ յ նար հ-ալլոյնձեաճ,
 Ծօ'ն Ածալմ-ճալոյն չօ լէլլ !

'Տի յր ելալէ-ճիբեաճ ծեաճ,
 Պար Շիբալճ-կիօճ նա բեաճ²,
 Ա բաօն ճիօճ, նար կամսլջեաճ,
 Ար ճնաճ կիճ ծօ'ն ճբլլ,

Ա երաճալճ միյն չաօն բբլէ,
 Շիլճ բշաճ ծաօլլ ար ար,
 'Տի շրածալճ բլոյն—լե կամաճ բալճեաճ,
 Տիլ բաճ ա'ր երիճ մօ բշբլ !

Եր է ծնրիճբար մե ծմ նեալ,
 Տսլ ա մնրճալճոյն նա հ-բլոյ,
 Շրաճ բմնալոյն, նաճ բլն բլոյն,
 Ար ն-ճլն-բիբեաճ լէլ !

¹ Andrew M'Curtin composed this poem, for a young lady named Dorah Power, daughter to a Mr. Power of Clonmult, county of Cork, the greatest beauty of her day, and, apparently, the theme of the Munster bards, from the numerous songs written in her praise. He was a native of Clare, and flourished about the year 1740, and led a wandering sort of life, which he devoted to the muses, as the numerous songs and poems, which he

THE SUN OF ERINN'S MAIDENS.

ANDRIAS MAC CUIRTIN SANG.

'Tis dark I long have been,
 With sorrow-shaded mien,
 Thro' true-love for you, love,
 My stately, stainless queen.

And, in truth, 'tis no disgrace
 To be love-sick from your face,
 'Tis the fairest—the rarest,
 Ever seen of Adam's race!

Thy little teeth to me
 Seem the pearlets of Tralee,
 And thy white breasts the bright breasts
 Of swans upon the sea

No hand has toucht their glow,
 Nor yet thy neck of snow,
 But their gladness brings sadness
 To me and bitter woe!

For I'm driven from my rest,
 Ere the birds forsake the nest,
 Thinking ever,—I'll be never
 Worth the Beautiful and Best.

has left behind, testify. The family of the M'Curtins, of whom he and *Ἀοδὸς Βυρθε* were the most celebrated, were of a yellowish complexion, and to this the poet alludes in the eleventh stanza, where he says, “*Ἐγὼ ἡλὸν ἔπισησθ' ἔμε ἄστ' βυρθε*,” although I am not fair but yellow,” &c.. See also O'Reilly's *Irish Writers*.—J. O'D.

² Here the poet probably alludes to the rock crystal, or “Kerry Diamond,” abundantly found on the shore about Dingle —J. O'D.

Պօ շնա տրեմ' չօ հ-աօծ,
 Շա շն-ճարտ ծօ շնծիմ,
 Շան շն' ր շնն ա ն-Պնն Բաօլ,¹
 Ու ա մնրճաօլն նա թեա՛ծ !

Եւ թաճարտալն նա թշեմ,
 Ու ճ թանկալիմ առ ճեւտ,
 Եր թանար թնն ա թնլ ճնարն,
 Եր ճնւ ճննն ա ճեալ.

Շա շննա յ' ր շնն շաօն,
 'Շչօ ճ-թնլ թննալճեաճտ նա մեւնն,
 Ա'ր ճննաճաճ նա ճ-թնն ճաօր,
 Ու շննր ճննն թան ճօլ !

Ա ճն-թնն նա ճաօն,
 Եւ ճնն ճննն ճն ճաօճալ,
 Ա ճննալնն ճն ճննն,
 Եւ ճ-թննալնն ճննն ա'ր ճեւտ շաօ՛ծ !

Ու ճն ճնն ճնն ճնն' ճալ,
 Եւ ճննն ճննն ճնննալճեաճտ ճա ճշեմ,
 Ա ր ճնն ճննննն ճաճ ճնննալճեաճտ,
 Եւ ճնն ճննն ճնննալճեաճտ ճննն ճաօր !

¹ Դնն Բաօլ. *Dunboy*. The castle of *Dunbaol*, or *Dunboy*, in the county of Cork, one of the strongholds of the O'Sullivan's Beare, during the Elizabethan wars in Ireland. In the *Pacata Hibernia*, Ed. 1632, Lib. 3, ch. 3, it is stated in a letter from the Lord President of Munster, that Don Juan de Aquila, General of the Spanish army, was forcibly detained by Donnell O'Sullivan in his castle of Dunboy, there to serve him as cannoneer; but the Lord President, in order to induce the Spanish General to relinquish the O'Sullivans, and the Irish cause, offered him and his party honorable terms—even ships to send them back to Spain. On the 4th of May, it is recorded (p. 293, *idem*) that a bard or rimer named "*O'dalie*" was convicted (convicted?) before the Lord President and Councillor, and in regard it was proved that hee came from the rebels, with messages and offers to *Owen O'Sul-*

And in lonely grief I pine
 That the damsel is not mine,
 'Mid green vallies—in a palace,
 With the walls of jewels fine!

Ne'er did maid so beauteous grow,
 For her charms unfading glow,
 And Delight lies in her bright eyes,
 And her voice is music low!

Then what fair and graceful mien,
 Has my stately, stainless queen!
 And the berry on her merry
 Laughing, lily-cheek is seen.

O great King! it were indeed
 A most pleasant life to lead,
 'Mong the grasses of my lassie's
 Little garden, as a weed!

No other bliss I'd crave
 Than to live her very slave,
 Never wishing for remission
 Till I'd sink into the grave.

ivan, to adhere and combine with the Enemy, which the said *Owen* did first reveall to Captaine *Flower*, Sergeant Major of the Army, and after publikely justified it to *O'dalie's* face; the said *O'daly* was committed to attend his tryall at the next Sessions." "This *O'dalie's* Ancestor had the county of Moynterbary given unto him by the Lord President's Ancestor, many hundred yeares past, at which time *Carew* had to his inheritance the moiety of the whole kingdome of Corke, which was first given by King *Henry* the second unto *Robert fits Stephen*. The service which *O'dalie* and his Progenie were to doe, for so large a proportion of Lands, unto *Carew* and his Successors, was (according to the custome of that time) to bee their Rimers, or Chroniclers of their actions." For a further account of the castle of Dunboy, see *Historiæ Catholicæ Iberniæ, Dub. ed.* (1850) lib. 7, c. 3, and *Smith's Cork*, vol. 2, p. 87.—J. O'D.

Ní élobraíonn fuil Chríost,
 Cía nac fionn mé aét buíde,
 'S zúir ionda aon dam fáinní nraí,
 Fuair úmhlázeacé ó mhaol!

A múnnínn d'í rmuairn,
 Aí Chuntaoir Thraíglíže,¹
 Mair fábaíl rí na cúzide,
 Le lúncín fo éirí!

Cía zo z-cuplaoid zan fíže,
 Zac cúnnínn dod' élaol,
 'S zo lonnraoid fíir Múman.
 Tíed' zúir zrínn mar éid.

Níor élu díb zo deimínn,
 Mair rmuairnzíir zo zlínn,
 Mair b-fíú díb beic dúir-éroiéacé
 Le trí buídeacé mar rínn!

AN CROJDHE CRÁJDHTE.

UILLIANN MHC COITIK KO CHAN.

Aca rmuíic air mo éroié,
 Ir neam-fionn a z-coinnuíde;
 Zac cínínn máidíon dmuéta,
 Le múnn-fearic do' n mhaol!

¹ Cuntaoir Thraíglíže, *the Countess of Tralee*. This was doubtless a Countess of Desmond. One of the Four Castles of Tralee was the chief seat of the Earls of Desmond—Smith's *Kerry*, 162. It was called the *Great Castle* by way of eminence. It was the birthplace of Thomas a Nappah, progenitor of the noble houses of Kildare and Desmond. Sixteen Earls of Desmond held this as their chief stronghold. It is traditionally recorded among the Munster

'Tis my grief that I'm not fair,
 For how many like me were,
 With hopes crumbled, sad and humbled,
 Thro' this horrid sandy hair!

But, love! gently think on me,
 Mind the Countess of Tralee,
 How she married,—yea! she carried
 Her dear *cripple*, forced to flee!

And tho' priceless is each tress
 Of your cuillion's² loveliness,
 Tho' the Munster men can't once stir
 When they've seen thy peerless face,

You'd gain little fame to try
 ('Tis not worthy one so high)
 To be parted, or hard-hearted,
 With so lorn a youth as I!

THE DROOPING HEART.

WILLIAM MAC COTTER SANG.

A cloud shades my soul
 And my heart droops in dole,
 Thro' each soft dewy dawning,
 And eve's crimson air,

peasantry that there was once a countess who, having accidentally met a cripple at a country fair, fell deeply in love with him, and eloping from her husband, carried the cripple on her back through the kingdom for the space of seven years, but after that returned to her home.—J. O'D.

² Pr. *Coolium*, i.e. fair long hair; it is also used to signify a maiden, or formerly a young man.—ER.

An plúr-bruinnheall bhínn,
 D'úr-rzóč na nzaoidéal,
 Plann leanba an cúim cáilce,
 An cúil fáda buíde.

Mair fáoileann beaz zréaz,
 Ar an z-craoib na m-bíon réan,
 Jr tá rí na h-ínnctinn,
 Cóm h-íozuinn le h-éan.

Jr mílre í ar a béal,
 Na céin a' r míl Zhreaz,
 Na beoim na sean daoine,
 'Sna fionta zan bhreaz!

Tá cuaca air an m-béit,
 Do buaileann an féar,
 Ata búclad ar zac ruainne,
 Da zruaiz fáda réiz.

A cruad-leaca féim,
 Mair mór-laraim caoir,
 'S péarlaize na cluara,
 Zlar-uaithe le zréin.

Da b-pórfainn féin léi,
 Mair nuadcan ran nZréiz
 Inzjon Ríj Séoirre,
 'San t-óir úd zo léim!

Ba dóč lom lem' fáozal,
 Nair cóim dam zabail léi,
 O'n *notion* do zózbair
 O pózar an béit.

Ní bean do bí uaim,
 A m-beit adairca ar a buaib,
 Uct péarla an cúil éraobaib,
 Na m-bríacra bhinn ruaimc.

With love for the white
Dear flower of delight,
With love for the maid of
 The fair-flowing hair !

For her mind is a dove,
And the hands of my love
Are more sunny and soft than
 The snowy sea-foam,

And her lips far more sweet,
More red— oh, more meet,
Than the wine, or the old mead
 Or Greek¹ honey comb !

To the dew-drops flow down
Her thick curls golden-brown,
Her bright cheeks !—scarce the berries
 That crimsonly burn,

Their radiance can peer !
While each small pearl-like ear
Doth a starry-bright emerald
 Pendant adorn !

Over earth far and wide
Could I choose me a bride,
And wed a rich daughter
 Of royalty's line,

Thro' my life she could be
But a sorrow to me,
For the flower of fair maids has
 This poor heart of mine !

Sure I want not a spouse
For the horns on her cows,
And the Peerless of Pearls is
 More precious than leaves !

¹ The honey of Hymettus.

Ní'l aon fear le fázaíl
 San b-Frainge ná ran Sbaíne,
 Nac b-fuil a dóiteín do céile,
 A b-péarla aη cúil baíu!

Do rziúibéad zo h-ard,
 Le caol péanu an clár,
 'S do feinnhead poit héata,
 Aη téadaca príair.

Da macaínnre lem' rtoí,
 Faoi cóill uaizneac ná z-cuó,
 Nó an aη Maolín maídn aoióinn,
 Zan eíhacá aηi céó,

Jr meadhac dáu η-dóit,
 Bhéarfuínn duic póz,
 A méaltan breac múnce,
 'S a plúr na m-ban óz.

Aho éneac a' r mo léan!
 Nac lom aη tírri zo léin,
 Jr ó ran zo m-buaileann ré,
 Bhuac Loca Léin¹!

Do zéabainn ruaiñhear ó'η b-péinn,
 'S móh-cuid do'η t-raozal,
 Le rtuainne aη roirz uaiñne,³
 B'féarri tuairirz 'r méinn!

¹ The ancient name for the Lakes of Killarney.

² Pron. "Stor-yeen."

³ Roirz uaiñne, *green eyes*. The reader may perhaps be surprised at this colour being esteemed beautiful by the Irish poet, and sneer at the epithet if there be any west-britonism, which is synonymous with presumptuous ignorance, in his mind. There are two Irish words which the poverty of the English language can only translate with one; these are *zlar* and *uaiñne*, which are rendered as "green," but they express two very different shades of that colour, both of which may be observed in the eyes of various individuals. The second word used by this bard is perhaps best translated by the fol-

That pure Star of Love
 Draws chieftains to rove,
 High chieftains and lords from
 The lands of the vine ;

And to accents of fire,
 Rings the sweet-sounding wire,
 As they pour forth their love for
 This *Pearla* divine !

If see her I could
 In some lone nutty wood,
 Or on hill, 'mid dawn-odors,
 When light mists up-roll,

My love I'd reveal,
 And a soft kiss I'd steal,
 From this bright-beaming star—from
 This Flower of my soul !

My wounding ! my grief !
 Of these vales I'm not chief—
 Were the lands to Loch Lein's
 Pleasant waters my own,

I'd have life, long in days,
 Gay joy without haze,
 For that green-eyed *stoirin*² would
 On me be bestown !

lowing extract from Longfellow's *Spanish Student*. These quotations also demonstrate that a similar apprehension and appreciation of the Beautiful exist in Erinn, Spain, and Italy, and may be accepted as a slight but sure indication of that co-sanguinity of the inhabitants of these Lands for which some historians have contended.

VICTORIAN.—“ How is that young and *green-eyed* Gaditana
 That you both wot of ? ” * * *

DON CARLOS.— “ Ay, soft *emerald* eyes ! ”

VICTORIAN.— * * * “ A pretty girl ; and in her tender eyes
 Just that soft shade of *green* we sometimes see
 In evening skies ”

Spanish Student, Act II. sc. 3.

Napoleon's eyes are mentioned as having been *brun-vert*, literally *brown-green*, and I have observed among the peasantry of Munster

Shian coir na tráza,
 Do cōmhuižean mo žnád,
 Ir žile í ná'η rneácta,
 'S ná'η τ-αιηζiod bán!

'Sí an réaltan žan cáim,
 Do cúir na céadta cum báir,
 'S aicimre aip Whuine,
 Žo d-τiζið rí rlan!

Who cneac 'r mo dīt,
 Whar ir žhācāc mē'm luiže,
 Le h-uinearbad mo řlāihte,
 Ir bán boct mo žhaoi!

Le žnád reairc do'η mhaoi,
 Do řanařð mē'm cnoiðe;
 'S d'řāž mire lan-laž
 Žo d-τnācτad do η cīll!

individuals possessing this dark-green hue. The Spaniards have long admired and celebrated this colour in many a Villancico, ex. :—

“ Ay, ojuelos verdes
 Ay los mis ojuelos
 Ay hagan los cielos
 Que de mi te acuerdes!

* * * *

Tenge confianza
 De mis verdes ojos.”—*Bohl de Faber.*



Far west, by the shore,
Lives the love I adore,
She's more bright than the silver—
More white than the snow!

She's the star shining sure,
She's the flower blooming pure!
O thou, sweet Virgin Mother!
Keep—keep her from woe!

My wounding! my loss!
I lie low 'neath my cross,
While health fleeth from me,
Come pallor and gloom;

For a weary heart knows
No cure for its woes,
But my cure that comes swiftly,
The rest of the tomb!

Dante speaks of Beatrice's eyes as emeralds: *Purgat.* xxvi. Lami says in his *Annotazioni*:—"Erano i suoi occhi d'un turchino verdiccio, simile a quel del mare." For a short essay on this interesting subject see "The Harp Magazine," No. IV.—ER.

AN CAOLEACH RUADH.

Foehn :—Róirín Dub.

Slow Time.

The musical score is written on five staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The music consists of a series of notes, some with ornaments (sharps) and some with rests. The tempo is marked 'Slow Time.' and there is a 'tr' marking above the fourth staff. The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

Níon b-*p*ada b*h*or an leaba am lu*í*ge,
 Nuair *í*laoda*í*g amu*í*c ;
 Ma*í*ca*í* l*í*om*í*ta a n-deir*í*gear*í* o*í*de,
 An caol eac ruad ?
 A Bha*í*ma*í*g *í*mo*í*de an ad co*í*da 'tao*í*n,
 Nó ce*í*ad é r*í*n o*í*t ;
 P*í*ead ad *í*u*í*ge so d-ta*í*ga*í*n l*í*nn,
 A*í*ur réac an d-to*í*n*í*t ?

THE SLIGHT RED STEED.

AIR:—" *Roisin Dubh.*"

THIS song is known about Carrick-on-Suir by the name of the *Caol eac ruadh*, or slender red steed; but in the County of Cork it receives the title of *an Bharraac Shroide*, the Valiant Barry. It is one of those soul-stirring effusions written during the troublous times of Ninety-Eight,—unfortunately we cannot trace the writer's name. It is written to that beautiful old air the *Róirín Dubh*, i.e., black-haired little Rosa, another of those allegorical names which the penal laws compelled our bards to call Ireland. There are two versions of the original song at p. 210 of the first series of the Munster Poets, to which we would refer the curious reader.

To narrow minds there is nothing can palliate errors but success. These are they who join in the bray against the ancient Irish, saying, "They were always fighting among themselves—they were half savages." This accusation they never speak against England, (where it would be true), because England has had *success*. The disembowelling, the burning alive, the quartering, the impaling of heads, the torment of the torture, the rebelling against, the disfigurement, blinding, and murder of kinsmen by kingly kinsmen, are all overlooked because England has had *success!* These barbarities were not known among the Irish; the Brehon laws prove their "most delicate sense of justice," and yet the ignorant and lying are to be seen spewing out their foul and slanderous lies against them. These are they who, on reading that some battles in '98 were lost by drink, will immediately accuse the Irish of having been drunkards. They have not ability to examine the question, and to observe that in the case of half-famished men a very moderate amount of liquor will produce inebriety.—ER.

I slept when—O wonder!

Dread sounds precede,

And thro' south-clouds¹ in thunder

Burst a knight and steed!

"What—bard! dost thou slumber,

Or hast thou life?

Rouse, rouse—lo, our number

Is armed for strife!"

¹ Aid was then expected from the *South*, i.e., France.

Do ghlac mé b'íod'za, zeir, 'r l'ionad,
 Trém' n'éalta ruairn;
 'S dob' f'ada b'í mé zan focal cairte,
 Do béarrfarrn' uairn;
 Allur fuigead' do z'eabad r'ior,
 Zo tréan dam' z'ruad,
 Ba z'earr zan moill zur p'reab óm' t'airb're,
 Ar caoil eac ruad!

Jonar l'ort do b'í da'cad m'le,
 Do f'ém-f'ir ruairn;
 Do clanna M'lead faoi arn l'ion'ta,
 'S iad déanta ruar;
 Do f'arrfarrz'eara zo tapad d'job ran,
 Ca noic'ead r'iad cuan;
 Nó a m-beid' Zail a d-talam r'nyear,
 Ar n'Zaoideil zo buan?

A d-torad n'ín do ruairn n'áda'ct,
 Na-mairte a n'él;
 Dar an leabar ba t'air'n'ionac l'ion'ra,
 Cair zac r'zél,
 Zur bairhead lonnduin 'r Port Macz'ainna,¹
 Do'n r'at a n'él,
 Zur p'reab an D'uir an eac cum r'ubairl,
 'S zo m-beid' an la le Zaoideil.

Da d-tizead r'ud mar a'ct ran dúit'ce,
 Ba b'reaz an r'zéal!
 Ar m-bairte dúit'carr le realbu'zad 'zuirn,
 Zac la d'an raozal;
 Ar r'zata cú zac maird'ionn d'ru'cta,
 Ar r'aird-eic caol,
 'S zo m-beid' na búir da dearrb'ú'zad,
 Zur r'ny m'z'airr'ir game!

¹ Port Macz'ainna, Portumna.

I sprung pale and affrighted
 In my visioned dream,
 All voiceless, benighted
 I long time seem.
 The sweat-drops rolled under,
 By terror freed,
 And my soul went in wonder
 On the Slight Red Steed!

Soon, thousands of warriors
 We stood among,
 In a *lios*²—armed barriers
 'Gainst Grief and Wrong!
 Then queried I, sudden,
 That brave, bright band,
 "Should the Gael aye be trodden
 In their Fathers' Land?"

A response of great glory
 Rolled back to me,
 By my hand! 'twas a story
 Of rapturous glee!
 For the vile clans of London
 They now must quail,
 And be shattered and undone
 Before the Gael.

What gladness for Ireland!
 What a day for all!
 When in freedom-crown'd sireland
 We've hill and hall.
 When each gay, dewy morning
 Our troops a-horse
 Shall gaze down in scorning
 On the Saxon corse!

² *lios*—A fortified place. The remains of *lios*a are plentifully scattered over this country, and are now popularly supposed to be inhabited by the fairies. The slight, red steed is not a new acquaintance to adepts in Irish Mythology, and may probably be ranked as of the same species with the *βύσα*.—ER.

Do zlac mé fonn cum dul a nuh,
 Tar raipe a z-céin!
 Az mearzúda na reabac cium,
 Ata laidiu, triean,
 Da dearbúzað zo b-fuil ar m-baile dúcáir,
 Az ar námaid nári n-déiz,
 Mhar báiri ar rúd tá mo zlaic zo brúizte,
 Ó' n náman, mo léan!

A Kor mhic Treoin,¹ mo zalaui dúbac,
 Bhi an cáinað ar Shaoideil!
 Daçad m'le do arim lioimta,
 Faoi lan neart pléar;
 Threarrzmaoidmairi na táinte díob ran,
 A d-túr an lae!
 'S ar b-feartaib zmoide zur a d-tairze fuizeað,
 Le dúil ran m-brion!

Jr fada an Whúmaih² na codla zan múrzaile,
 'Nuairi b'í an cáir dá pléid;
 Azur plúir-rzot élanha Ulltaid,
 Zo h-aid dá nglodaic:
 Jr é léizid na h-úzdaui ar leabair an cúnair
 Jr ar nád na naomh,
 Jr m'icid dúinne fearra múrzaile
 Nó tá' n dáta ar rtrae!

¹ Kor mhic Treoin, New Ross, in the county of Wexford, where the United Irishmen suffered the last and final defeat through the baneful influence of whiskey. See note to "*Sliav na man*" in this book.—J. O'D.

Then longed I with yearning
 To cross the wave,
 And haste the returning
 Of our exiled Brave.
 To tell :—" Tho' the foemen
 Rule our cities through,
 Our hearts unto no men
 But them are true."

'Twas Ross, ah my sickness!
 That crusht the Gael.
 On our serried rank's thickness
 Hailed war's wild hail.
 Back we hurled it, and spoiled, too,
 Their courage at morn,
 But our brav'ry was foiled thro'
 The drink of scorn.

Long Munster did slumber
 When her help was worth,
 Tho' Ulster's brave number
 Did call her forth.
 Hear GOD'S voice of thunder,
 Thus our saints speak alike,
 " 'TIS TIME NOW TO SUNDER
 FROM SLEEP, AND STRIKE!"

² Μύνησις, *Munster*. Here again my native province is upbraided for her inactivity, in forgetfulness that she had given the Sheares's and others to the cause, whilst the Ultonians are lauded for the effort they made to liberate their native land.—J. O'D.

AN CHRIOIBHÍN AOBHÍNN.

SEAZHAN O'CUINNEAZAUN RO CHAN.

Fonn:—"An Chriaoibhín Aobhínnh Áluinnh Óz."

Súd fearra le mian zaç bliazaigh az trác, t,
 An-zhíomuijeaç Laoiriz² d'arduizear zleó,
 Zo tapra meari dian a z-cian le námaid,
 Zo z-claoidean díob mílte ar lan faoi bhón!
 Ní rtaðfad ár ngladaime rziac na m-bán m-brac,³
 Do zearnað na b-riart nzaib-fiac a'r nziána,
 Aicme an uilc na leaban n-dub 'ra z-claon dlíze
 rtañfad,
 Dam Chriaoibhín Aobhínnh Áluinnh Óz!

Ta Alba rziallta z-clíab le h-áur,
 Az ríor-muídeam díozaltair fá bhíç móid!
 'Sír zairuid zo m-biað 'co fiadaç an bán-puic,
 Zo bhínn tré tíorça Fhearzuir móir.
 Clanna na rziapaç d'iarfad páram,
 A d-treazairt an fiad ta biaðta ar páraç,
 Le anfad 'r rzéimle ciúid le dáraç,
 'S beid mo Chriaoibhín Aobhínnh lan do ríor.

Biað an t-açair Ulliam⁴ az mian ar bháicrib,
 A z-ciúç aoird Chóirh⁵ cé ta laç fóir;
 Zo meannnaç, maçalta, diaða, cnaibteac,
 Az ríor-fnídeam zrínnh 'fé lan do rzóir.
 O caillead a nglad no b-fianh an h-acach⁶
 Le Zalironiar çuz iad cum náine;
 Ir airt an rult a leabað Bhínnh, a b-fioraoib arda,
 'S a caoi ir bhínn linn na zairte do' h t-ríor!

¹ An Chriaoibhín Aobhínnh, *The Delightful Little Branch*, By this epithet Ireland is allegorically meant.

² Laoircaç, i.e., Louis of France.

³ Bán brac, i.e., the French colours.

⁴ The Rev. William English.

THE CRAOIBHIN AOIBHINN.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM SANG.

AIR:—" *Craoibhin Aoibhin Aluinn Og.*"⁷

O, henceforth raise the song of rapture
 Sing how our heroes' actions glow!
 Afar, the foeman has fall'n their capture!
 Their flaming swords laid thousands low.
 They'll stay not now for shield nor banner,
 Till crusht the foe of black dishonour,
 Till they've freed for ever from the foes that ban her
 Mo chraoibhin, aoibhin, aluinn og!

Brave Alba⁵ girds her loins in gladness,
 Calling for vengeance on the foe;
 She smiles to think of his yelling madness
 When chased through Fergus-land he'll go.
 She cries "Revenge upon those vile hands
 Which tracked the brave stag of the Highlands."
 O, soon he'll come unto these Islands—
 To craoibhin, aoibhin, aluinn og!

Our poet priest and holy friars
 Once more in Conn's-lands faith will sow;
 They'll twine joy's roses instead of briars,
 Most pure, celestial lives they'll show.
 For Hawk's troops now are strewn and sunder'd,
 Defeat and shame o'er foes have thunder'd,
 And the knaves hang high who long have plundered
 Mo chraoibhin aoibhin, aluinn og!

⁵ This is Conn of the Hundred Battles.

⁶ *h-acach*, Lord Hawk, the English naval commander who fought against the French.

⁷ Pronounced "*mo chreevin, eevin, aulin o!*" It symbolizes our Native Land, and means literally "my little-bough pleasant, beautiful, young;" this expression being applicable to a youthful maiden as "scion" is used in English to designate a descendant.—ER.

⁸ Scotland.

A z-céim námad zúidim nár buaidtear baime ort,
 Zúidim faoi éisoir duit fáizé an ríodir,
 A fáoi-cáiz zúidim d'fúil uarail arfaid,
 Cloideam faobair Fhinn o nánzad ad dóid,
 Do béar féin díol maic uaim do lachar,
 Sziač blac Naosre fuaire na lan-rzuead;
 Eide cúirp an tréin-fíir, Conall croidreamuil
 Ceairneac,¹
 'S ir cuibe an zúioim díon ceairt d'fáizail cum
 zleó!

TJOCFAIDH AN BÁIS AR CUAIRD CHUZAID²

A buacail fúizte fáirta,
 Do fáraid tú mé m-bríon!
 'S nár cúimíid féic am éroidé ort,
 Na rmuairhead dar n-dóic;
 Ir duit ir móir an náire,
 Muna d-tóizfíir arír ó'n b-fán me,
 'S zo d-tuz tu fearra an máraíl,³
 Na fáizfad me faoi bríon!

Tjocfaid an báir ar cuaird cúzad
 Leac uair beaz roim la;
 'S baifíid cúnar cruaid díot,
 Anz zac cluair d'ár b-fuaíl tu ar mha;

¹ Conall Ceairneac, *knight of the Red Branch*. The history of this hero will be found in the *Tain bó Chuairzue*, now preparing for publication by the OSSIANIC SOCIETY.

² This song is the effusion of an artless country girl to an unfaithful swain, and is characterised by that simplicity of style and language peculiar to the humbler classes of the Irish peasantry. It is entirely free from that redundancy of epithets, and compound words, &c., which mark the compositions of those versed in classical literature, in which the reader will find frequent mention made of Helen, Venus, Mars, Minerva, Neptune, Thetis, &c. intended

May never foeman dim thy glory,
 But joy to thee as tribute flow,
 Chaste bard!⁴ whose sires were famed in story,
 Let Fionn's sharp sword in thy right hand glow.
 I, too, shall share thy fight, undaunted,
 Give thee Naesi's shield and Connall's vaunted
 War-mail for Freedom. Oh, may Heav'n grant it
 To craoibhin, aoibhin, aluinn og!

DEATH'S DOLEFUL VISIT.

O youth, so proved and grateful!
 You've covered me with grief,
 You mind not my heart's breaking,
 Nor think to give relief;
 How black to you and shaming,
 If you save me not from blaming,
 Who swore upon the Manual
 To ne'er leave me 'neath grief!

- Death will come to seek you
 A small half-hour ere day,
 And for each guileful action
 He'll make you strictly pay.

to show the profound learning of the writer, and how thoroughly conversant he was with heathen lore, whilst entirely forgetting his own fairy mythology, as well as the heroines and heroes of ancient Ireland.—J. O'D.

³ *ṢṢṢṢṢṢ*. The English word manual, a Catholic prayer-book, is Irecised here.

⁴ It was often the custom of the bards of the last century to correspond in rhyme. The present communication was addressed to *Eamonn do Nogla*, a Cork tailor, who courted the Muses more than he did the goose or the thimble. The author, Seaan O'Cuinneagain, flourished in the year 1737, (see *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, first series, p. 169) and wrote several beautiful compositions now current among the Munster peasantry.—J. O'D.

Beid tú an rúimhín uaiḡheac,¹
 'S bnat lín bán anuar ort,
 'S nár breáḡ í an áicéiḡe 'huairín rín,
 D'a m'féidín í fáḡaíl!

Jr caíhín beaḡ ḡan ḡruairín me
 A b-ruil ruaircear anḡ mo ḡlór,
 Nár éarladḡ beart ar tuacal,
 ḡur carad turad am cōirín,
 Anoir ó tá tú aḡ ḡluairceacḡ,
 Aḡur cúl do láma ḡo luacḡ hóm,
 Mo cúma má cēiḡim ran uaiḡ leat,
 Jr dúbacḡ duir mar rḡeól!

Do cúiríhín rlaḡc ar ḡhōdḡ duir
 ḡan mhórtur óm' láim;
 Ar léine nō ar cōta,
 Nō ar rtoacḡ cúl ḡan cāim:—
 Da m-buaircead ríóir ná ceō tu,
 Chuiríhín tú ríir a n-óirḡe,
 'S dá d-ḡiocraḡ ḡur me póradḡ,
 Bheid' an ríḡ ḡlōrimár nár láim!

Seal dam' airíirín bíora,
 ḡan uirnearbad bíḡe ná éadaíḡ;
 Aḡ ríubal a mearḡ mo ḡaodalta,
 Aḡ tuilleam clú 'rda fáḡaíl:—
 Bhíḡ mear aḡ ḡall 'raḡ ḡaol ort,
 ḡur meall tú le ḡlór do béil me,
 Jr é teacḡairne cúirím ná déiḡ ort,
 Ríḡ ḡléiḡíol ná nḡrár.

¹ Rúimhín uaiḡheac, a solitary or uninhabited apartment, by which is meant the grave.—J. O'D.

² Vulgo, colleen.

In the small room, you'll lie lonely,
 The white sheet round you only,
 How gladly you'd do penance
 Could you *then* but find the way.

I was a gloomless *cailin*,¹
 And joy was in my voice,
 But you brought the sorrow with you,
 No more could I rejoice.
 And now since you're forsaking,
 And your path from me are taking,
 If thro' you I die, in mourning,
 How black will seem that choice!

I'd manage all your household,
 With skilful hand so well,
 Your hose and shirt and *cota*³
 Would be fairest in the dell ;
 If grief's dark clouds hung o'er you
 To youth I would restore you,⁴
 O, wed me—and the Glory -
 Of GOD shall with us dwell !

I had once no lack of clothing,
 Of food or dwelling place,
 I earned good fame and won it
 Among my kindred's race ;
 Nor could Gall or Gael upbraid me
 Till your false voice—it betray'd me—
 But the Envoy I send with you
 Is the Most High King of Grace !

³ *Cota*, a coat. It is probable that the English language is indebted for the names of many articles of dress to the Irish, ex. trousers from truis, &c., &c.—ER.

⁴ This, as well as the whole poem, is closely literal.

'S a cõmarra cõioide na páirte,
 Na cõraide beid mé noct ;
 'S na cõ dúbac do beid' mé marac,
 Nuair na beid tú 'zam :—
 Do bhur tú an cõioide am' lairra,
 'S d'fáz tú mé zo cõraide,
 Seo pòz nò dò le zrad duir
 Fa b-fázrad turra me !

AN SPAILPÍN FÁNACH,¹

Fonh:—"An cailín d'fáz mé am déire."

Zo deó deó mór. nī mažad zo Cairreal
 Az d'iol ná meic mo f'lainge ;
 Ná ar maržad na raoinne am f'uizē coir balla,
 Am ržaoiurī ar leat-taoib' r'raide :—
 Boda m'íd,² na tīne az tīzeact ar a ž-capall,
 Da f'iaf'raide an b-fuilim h-īmalta,
 Téanam cum f'ubal, tá' h cūrra fada
 Seo ar f'ubal an Spailpín Fánach !

Am Spailpín fánac f'azbad mīre,
 Az rearam ar mo f'lainge ;
 Az f'ubal an d'ruicta zo mo c' ar maidin,
 'S az bailhužad žalair r'aitce !

¹ This song is not much older than the beginning of the present century, and is the production of an itinerant potatoe digger from Kerry who suffered some hardship among the farmers of Tipperary and Kilkenny, a class of men who though willing to pay the highest amount of wages to their men, yet require adequate labour in return. However, the Kerry *spalpeens*, as they are called, are an object of hatred to their fellows of Tipperary, where shoals of them muster from the Kerry mountains to earn a few shillings during the potato-digging season, and hire themselves far below the natives, for which they are severely punished. In the beginning of the present century many of the Kerry men had their ears, or one of them at least, cut off as a punishment for lowering the market

My love ! my heart's own neighbor !
 How lorn am I to-night —
 How dark I'll be to-morrow,
 And you upon your flight !
 You've broke life's wall before me,
 And death's chill blast blows o'er me,
 Yet take one kiss, my darling,
 Before you leave my sight !

THE SPAILPIN FANACH.³

AIR :—“ *The girl I left behind me.*”

No more—no more in Cashel town
 I'll sell my health a-raking,
 Nor on days of fairs rove up and down,
 Nor join the merry-making.
 There, mounted farmers came in throng
 To try and hire me over,
 But now I'm hired, and my journey's long,
 The journey of the Rover !

I've found, what rovers often do,
 I trod my health down fairly,
 And that wand'ring out on morning's dew
 Will gather fevers early.

wages. The mode of detecting a Kerry man from other Munster men was as follows. All the *spalpeens*, who slept huddled together in a barn or outhouse, were called up at night, and each man in his turn was obliged to pronounce the word *ḡabair*, a goat, in Irish ; when the long, sharp tone of the Kerry man betrayed him, and immediately his ear was cut off. It is said that *Coḡan Ruad* the poet had a narrow escape of losing both ears on one occasion.—J. O'D.

² *ḡobairtíde*, a term of contempt somewhat similar to upstart applied by daily labourers to their employers the farmers.—J. O'D.

³ It is my opinion from internal evidence that this ballad was composed by some person recruited for the “wild-geese.”—ER.

Ní feiscfean corán¹ am laim cum baite,
 Súirt na feac beaz námaíthe,
 Ait *colours* na b-Fianneac ór cionn mo leaptan,
 'S pike aзам cum ráidte!

Go Callainn² 'nuair éigim 'r mo *hook* am glaic,
 'S mé an ruid a d-torac zeáiricá;
 'S 'nuair éigim go Dúibhinn³ 'rē clú bhón ca,
 Seo cúgair an Spairpín Fánach:
 Cruinneodcad me ciall 'r tuallpad a baile,
 'S claoirdread real le m' máicéirín;
 'S go bráic arís uí glaoðfar m' aithim,
 San tír seo "An Spairpín Fánach!"

Mo cúig céad rlan cum dútaide m'atar,
 Azur cum an Oileain⁴ zmadmar;
 'S cum buacailide na Cúlac ór díob náir mírde,
 A n-aimríir cáirda na zandain:—
 Ait anoir ó táirre am cáirdin-boct dealb,
 A meaz na n-dútaide fázaín seo,
 Jr é mo cúma croidé marí fuair mé an zairim,
 Bheic náim am "Spairpín Fánach!"

A z-Ciarraige an zruin do zeabtaoi an aithir,
 Go m'fóin le fear ruiže lam lé;
 Na m-beid' lara trí lítir na zhaoi marí alad,
 'Sa cúl fionn fada fáinzioc;
 A cruinne éocá náim náir rzairread,
 'Sa mala caol marí rnaicéid;
 Jr móir go m'feair líom í na rraoill⁵ o Challainn
 Na m-beid' na céadta punt le fázaíl lé!

¹ Corán, a reaping hook or sickle.—J. O'D.

² Callainn, Callan in the county of Kilkenny.—J. O'D.

³ Dúibhinn, literally the black lake, an ancient name for Dublin.

No more shall flail swing o'er my head,
 Nor my hand a spade-shaft cover,
 But the Banner of France float o'er my bed,
 And the PIKE stand by the Rover!

When to Callan, once, with hook in hand,
 I'd go to early shearing,
 Or to Dublin town—the news was grand
 That the “Rover gay” was nearing.
 And soon with good gold home I'd go,
 And my mother's field dig over—
 But no more—no more this land shall know
 My name as the “Merry Rover!”

Five hundred farewells to Fatherland!
 To my loved and lovely Island!
 And to Culach's boys—they'd better stand
 Her guards by glenn and highland.
 But now that *I* am poor and lone,
 A wand'rer—not in clover—
 My heart it sinks with bitter moan
 To have ever lived a Rover.

In pleasant Kerry lives a girl,
 A girl whom I love dearly,
 Her cheek's a rose, her brow's a pearl,
 And her blue eyes shine so clearly!
 Her long fair locks fall curling down
 O'er a breast untouched by lover;
 More dear than dames with a hundred poun'
 Is she unto the Rover!

⁴ Oplean, *Castle Island* is referred to here.

⁵ Spaoil, a slovenly, untidy person; by which the “Jolly Rover” designates the Kilkenny girls, who, according to his account, could not bear comparison with those of Kerry.—J. O'D.

Jr n6 breaz̄ jr cur̄m̄m̄ ljom mo daoine beic̄ realad
 Shiar̄ a3̄ droic̄ead̄ Zh̄aile ;¹
 Faoi buaib̄, faoi c̄aoine, faoi laoi3̄ bea3̄ zeala,
 'Zur̄ capaill̄ ahh̄ le h-aiim̄m̄ :—
 B'ē toil̄ Chrīord̄ zur̄ cur̄nead̄ r̄im̄ ar̄da,
 'S zō n-deac̄amaim̄ a leac̄ ar̄ r̄laime ;
 'S zur̄ b'ē b̄im̄ mo c̄roidē ahh̄ zac̄ t̄im̄ d̄a māc̄aim̄,
Call here you " Spair̄p̄im̄ F̄anach !"

Dā d-tizead̄ ah̄ F̄raim̄cāc̄² a hall̄ tar̄ calaiē,
 'S a c̄ampā daimēim̄, laidim̄ ;
 Azur̄ B̄oic̄ O'Z̄rāda³ c̄uz̄aim̄ a baile,
 'S Tād̄3̄ bōc̄t̄ r̄iall̄ O'F̄alaiz̄ :—
 Do beic̄ *Barracks* ah̄ m̄i3̄ zō léim̄ d̄a lea3̄ad̄,
 Azur̄ *yeomen* azur̄im̄ d̄a z-c̄aimē ;
 Clannā Zaol̄ zac̄ am̄ d̄a d-treap̄zaimē,
 Sin̄ cabaim̄ a3̄ ah̄ " Spair̄p̄im̄ F̄anach !"

CUISE NHO CHROJTHE.

Dō c̄uz̄ar̄ z̄rād̄ cl̄eib̄ duic̄ a r̄p̄eim̄beah̄ ar̄ d-t̄im̄,
 O léizear̄ mō r̄im̄ ar̄ dō b̄an̄-c̄heir̄ ;
 Dō b'feaim̄ ljom̄ nā b̄olāc̄t̄ bād̄ b̄anā 'zur̄ d̄úba,
 Zō m-beic̄teā 'ran̄ z-c̄uimēzē a3̄ am̄ māc̄aim̄ :
 Bheic̄' dō leabād̄ n̄oim̄ad̄ c̄oim̄i3̄c̄ē ō l̄ō ahh̄r̄ ah̄ r̄im̄,
 'S dō māc̄ā breaz̄ b̄ō ahh̄ leac̄ lē cr̄ú̄d̄,
 Chur̄p̄im̄ b̄úclaoī ad̄' b̄r̄o3̄ā luad̄ c' n̄oim̄neac̄ n̄o
 r̄im̄ē,
 'Sā r̄t̄oim̄̄ d̄il̄ nā tāb̄aimēad̄ dō laim̄̄ d̄am̄ !

¹ Zh̄aile, the river Galey or Gale, in the county of Kerry, for a description of which, see Smith's Kerry, pp. 213, 338. On its borders the poet's ancestors were located.—J. O'D.

² Ah̄ F̄raim̄cāc̄, *the French*. Here again is another look out for the Frenchman!

Ah, well I mind when my own men drove
 My cattle in no small way,
 With cows, with sheep, with calves they'd move,
 With steeds, too, west to Galey ;
 Heaven willed I'd lose each horse and cow,
 And my health but half recover,
 But it breaks my heart, for *her* sake, now
 That I'm only a sorry Rover.

But when once the French come o'er the main,
 With stout camps in each valley,
 With Buck O'Grady back again,
 And poor, brave *Tadhg O'Dalaigh*,
 O, the Royal Barracks in dust shall lie,
 The yeomen we'll chase over,
 And the English clann be forced to fly,
 'Tis the sole hope of the Rover !

PULSE OF MY HEART.

“ The love of my bosom, fair maiden, was thine,
 Since first saw my eyes thy white graces ;
 More welcome than droves of the black and white kine⁴
 Were thy form in my home's pleasant places !
 O, thy couch would be placed in a room sunny bright,
 The cows would low soft for thy pail at twilight ;
 Thy fair little shoes with rich buckles be 'dight ;
 Then grant me thy hand and caresses ?”

³ *Úóic O'Grada*, i.e., Buck O'Grady. The term *Úóic* signifies an ostentatious fellow, a coxcomb, and is synonymous with the English term *Buck*, which is used in some copies of the poem. Buck O'Grady and Teige O'Daly were in their day the *Bravos* of the district, but emigrated to some foreign clime.

⁴ Marriage portion.

Mo lám duic nǵ tábarfaínn zo deō le aon fónn,
 Zo z-cuirfead rzeal cum mo máicéin;
 Mar do fuair rí do tuairirz beic ruacraic ar d-túr,
 'Szo n-ólfaid do crúirza a d-tig an tabairne!
 Mar lúza leatra c'móinn d'ól ná cúiz púint,
 'Sda d-tárlad fear ceoil ort zan feoilin z ná
 éinne,
 D'ólfaid an *porter* 'r mór cúid de'n línn,
 'S a rtoirín cé tabarfaid bean breaz duic!

Na creidre na breicre ná na breaza ro ar ríbal,
 Mar ir anam 'mo dul zo tig an tabairne;
 Tá airziod am pócaid 'zur mór-cúid am éinne,
 'S nǵor ólar niam púint ar aon lácair!
 Bhí a malairt do zhoōd 'zam de 'ra b-fozmar do bí
 cúzam,
 Az buair zairiaidce 'tataoi 'ra cur rtacaide ar
 bonn,
 Mo maica beic lan do bad bana azur dúbá,
 Zan aoinne dá z-crúid aic mo máicéin!

CARRLEAN UÍ NÉILL.¹

A cumairn díl a' r anhraic,
 A d-túr an t-ramraic dá d-tiocfaid lom féin;
 Amac faoi na zleanna,
 Nō mar a d-tigead an zriar fae;
 Bad, caoine, ná zainna,
 Nǵ iontócuinn leatra mar rphéid;
 Aic mo lám beic faoid' cōm zeal,
 'S cead cōiraid beic eadraínn a raon!

¹ Carrleán Uí Néill, i.e., *O'Neill's Castle*. The air of this song will be found in Bunting's *Irish Music*, Ed. 1797, p. 15.—J. O'D.

“ My hand I won't give thee, don't hope it at all
 Till mamma shall have conned the tale over,
 For the fame of thy name is, alas ! very small,
 She hears thou'rt a drinker and rover !
 That 'tis little thou'dst think to spend five times a pound,
 And, were there a farthingless bard to be found,
 O, the poster¹ itself soon in drink would go round :
 What maid would choose thee for her lover ?”

“ Don't trust in such slander, bright pulse of my breast !
 Not oft to the tavern I'm roaming ;
 And there's gold in my pocket and goods in my chest,
 'Tis few I e'er spent on cups foaming.
 O, when ripe harvest comes what increase will be mine,
 With yellow corn stooks to build stacks tall and fine ;
 Ah ! shall none but my mother the black and white kine
 Then milk in the red, dewy gloaming ?”

CAISLEAN UI NEILL.

O, darling and true love,
 In early summer if you come with me,
 'Mong dim glens of dew, love,
 Or where the bright sun shineth free ;
 Calves, kine, sheep the whitest
 For your fortune I'd take not that day.
 But my two arms 'round your white waist
 And sweet lonely converse with you for aye !

¹ i.e. the Four-poster ! the state bed of every farm house.

Ատա մօ չարմօյն-րի աղ քարած,
 Ա ծղան-չրած աղ միքձե լատ է ;
 Ատա տօրէւիչէ ո՞՞՞ք աղ աղ,
 Աչր քարած չօ Բարրաօղ յա Յ-քրաօծ ;
 Ոյ շւրիւմ շօլ շարիչիչէ,
 ՉաԲալ աղ շ-քրաւքօ յա շօլ Բիւղ յա յ-էան,
 Օ ծ'էալալչ մօ չրած աւիւմ,
 Շւլ քարիչիօ՞՞ չօ Շարլեան Այ Ուլլ.

Որ քաջԲաձ մէ աղ քաւիչեալրօ,
 Չօ լէիչքէ մէ ծիօմ աղ մի-աչ ;
 Չօ մ-Բեյձ Բաձ 'չամ 'ր շաօրնե,
 'Տ մօ մաօրա՞՞ յժր մօ ծա լաճա ;
 Շորչաձ յա Կ-աօրնե,
 Աղ լա քաօրնե ոյ շարիւղն ա Բ-քա՞՞ ;
 'Տ ոյօր Բ-քաձա Կօմքա օլծ՞՞,
 Տիչէ լեձ' Բրօլլա՞՞ Չեալ Բան !

Շեաձ քլան ծօ'ն օլծ՞՞ քաօրն,
 Եր է մօ լեան յա՞՞ յ ու՞՞՞՞ շա՞՞ աղ ;
 'Տ ծօ'ն մ-Բա՞՞՞՞՞՞՞ շարիւղն շարիւղն,
 Չօ Բրեաչքաձ մէ քեալ աղ ա Չլիւղ,
 Չօ 'նեօրքաւիւղն քէւն քչեալ ծալ,
 Չօ մ'քէլժր չօ Յ-շօլքեաձքաձ օրն յուն !
 Չօ Բ-քալ մօ չրած Բան աղ շարիւղն,
 Ա Չիա Չլէլիլ 'րա մի՞՞ Չիւղն յա՞՞ ծա՞՞՞՞ !

Շա'ն շարիւղն 'րան Բրօն քօ,
 Ռօ մօրն շարիւղն մօ շարիւղն !
 Շա լան մօ ծա Բրօլիւղն,
 Չօ ծեօրա՞՞ Չլաքա Կօմ քիօր ;
 Քաօլ չրած Բա՞՞՞՞ ծիչ,
 Չօ Բրեօ՞՞ 'ր ծօ Բաւիւղն ծիօմ մօ շարիւղն,
 'Տ ոյ մարիւղն մէ Բեօ,
 Չիա քօրան քէ աղ Բեան ծա՞՞ ծօ'ն շարիւղն !

My garden's neglected ;
 Dear Love ! does that *not* cause you pain ?
 Fruits bloom uninspected,
 And verdure grows high without gain.
 I list not the clearest
 Soft harp, or the birds' sweet low wail,
 Since from me fled my dearest
 Curled cúlfionn² to Caisleann O'Neill!³

Yet I'll leave not life's battle
 Till down fall my mis'ry and pain,
 Till *I've* sheep and cattle,
 And my darling returned once again ;
 The spare meals of Lent-time
 I'll quit not on grand days of feast,
 Sweet, swift were the spent-time
 I'd spend with my head on his breast.

Farewell to last even !
 I would it were back now to me,
 With the fair youth of Heaven
 Who caressed me awhile on his knee !
 I'll say what bereft me
 Of joy—but let no one know,
 My own white Love has left me,
 O Máry ! O Heaven ! what a woe !

Sickness and sorrow
 Are much, much around my poor heart ;
 The wan tears each morrow
 To my eyes ever—and ever start ;
 Through love, and love only
 Of him, who has left grief's black shade,
 Ah ! I cannot live lonely
 If he wed with the dark mountain maid !

² Pron. cool-yun, i.e. beautiful hair, and symbolically a youth or maiden. ³ Pron. "Coshlanno Neill," the castle of O'Neill.—ER.

Τα ριαδ δα ριαδ ζο β-ρην
 Ζιαδ ηα β-ρεαρ ορη ρέην,
 'S δαρ η-δδδρε μα τα,
 Μη δριαδ! ηι μηρδε ηομ ε;
 Ζο δ-τυζαρ ηαοι λα,
 Ναοι δ-τρατ, ηαοι ρεατμυηε δέαζ,
 Αζ cúl τίζε μο ζιαδ,
 Βυαιητ αιηηδε ρα δυλλεαβαν ηα ζ-ρηαοβ!

Φο ζεαλλ τυρα δαηρα,
 Ζο μ-βρηεαζρπαδ μο λεαηβ αρ δο ζλύνη;
 Φο ζεαλλ tú ηα δέιζ ρην,
 Ζο μ-βεηδ' αοη-τίζεαρ ιδην με 'ζυρ tú,
 Μη ζεαλλαμυηη 'ηαζαδ αν λαε δυητ,
 Ζυρ λείζεαρα λεατρα μο ρύν!
 Αζυρ ραηαοην δύβατ ζεαρ!
 Τα'η ραοζαλ αζ ζαβαηλ 'δην με 'ζυρ tú!

AN MHC ALLAMH.

BRIAN MHC ZHOLLU MHEIDREI RÓ CHAN.

Μηαιδην αοιβηηη βιδεαρ ζαν βυαιητ,
 Αη βέηηη αν έυαιη αη ρυαν κοηρ Cladaide;²
 'S βαηηα ρηαοβα ηοντα ρυαρ,
 Φο ηυιδεαη ηα ζ-ευατ 'ρδο λυαδ ηα η-εαλταide;

¹ BRIAN MHC ZHOLLU MHEIDRE. Anglicised Bryan Merryman, who was born and reared in the parish of Clondagad, barony of Clonderlaw about eight miles west of Ennis in the county of Clare. His father was a small farmer in the aforesaid parish; but Brian, who was a wild youth and fond of amusement, a taste which he acquired from being an excellent performer on the violin—left his father's house when he arrived at man's estate, and located himself in a place called Kilclerin in the parish of Feacle, about twenty miles east of

The people say ever
 That brave, handsome men love me dear,
 But never—O never
 Could *I* love while he is not here.
 I'd wander, far rather,
 Nine days, nine nights, nine weeks and ten,
 And sloe-berries gather
 Near *his* house 'neath sleet, snow, and rain!

You promised me purely,
 You'd love me till came death's decline;
 You promised me, surely,
 That *your* home should always be mine.
 But woe to that even
 When I gave my heart unto thee,
 Faraor! O bitter grieving!
 The world goes between thee and me!

THE CHILD OF THE ROCK.

BRIAN MAC GIOLLA MEIDHRE³ SANG.

[The Child of the Rock is a literal translation of the Irish for "The Echo."]

Fair the morn when I did rove
 Within a dell beside the ocean,
 Gladness filled the boughs above,
 The cuckoos call'd and songs rose gushing.

Ennis, where he taught school for about thirty years; and died in Limerick about the year 1808. While residing in the parish of Feacle he composed the facetious and witty poem, entitled "Cúirt an tAtheo-dan-oidce," or Midnight Court, as fine a specimen of bardic composition as modern Gaelic ever produced, but a little licentious.—J. O'D.

² Cladaíze, the Clady, a river or rivulet in the county of Clare.

³ Pr. Gilla-mira (*g* hard); this name is absurdly anglicised *merry man*. Brian is often changed to Bernard.—ER.

Blaé 'r luibhionna breáíža am éiméioll,
 'S fáraé fíor-ílar fíadaíle ar teallaíže;
 D'airíhídear zup íhí lom ruar,
 Síe-bean uafal uairneac allaiže.

Ba ceapnac í az caoi zo cruaid,
 'Sír fúideac do íluair léi 'nuar na ríocaiže;
 Ír caite claoíde hí na cuail,
 Zan hííž, zan luaid, az luarzad creataoi:—
 Ba laidín caoih an íríaije líh,
 Bhí az fársa a cíní zo íuížte ar beandaoi,
 Cnead na cnoiđe, na clí, 'zur zuair,
 Ba íeíhí, ba íruaž, ba luac, ba laž í!

Ír laž atáim, ar íí, monuar!
 Man íuatac ruarí an uairí faoi leacaiđe;
 'Am íearra íríom zan íuim, zan íruaž;
 'Sír díe mé a d-Tuad Mhuíhíh,¹ 'fa d-tuataíh
 Eacetaíđe:²

Ír clatac íeíhí ata mo ínoiđe;
 Mo íláihíte am díe—mo híle creac í,
 Zalair híme azur clíhí am íluair,
 'S m'íhíhíh íuaidte ó uailí na caillíže!

Ír fáda íhíhí fá díaoídeacé a d-Tuamíhíh,
 'Sír bíhí ar m-buairí a m-buairí zac íearíaiže;
 Az íreardal íuíhíh ír fíorí zac íuairí,
 Fá ííorí ac-luad zac uailí dá hííhíííže;
 Hí'í táíhí dá aoíhíde lá ná oíđe,
 O'h áíhí na m-bídeam zo tuíhí dá leacíuíže;
 Naé oíhíhí híuáíhí aríí ían duair,
 Naé cuíhíhí led' íluairí mar íluairí mo íuetaíđe.

¹ Tuac Mhuíhíh, Thomond.

² Eacetaíže, or Shab Eacetaíže. This is the name of a celebrated mountainous district lying in the frontiers of the counties of

I laid me down 'mid blossoms bright,
 Sleep came on their whisperings airy ;
 Sweet the sight !—there flash'd a light,
 And beamed a noble, stately fairy !

Mournful, mournful was her wail,
 Her bitter tears were falling ever ;
 Sad her beauteous brow and pale,
 Dishevelled, torn, her tresses waver.
 Her noble head bowed tow'rd the ground,
 Dim her lustrous eyes now languish ;
 A bandage bound her brow around,
 The lint-white cincture—type of anguish !

“ 'Tis *I* am weak,' she said, “ mo bhron !³
 Ev'n as corse the chill, chill tomb in ;
 Arrows pierce me—friends I've none—
 No more my voice is heard in Thomond !⁴
 Fainting-sick my heart is drear,
 Gone my vigour—woes are swelling,
 Venom-ills and knells mine ear
 Doth ever hear, with a hag's⁵ wild yelling.

“ Long I've been 'neath druid-sway,
 And glad my voice was once in Thomond,
 Answering faint but faithful aye,
 Each sound that rose, or day or gloom in.
 No cry of chieftain on the height,
 No murmur of the billows' bending,
 But gained responses, loud or light ;
 Dost thou not mind my voices' blending ?

Clare and Galway. It is now generally called *Sliav Aughty*, but corrupted to *Slieve Baughta*, by Beaufort on his Ecclesiastical Map of Ireland.—J. O'D.

³ Pron. *mo vron*—my sorrows.

⁴ *Туад-Нúннан*, North Munster, or Thomond.

⁵ England is thus personified.

Seacanaide, cé taoim zo raon!

Ná ríl zup féilicé raob me ro-cluidim?

'S fáid do bím-rí d-tíoréab *Ṣaodal*,

Ṣan zineann az éirticé zéimneac zunaide:

Plaor^z mo éinn maí taor^zad díom,

Le caoréann b-fíocac mílte cozaide;

An cáilleac nime zup rín lem' táob,

Nac cuimín leat féin zup féicé zonta í!

Jr bríozmáí bhí do bídear am zlóí,

'S an tír na tóir le tóirneac tacaide;

Jr cuimín líom coimear^záir *Chuin* 'r *Eozáin*,¹

Fhínn 'r *óiríic* *Whóirna* imear^záide:

D'éirtínn leó zo deimín 'ran ngleó,

'S me z-coillte ceó zo ceólmáí ceacé-bínn,

Az claoideam mo éiríde! mo éilí! mo éló!

Le r^zín-zué r^zeóltá r^zóirneann r^zollaide!

Jr ríar do ríar^záinn éian zac r^zéil,

'S tríall zac tréin a z-céin tar tonnaide;

Zac trear^záir^zé dian-r^zoé íar^zmúr zaol

'Díir *Uilliam* 'ran *Maor*² a m-béal na *Bóinne*,

B'and mo zlaod le záir na laoc,

Le lám^zac na b-pléar 'r pléar^zad drumaide,

Char mo zíall, tá ríanta cléib,—

'Sdo líac mo céib le raobáí na zontáide!

¹ Eoghan Mor king of Munster and Conn of the Hundred Battles, who fought at Magh Lena, A.D. 196, are referred to here.

² *Uilliam* 'r *an Maor*. (the "Stewart,") i.e., William III. and James II. who fought at the Boyne.

³ This refers to the departure of the northern chieftains; it were loathsome to quote all the vile arts employed to drive them into exile. The following extract from that "best of biographies," Mitchell's *Life of Aodh O'Neill*, will be found sufficient.—Er.

"By some means or other, by anonymous letters and vague rumors, 'artful Cecil' succeeded in fixing on O'Neill and O'Donnell a charge of treason, to sustain which there has not been, from that

“ Shun the thought ! altho’ I’m lorn,
 Think not thou I’m conquered wholly ;
 In Gaelic Erinn, tho’ I mourn
 The groaning guns of One Unholy.
 They burst my head!—but yet—oh ! yet
 By ancient fame I’m still surrounded ;
 This hag of hate thou’lt *not* forget
 How deep this grasping hag is wounded !

“ Loud and tuneful was my tone,
 In Erinn free, ’twas rolling thunder ;
 I mind your combats, Conn and Eoghan !
 Finn and gold Mac Morna’s plunder.
 Deep in war I’ve heard them far,
 And I, in mist-woods, raised their clangor ;
 My heart’s keen sword !—from ’neath the sward
 They cannot start in noble anger !

“ Sadly then I spread the tale
 Of chieftains’ flight beyond the ocean,³
 Of each defeat upon the Gael,
 The Boyne assault and red commotion.
 My wild tones rise with heroes’ cries,
 With hissing bullets, hoarse, harsh drumming,
 Torn my sense ! my hair’s grey since,
 For shrieks of wounded ever coming !

day to this, a tittle of evidence. They were informed, however, that witnesses were to be hired against them, and believing this highly probable from the whole course of English policy towards Irishmen ; knowing, also, the rapacious views of James, and that their presence in the kingdom would only draw down heavier misfortune on their poor clansmen, and having, moreover, a wholesome dread of *juries* since the fate of the Mac Mahons, they came to the resolution of leaving their unhappy native country and seeking amongst the continental powers, either arms and troops to right the wrongs of Erinn, or at least a place to end their own days in peace. They waited not for the toils of Chichester to close round them ; but in the autumn of that year, (1607) on the festival of the Holy

Szreadamaoið le caoi zan uabar!

Zo fuideac fá tuairm uairn na h-acnairde?

'S aicmíð le zuide an uairn,

Au rzaoirte ruar an rluaz na nzeal-buidéan:

An báirreac buide ro éradairz mo éroidé-rí,

'Sa h-almac ríl zan fuizeall, zan fáltairze,

Szairp an rzaoiré, 'r rzaoil an rzuarin,

Le zaoiré a d-tuairz o tuacairb Eacéairze?

SRÁJHNE MHAOL.¹

SEAZHAN CLÁRACH MHC DOMHNANU RO CHAN.

Coir calac-poirte an maidin,

A d-tuac a' r mé an néal;

Do deaircara zo zreannair,

An rcaid bean t-réim;

Cross, they embarked in a vessel that had lately carried Cuconnacht Mac Guire and Doncha O'Brien to Ireland, and was then lying in Loch Swilly. With The O'Neill went his wife, the lady Catharina, and her three sons, Aodh (who was called Baron Dungannon), Seaan, and Brian, ART og, son of Cormac Mac Baron, Feardarcha, son of Conn, Aodh og, and others of his family and friends. Rory O'Donnell was attended by his brother Cathbar and his sister Nuala (who had left her husband, Niall Garv, on his taking up arms against this chief, her brother Aodh the Red), Aodh, the Earl's child, nearly a year old, Rois, daughter of The O'Docherty, with her son Aodh* aged two years and three months, Rory's brother's son, Donnell og, son of Donnell, Neachtan, son of Calvach, and other friends:—Surely a distinguished company, and 'it is certain,' say the reverend chroniclers of Tyrconnell, 'that the sea has not borne and the wind has not wafted in modern times a number of persons in one ship more eminent, illustrious, or noble in point of genealogy, heroic deeds, valour, feats of arms and brave achievements than

* Pron. *Aye*, anglicised *Hugh*.

" Let us weep with lowly cry,
 Till come the hour of light ordained us ;
 Let us pray the Lamb on high
 To smite the red hands which have chained us !
 The Yellow Scold who wounds my heart,
 And all her lying brood o'er bearing ;
 Out the weeds, disperse apart
 With northern gales their seed from Erinn !"

GRAINNE MHAOL.²

JOHN (CLARACH) MAC DONNELL SANG.

Lulled by ocean's soft motions,
 I sank to repose
 In a dell nigh the sea,
 Whence methought there arose

they, would God had but permitted them,' continue the Four Masters, to remain in their patrimonial inheritances until their children should arrive at the age of manhood ! Woe to the heart that meditated—woe to the mind that conceived—woe to the council that recommended the project of this expedition, without knowing whether they should to the end of their lives be able to return to their ancient principalities and Fatherland." With gloomy looks and sad forebodings the clansmen of Tyrconnell gazed upon that fatal ship, ' built in th' eclipse and rigged with curses dark,' as she dropped down Loch Swilly, and was hidden behind the cliffs of Fanad head. They never saw their chieftains more."

¹ *Grainne Mhaol*. This is the celebrated Grace O'Malley, by whom the poet allegorically means Ireland, and who appeared in her Connaught costume, attended by her bodyguard, before Queen Elizabeth ; of which interview an interesting account will be found in the *Anthologia Hibernica*, vols. 2 and 3 ; and a good setting of the air will be found at p. 99, vol. II. of O'Farrell's Irish Music.—J. O'D.

² Pronounced "Grannya," or Grannia wale, i.e. Grannia the humble. Under this name Erinn is veiled, in the present and numerous other poems.—ER.

Ա leabայր-թօլտ ար բալլի-ճրի՛,

 Լե քար յօ քեար;

 Ար ա ղչայրմի՛ ղիաճ Բարձա

 Ո՞ Տրայրոյե Պհաօլ!

Ալճիմ օրտրա ճիշիւ միլի,

 Պհանլաճ քիմ;

 Ա՛ր ճիճիւր յօ շարճանաճ,

 Պօճ՛ ղայճոճե եիլ;

 Լաճարի յօ ելարճա կոյ,

 Տի՛ր քիլոճե մե,

 Այ ե-քսլ ալ կեանճ շարճ,

 Ա ճ-տարնչայրեաճճ ճւմ Տրայրոյե Պհաօլ?

Յեալլայմ ճուր ա ճարաճ ճիլ,

 Տ մօ կայ նա ճիլճ;

 Յար ղաճաճար նա ղչամայլ,

 Տ շար ալճա ալ ղքիլ;

 Յաճ քարնայրե տա կե քաճա ղուլճ,

 Բաօլ կայաճ նա ե-քլեար;

 Յօ ե-քսլ ա ճ-տարնչօլ ղիւճ ա մ-բայլճե քարճ,

 Շւմ Տրայրոյե Պհաօլ!

Եր ե ճիւր ալ ղմօլկոյ յօ շօլ-եկոյ,

 Ար եար նա ճ-քաօճ;

 Յար ճօլի ճիլ ճալ ղօ ղօլլ,

 Բիւր ճ-տաճայճե ճլեար;

 Բիօճ ճօլի ճիլօլճե ար եւր ճ-ճօլրճիճե,

 Շւմ տրաճճ ա ճ-ճիլ,

 Յօ ե-քսլ ճօլուլճե ար կօլրճիլ,

 ԱՅ Տրայրոյե Պհաօլ!

¹ An ancient name of Ireland.

A nymph whose bright locks
 To the ripples down fell,
 And I bowed before Banba¹
 Or—GRAINNE MHAOL!

“ I pray thee, O virgin !
 Fair, faultless, and bright,
 In thy honey tones sing us
 The Song of the Right,
 Comes the youth, oft foretold us
 In story and tale,
 With his warrior-battalions
 To GRAINNE MHAOL.”

“ Behold, O true friend !
 I here pledge thee my hand,
 To the heights of the sky
 Rise the clouds of thy Land ;
 And the Gallant and Brave
 Who long exile bewail,
 Cross the ridges of ocean
 To GRAINNE MHAOL !

“ Thus the brown tuneful thrush²
 On the wavy green bough,
 Ever carols ; ‘ Prepare
 With your bright trappings now,
 For a steed to your shores
 Boundeth swift as the gale,
 And seeks for a shelter
 From GRAINNE MHAOL !’

² This, I think, is a name under which one of the Stuart exile, the worthless son of a worthless race of kings, was known by, as well as by that of the “ black-bird.”—ER.

Ա իր-մի՞ց ծ'քուլանչ բշխլլիբե,
 Աշտ բալլ դար ծ-տաօծ ;
 Կապի Կոչնած ծ'ար Բ-բրիտոհրա,
 Աոհր չա՞ծ Բեարմայն Բաօջալ,
 Կսի Կսմլա՞ճ Կա Տաշրան,
 Ար բա՞ջան ըսմ բլեյծ,
 'Տ Կապի ինքալլի Կ Չ-Կոմչրա՞ճ
 Ծօ Յիւրայնե Ահաօլ !

Աճար-մի՞ց ո՞՞ն բաճա Լեա՛տ,
 Ար բան ծօ ըլեյն ;
 Ծա Չ-Կարտա առա՞ծ բաօլ Բարմա Կոօ՛ճ,
 'Տան ալծ չա՞ծ բլեյծ ;
 Բեարմա՞ճօրն Կ մ-Բալտե բօլլիտ,
 'Տա Կ-Ալլիլ Կաօճալ ;
 Ա Բ-Բեարմայն ԿՅ Տաշրանայ՛ճ,
 Կան ըան Կա Կ-Ծեյճ !

Կա Պարմայն ծա ըլարած
 'Տ ոյ դար ծօ է ;
 ԱՅ Կարծար Կան Կարմա՞ճ,
 Կան Կալ բան շ-բաօջալ ;
 Կր է ծեյն չա՞ծ բարմա 'Կօ մա Կարմալծ,
 Կա՞ճ քուլարն ծօլծ է ;
 Կօ մ-Բեյծ Կարմա՞ճ բան մ-Բլաճայն բեօ,
 Ար Յիւրայնե Ահաօլ !

Ա բիր-բլե ծ'բլօր-բլլ,
 Կարմալճ ընեյն ;
 'Կա Բ-բլլ էրբա՞ճ 'բ մլլբա՞ճ,
 Աճ բարձե Բեյլ ;
 Ան բլճ բն ծօ բլօլ ՏՅօլտ,
 Օ'ր բարալլ բեյն,
 Կար տաօլԾե ծա ծ-Կոօբա՞ճ,
 Բա Բրեաճ ծօ բեյն.

“ O Divine Son of suffering
 Be our aid in this war,
 Let the base-hearted tyrants
 Be driven afar,
 Be the shield of our prince
 In the red BEARNA BAOGHAIL,¹
 Till fallen the rivals
 Of GRAINNE MHAOL !

“ How long, O Most High !
 Shall thy priests have to crave
 Their protection from glenn
 And the bleak mountain cave,
 How long shall the mansions
 And lands of the Gael,
 Be the Spoil of the Spoilers
 Of GRAINNE MHAOL ?

“ And Diarmuid is tortured,
 And small be his blame,
 That we droop without glory
 Or honour or fame,
 And each peasant mutters
 Did we try we'd prevail,
 And the Saxons should burden not
 Sweet GRAINNE MHAOL !

“ True bard of Clann Carrtha,
 The pow'rful of yore,
 What pleasure shall thrill thee
 Should he tread our shore,
 Who like us has descent
 From the sires of the Gael,
 O, thy songs they'd be peans
 For GRAINNE MHAOL.”

¹ Pronounced “ barna baile,” the “ gap of danger.”

SHÍOS CHOJS NA TRÁZHAI.¹

Shíor cóir na tráza,
 Tá' h faoilean dear mha;
 Ir í zile, ir í fionne,
 Ir í plúir na m-ban m-breaz!

Ir í an éraob cúbarca zan cáim,
 Nár cáill niam a blač;
 'S zuir a nzaoidelze do léifionne,
 Tréite na mha.

Do zeadairri zo leór,
 Lučt ríodaiže 'zur ríóll;
 A m-beid' fáinníde ar a méarairb
 'S péarluide breaz óir!

Ní díob beic mo ziód,
 Ačt díotra, mo rđor!
 'S zo ríubalfairn leat Eirne,
 S an taob éall do' h Rđim!

Do b'féairr liom na bđ,
 'S na lair do beidead óz;
 Zo m-beidionne 'zur m'annračt,
 A ngleann coilte ar neóin!

Ir caoin chearda cđir,
 Do mealfairn uair pđz;
 A méltean zan canytláčt,
 'S a zóza na m-ban óz.

¹ This song was composed by a gentleman named Christopher Conway, who resided at Tighnahalla, literally, the house of the swan, on the borders of the river Loun, in the parish of Kilorglin.

DOWN BY THE STRAND.

Down by the strand
Lives a young maid so bland,
The fairest—the rarest—
The Flower of the Land!

She's a bough of perfume
Of fadingless bloom!
'Tis my glory her story
And deeds to illumine.

Dames I might wed
Who've pearls round the head,
And such as have riches
And robes of silk thread,

But my heart nevermore
Could be theirs, O *mo stor!*
With thee, love, I'd flee, love,
To Italy's shore!

I'd rather than kine
Or that steeds should be mine
In some valley to dally
Where leafy boughs twine,

For a kiss that ne'er fades
I'd steal in those glades,
From the white star, the bright star,
The choice of fair maids!

county of Kerry, in praise of his wife Ellen M'Carthy, one of the two daughters of M'Carthy Mor. The other daughter was married to the great grandfather of the present O'Donohue, M.P.—J. O'D.

Crhoide cráidte cum zac aon,
 Chuir náine oruinn aráon ;
 'S dúbairt zo nabad páirteaó,
 Le baban na z-craob !

Tá fíor a z an raozal,
 Nar deabhad miam léi,
 Mar a b-pózfaihy le zrad í,
 Nó záine zan élaon !

Dia domhnaiz nuair tēizim,
 Le deabad cum tize Dé ;
 Uct nuair rmuaihy ar an áit,
 A m-bídeany zrad zeal mo éléib.

Tazan orhad any mo taob,
 Naé léizirfeair lem' raozal,
 Ué ! a úbailiy a'r anhraét,
 Tair ir rzaol ar mo péiny !

Ir mēid dam tráét,
 Ar raočan do lámá ;
 'S ar feabar mar do rzrijobta,
 Le caol peany ad lám !

Razaihy leat do'n Spáiny,
 Do'n Fhriayc, uó'n Jotáil,
 No raoi zleanyta a z dehad ljonduibe,
 'S naé canetlac é an zrad !

Ní í Máine táim a rad,
 Na aon ueac dá mna ;
 Uct péarlad an cúil éraobaiz,
 Tá tar éir mo crhoide érad !

'S zur b'é zlóir bihy a ciny,
 Thu z na móinte ó'n lhy ;
 Thu z crón-puyc ó céó-énoic,
 'S an rmodlihy ó éraiyhy.

Sad, sad hearts to those
 Whose scandalous gloze
 Would blame us or shame us,
 Flow'r, pure as the snows!

O *baban*¹ of the curls!
 Those dear little pearls
 Thy kisses—all this is
 But light mirth, the churls!

As I speed thro' the dells
 When ring the mass bells,
 My thoughts wander still fonder
 Where my bosom love dwells,

And sighs fill my breast
 So lone, so unblest,
 Then, ah, dower me, my flower!
 My wee apple! with rest.

I must sing the fair grace
 Of each pen-stroke and trace
 On paper—thy taper
 White finger can place.

I'd muse sadly with thee
 In dim glenns, or the sea
 We'd sail over—with thy lover
 O wilt thou not flee?

My Pearl of gold curls,
 My Choice of all girls,
 O Mary!—how dreary
 My life's flag unfurls.

Ah! thy soft voice of glee
 Makes seals leave the sea,
 And the dun deer to run here,
 And the thrush quit the tree!

¹ Pronounced "*babaun*," which means "little babe"; one of the many endearing diminutives so common in Irish.

Nuaire féinnéid rí duan,
 Jr bhíne í ná 'n cuac;
 'Sír breagáta í na Bhéanur,
 Chuir céadta cum ruairn!

Ní bean do bhad uairn,
 A m-beid' adarca ar a buairb;
 Aicé réiltíon éirín béaraic,
 Na m-briacáta caoín ruairic!

Ní pórfad zo deó,¹
 Buacáill tíze móir;
 Fear zlanca na rzeanna,
 'Sur leacairíte an bóirid!

Aicé pórfad mo róza,
 Jr é an buacáillín ríonh,
 Do éreabéad an briannar,
 'S bainfead an móirh.

Jr mairz do bídeann²
 Faoi tarcairne az mhaol
 'S zan earrad ar an d-talam,
 Jr meara ioná í.

Ní lía éan ar an z-craoib
 Na claon³ iona croide,
 'Szur b'í ríh an peacad
 Chuir fearz ar CHRJOSΦ!

¹ Here the lady indicates that she will not wed her lover; and further lessens his position by contrasting him with a servant or menial in the establishment.—J. O'D.

² Here the bachelor replies.

³ In other copies cur cam, literally, a crooked turn, deceit, &c.—J. O'D.

More sweet thou dost sing
 Than cuckoos in spring,
 Thou'rt brighter and whiter
 Than the fays poets sing !

I care not to gain
 Horned beeves and broad plain,
 My own love—my lone love
 Is the star without stain !

“ I never will wed⁴
 With a man who is bred
 As a flunkey,—poor monkey
 Put *that* from your head,

But my choice will be seen,
 A fair *buachailin*⁵
 Who'll plough land, and bowl,⁶ and
 Have a heart for the Green !”

“ Och, woeful in sooth
 Is the fate of each youth
 Who hopes for or mopes for
 A young maiden's truth ;

Fewer birds fly or rest
 Than whimsies *her* breast
 Encumber,—their number
 Would anger the Bless'd !”

⁴ It is to be presumed that the foregoing poem did service as a serenade ; we may suppose the damsel opened her rustic casement to give this answer to the distasteful suitor. The contrast between his sentiments, before and after the unfavorable response, is amusing in the extreme.—ER.

⁵ Pronounced “bohilleen,” a young boy.

⁶ A popular manly sport.

SLIABH NA M-BAN.¹

Jr aot liom féinid bualad an lae úd,
 Do dul ar zaodaíl boct a' r na céadta flad ;
 Mair tá na méirlið a'z déanað *game* d'ínn,
 Da n'ad nac aon n'íd leó *pike* na fleaz' :
 Níor éainz ar *Major* a d-túr an lae cúgáinn,
 A' r n'í nabamair féin an a z-cóinn na z-ceart,
 A'ct mar feólfuidé aoideara'ct b'ó zan aodaíne,
 Ar taob na zféine do Shliab na m-Ban!

Mo leun léin ar an dream zan éiréact,
 Nar fan le féinim a' r oide r'ad ;
 Zo m-biad diuicíde Déiréac² a' r iaréain Eiréainn,
 A'z tuiall le céile ó'n tír a n-dear :
 Do beic ar z-campuidé déanta le fórraizé tréana,
 Biad coinnad Dé linn ran t-raoizil ar fad,
 A' r n'í díolfad méirleac do muih'itín Néill r'inn,
 A'ct buadfaide an *sway* linn ar Shliab na m-Ban!

¹ Shlab na m-ban, literally the mountain of the women; a romantic hill situated about four miles north-west of Clonmel, on the road leading to Kilkenny, where the insurgents met in 1798. For the legends connected with this mountain, and why it is called Shlab na m-ban, see an interesting paper on the Fenian Traditions thereof, by Mr. John Dunne of Garryricken, published in the Transactions of the Kilkenny Archæological Society for 1851, p. 333.—J. O'D.

² Déiréac, the Decies in Waterford.

³ In the original, "no spy of the House of Neill should sell us;" this refers to a miserable traitor named Neill, who, it was said, betrayed a party of the Insurgents. He received a pension for the perfidy, gold for blood, renounced God for Mammon, and attempted to retire into some place where he would not be known. He fled

SLIAV-NA-MAN.

A BALLAD OF '98.

AIR:—“*Not more welcome the fairy numbers.*”

Weep the Great Departed—the Patriot-hearted !
 With life they parted for Ireland's right ;
 To them give glory, while tyrants gory
 Spread the false story, “ they fled in fright.”
 O, 'twas small, our terror ! we fell to Error,
 No chiefs there were or an ordered van ;
 Yet when came war's rattle we fled not battle,
 Tho' like herdless cattle on Sliav-na-man !

May the grief each ray shuns curse their impatience
 Who did haste our Nation's uprise from night,
 Ere the South could gather its clans together,
 And on this heather with the West unite.
 Our camp had warriors!—Ay Freedom's barriers !
 The God-sent carriers of Slav'ry's ban !
 O, no spy had found them³—no fetter bound them,
 We'd be freed men round them on Sliav-na-man !

to the county Cork, but with him went a terrible avenger, his own conscience. The country people speak of him yet ; he never could be at rest, and feared to be alone ; he thrust his companionship on those he knew loathed, spurned, and insulted him, for he dreaded worse than all scorns to be left alone. They report a significant speech of his. It happened as he was travelling on horseback, with one of themselves, that his horse stumbled and threw him. On lifting him he was remarked to be more wan and terror-struck than could be accounted for by the fall ; and his comrade, looking at his wild, fearful eyes, heard him mutter :—“*Νῆ ἱζαμῆθη ἀη διαβαλ ἡῖαν ἡομρα.*” “The Devil never parts from *me*.” The people are very cautious not to intermarry with any of his or any other traitor's descendants.—ER.

Jr é Ror do breoid, a' r do claid' zo deó ríon,
 Mhar ar fuizead móri cúid d'ínn ríute la; ;
 Leanbaide óza na ríol a'nn dóite,
 A' r an m'íid d'fan beó díob coir clad nó r'zairt :
 Zeallaim f'ór díb an té m'í an f'óbla,
 Zo m-b'íadam a z-cóiri do le *píke* a' r r'lea; ,
 A' r zo z-cuirfeam *yeomen* a; z mún na m-br'óza,
 A; z díol a z-cómair leó an Sh'íab na m-Ban !

Jr íomda fear aor'da a' r c'robairne zléizeal,
 O' n am zo céile do zabaó le real ;
 'Na b-fu'í c'ónduize caola a; z buairn lú; a n'zéaz díob,
 A n-doiríu'í n' d'áora zo doiríu'í n' f'aoi z'lar :

1 Unfortunately, this is no exaggerated picture of the accursed ferocity of the brutal and dastardly soldiery of England. I abridge an account of the battle of New Ross, by an impartial *loyalist* (see "History of the Irish Rebellion of '98," by E. Hay, M.R.I.A.). The reader will perceive that this battle is more than once referred to in the poems of that period. From first to last it illustrates the abuses and heartless cruelty of a standing army.—ER.

"The commander-in-chief of the Insurgents sent a Mr. Furlong with a *flag of truce* to the commanding officer in Ross, with a summons requesting him in the name of humanity, to prevent possible rapine and bloodshed by a speedy surrender, as the Wexford forces were now innumerable and irresistible. The bearer of the flag of truce was *shot* the moment he approached. By some mistake one division alone attacked the town, and even *it* was incomplete; yet the Insurgents, though without plan, dislodged the garrison from their advantageous posts, and drove horse and foot out of the town, over the Barrow bridge. The Irish (who had been on short fare for the preceding days and had had nothing this morning) dispersed to plunder and drink. The English, however, rally and regain the town. Sobered by this the Insurgents rush again and again up to the very cannon's mouth with remarkable intrepidity, and chase the enemy out of the place. Again, however, in lieu of aught else to appease the cravings of hunger, they renew their carouses, (and it is a medical fact that the amount of whiskey which would have no inebriating effect on a well-fed man, will intoxicate a hungry

Tho' at Ross defeated, few, few retreated,
 Death comes—they meet it with thrust of pike!
 Then were dragged the *dying*, and poor babes crying,
 The flames to lie in^l from ditch and dyke:
 Ye who wreakt this slaughter, for the crimes you wrought
 there
 We swear—like water your blood shall run,
 Yet—savage yeomen, of Hell an omen,
 We'll meet ye, foemen, on Sliav-na-man!

Ah! many an old man and star-bright bold man,
 Who long did hold on to free their Isle,
 Lie pale and markless, in deathly starkness,
 Bound down in darkness of dungeons vile.

one), so that of the famished Irish many became speedily inebriated and unable to repulse the enemy, who reconquered the town. Several houses were fired on this and the former attack, especially a four-storied one, in which *seventy-five persons were burnt to ashes*, one man only escaping the soldiers' fire. The Insurgents made a third gallant attempt, but their intrepid leader (O'Kelly) fell, and they retreated, bearing away, however, a piece of the enemy's cannon. The official list gives 230 English as killed, wounded, or missing, whilst the Insurgents are stated to have lost 500 at least. But the number of their dead was doubled by the *massacre of unarmed and unresisting men after all was over*. Many drunken men, incapable of flight, many (loyal) inhabitants, whose houses being burnt had no place of refuge, fell victims to the fury of the soldiery, from which *none could escape who were not clad in military costume*. Even the following day the few unburnt thatch houses of the common people were searched, and *not one* there found was left alive! *Some houses were set on fire even so THROGGED that the corpses of the suffocated within them could not fall to the ground, but continued crowded together in an UPRIGHT posture, until they were taken out to be interred*." Atrocious and demoniacal as these deeds were on the parts of civilized England's (!) soldiery, the reader will find other crimes perpetrated by them, a thousand times more horrible, if he refer to that impartial little book. He will find, also, frank testimony borne to the humanity of the Insurgents during the whole war.

Ζαριδαίξε ταοὸν λέο ἢά λέοήτα ρμήρδ ορμα,
 Δο δέανραδ πλέ δόρη α δ-τιρ ταρ λεαρ;
 Δα δ-ταβαίρε ραορ ὀ ἢα ἡάηαιδ ζαν βαοδcur,
 Α η-αη αη τ-ραοταρρ αρ Shljab ἢα η-Ban!

Τα'η Φραηηαc ραοβιαc 'ρα λοιηζεαρ ζλέαρτα,
 Le cραηηαιβ ζέαρα αρ μιρρ le ρeal;
 Jr ē ριορ ρζέαλα ζο β-φυλ α δ-τιρall ζο η-Είηε,
 Α'ρ ζο ζ-κυρρηρδ ζαοδαρ βοίct αρίρ ἢα ζ-ceαρ:
 Δα μαδ δόρη λιομ ρέηη ζο μ'ριορ αη ρζéal ρην;
 Βηερc μο cροιδε cόηη η-εαδτηομ le λοη αρ ηεαδ,
 ζο η-βιαδ claoiδ αρ ἡέηρηδ ραν αδαρc δα ρέηδε,
 Αρ cαοὸν ἢα ζρηηε do Shljab ἢα η-Ban!

Τα ἢα cόβαρζ αζ ιαρραιδ εόλαρρ,
 Τα'η αιμρρη ὀζ 'ραν cάβαρρ αζ τεαct;
 Αη τέ ηεηλλ ἢα ζηόδcτα jr ē λειζιρρρεαρ ρόρ ιαδ,
 Α'ρ ηί διορραμ ρεοιρρηηζ leo, cιορ ἢα ρραίct:
 Ριορα c'ρόηηεαc αη cυρδ jr μο δε,
 Λυαc ερρηc βό ηό τεαζλαρζ δεαρ,
 Βερδ ηαιηce αρ βοίctηε α'ρ ροιλλρε δα η-δόζ 'ζυρρη,
 Βερδ μερδρη α'ρ μόρταρ αρ Shljab ἢα η-Ban!

There, eve and morning, they bear all scorning,
 Threats, lashes, mourning, that their tyrants plan;
 We'll pay, *soon*, your labours, O coward neighbours!
 With our trusty sabres on Sliav-na-man!

For on the ocean are ships in motion,
 And glad devotion on France's shore,
 And rumor's telling: "They'll now be sailing
 To help the Gael in the Right once more."
 Och! if true's that story, by my hopes of glory,
 Like the glad bird o'er me I'd lilt my *rann*!¹
 Were the Robber routed! the Saxon flouted!
 How *we would* shout it, old Sliav-na-man!

Ho! the clowns are quaking and counsel taking,
 Good times² are making their firm approach,
 When those who weakly still preach "bear meekly,"
 Will mourn all bleakly in dark reproach!
 While gold and chattel, broad lands and cattle
 Pay them whose battle made Freedom dawn,
 And way-side dances our joy enhances,
 With the gold fire-glances o'er Sliav-na-man!

¹ *Ῥανη*, a pæan, a song of joy.

² *Ἰνῆριον ὄς*, literally, *Young Time*.

SEÁZHAN O'DUJBHJR AN ZHLEANNA.

Fonn :—Seázan O'Duibhir an Zhleanna.

*Moderately
Slow.*

An m'éirgíð dam an maíðin,
 Zhían an t-raíñad a3 taícheam,
 Chualad an uail d'a carad,
 Agus ceól bhí na n-éan!
 Bhoic a' r m'iolta a3 zeanna,
 Creabaí na n'zoba fada,
 Fuaim a3 an mac allad,
 A' r laíhac zunaíðe tréan!

JOHN O'DWYER OF THE GLEN.

MR. HARDIMAN, in his *Irish Minstrelsey* (Vol. 2, p. 149) says that the hero of this song was Colonel John O'Dwyer, a distinguished officer who commanded in the counties of Waterford and Tipperary in 1651, and soon after embarked at the former port with 500 of his faithful followers for Spain.

Notwithstanding Mr. Hardiman's authority as to the identification of the hero of the song in question, some doubts may be entertained from the fact of another Shane O'Dwyer turning up recently in a learned paper on the *Munster Bards*, published in the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*, for April, where the writer introduces a quotation from a jury presentment made in the county of Cork in Nov. 1584, and preserved in the *Carew MSS.*, (No. 627), deposited in the British Museum, showing how the Earl of Desmond's rents were paid, and giving the names of no fewer than 72 persons who were living as "poets, chroniclers, and rhymers, in that country." Among the rest mention is made of one "Shane O'Dwyer, chronicler de Aharlagh," which must be the Glen of Aherlow, near Bansha, in the county of Tipperary; and not "Arlo forest, celebrated by Spenser," as the writer suspects.

This Shane O'Dwyer, *recte* O'Dwyer, evidently must be the author or hero of the song, and not Mr. Hardiman's Colonel John O'Dwyer. It is a curious fact that among the names of the 72 bards quoted, there appears that of "Mary-ny-Donoghue, a shebarde, and Mary-ny-Clancye, a rimer." So that the bardic profession was not entirely confined to the males among the ancient Irish—the females having had their inspiration too.

Towards the close of the last century a very clever "rimer" appeared in the person of *Máire Ní Dhomhnaigh*, who resided somewhere near Knockbee, in the parish of Sliabh g-Cua, and whose poetic effusions are traditionally preserved in the district—J. O'D.

I've seen, full many a May-time,
Suns lead on the day-time,
Horns ring in that gay time
 With birds' mellow call,
Badgers flee before us,
Wood-cocks startle o'er us,
Guns make pleasant chorus
 Amid the echoes all,

An ríonnac muad ar an t-carraig,
 While lú a t marcaí,
 A' r bean go dúbaic' ran m-bealaic,
 A t a' rneam a cuib zé,
 'Noi r tá' n' coill d' a zearna,
 Tíallfamaoid tar calaic,
 'S a Sheáin Uí Dhuibín an tShleanna,
 Tá tú zán réim!

Ir é rín m'uaiznear fada,
 Scat mo cluar d' a zearna,
 An zaoic a d-tuaic am' leata,
 'San bá r an r r'éir!
 Mo zadarín ruairc d' a ceanzal,
 Zan cead lúc ná airdízeac,
 Do bá rnead zruaim de' n leab,
 A meadon zíl an lae:—
 Croide ná h-uairle ar an t-carraig,
 Go ceatfuaic, buacaic, beannaic,
 Do t'ocfad ruar ar a ríon,
 Go lá deire an t-raoizé!
 'S dá b-fa zairn-rí ruaimnear tamall,
 O daoine uairle an bá rle;
 Do t'íallfaim réim ar tShailib,
 'S d'fa zairn an r zléir!

Táid fearaí an tShleanna an t-ríon,¹
 Zan ceann, ná ceann ar lucaib,

¹ Shleann an t-ríon, *glen of the rivulet*; probably the glen of Aherlow, near Bansha, in the county of Tipperary.

² Pron. *Shaun O'Dwyer an glanna*, i.e. Seann O'Dwyer of the glenn. There may be some of my readers to whom these Irish names will cause inconvenience, and who would prefer to see them printed as they are pronounced. To gratify such a desire would be to outrage all rules of intellectual culture and philology. In any standard translation from foreign languages is not their orthography preserved

The fox run high and higher,
 Horsemen shouting nigher,
 The peasant mourning by her
 Fowl, that mangled be.
Now, they fell the wildwood,
 Farewell—home of childhood!
 Ah, Seaan O'Dwyer an Gleanna,²
 Joy is not for thee!

It is my sorrow sorest,
 Woe—the falling forest!
 The north wind gives me no rest,
 And death's in the sky;
 My faithful hound's tied tightly
 Never sporting lightly,
 Who once could, day or nightly,
 Win grief from the eye.
 The antlered, noble-hearted
 Stags are never started,
 Never chased nor parted
 From the furzy hills.
 If Peace came, but a small way,
 I'd journey down on Galway,
 And leave, tho' not for alway,
 My Erinn of Ills.

The Land of streamy vallies,
 Hath no Head nor rallies—

in its integrity? The same argument applies with equal—nay, superior—force to the language of our own country. Here, there are innumerable opportunities for acquiring the true pronunciation of Irish words, which students of foreign languages have *not*, and in this book I have been careful to give the mere English reader all possible assistance, by printing the pronunciation in notes. I confess, however, that I consider it extremely ill-judged and despicable to write gibberish in place of Irish words in the translations, merely to save trouble to the indolent, or contentedly ignorant.—ER.

A rraíð ná z-cuac¹ nī h-óltar,
 A rlaínte ná a raozál!
 Mo loma luain zan forzad,
 O Chluain² zo Stuaic naom Colam,³
 'S an zeapreíad an bpuac an nora,
 An fan le na rae!
 Cnead í an ruairz reo an Zhallaib,
 Bualad, buanad, 'r caprad,
 An rmoilín bhinn 'r an lon-dub
 Zan rár-zúe an zéaz;
 'S zur mór an tuar cum cozad,
 Cléir zo buairdearta a'r poball,
 Da reólad a z-cuanraib lomad,
 Anh lar zleanna an t-rléib!

Jr é mo cneac maíðne!
 Nac b-fuaru mé bar zan peacad,
 Sul a b-fuaru mé rzannaill,
 Fa mo cúid féin!
 'S a ladaact la breaz fada,
 D-tiz úblad cúmra an cpannaib,
 Duilleabair an an n-dáir,
 Azur drúct an an b-fear!
 'Noir taimre ruairzte óm' fearann,
 A n-uairzhear b-fad óm' cáraíð,
 Am' luize zo duairc raoi rzartaib,
 'Sa z-cuaraib an t-rléib!

¹ A rraíð ná z-cuac, i.e., in street, meaning in towns, nor in goblets would their health be toasted.

² Cluain. Cloyne, in the county of Cork.

³ Stuaic naom Colam, the peak or hill of St. Columbkil, in Donegal.

⁴ The "black-bird" was often used in Jacobite poetry to symbolize the exile Stuart, whose return with French aid was hoped for. It has been objected by some generalizers from particulars, that such expectations demonstrate the want of self-reliance in the Irish

In city, camp or palace
 They never toast her name ;
 Alas ! no warrior column
 From Cloyne to Stuaic naov Colam—
 O'er plains now waste and solemn
 The hares may rove tame.
 O, when shall come the routing,
 The English flight and flouting,
 We hear no joyous shouting
 From the blackbird⁴ yet,
 But more warlike glooms the omen,—
 Justice comes to no men,
 Priests must flee the foemen
 To hilly caves and wet.

It is my daily ruin
 That a sinless death's undoing
 Came not, ere came the strewing
 Of all my bright hopes.
 Ah, many a pleasant day-time
 I've watcht in Erinn's May-time
 The sweet fruits scent that gay time,
 And dew on oak and slōpes.
 Now, my lands are plunder,
 Far my friends asunder,
 I must hide me under
 Heath and bramble screen.

character ! Logicians so innocent of logic and history are certainly to be looked upon with tender feelings of admiration in this hardened century. Let our readers remember, however, that scarcely one modern revolution has taken place without foreign aid ;—England even, at that time, drove out the Stuarts by the foreign aid of William of Orange, Spain freed herself of the French by the foreign aid of England, America was succoured in her uprising against England by the foreign aid of France, Greece accomplished her independence by foreign aid, Scotland too looked for aid with the Stuarts, &c. &c., yet Irishmen will be found who are either culpably ignorant of these facts, or else maliciously overlook them in order to fling a libel against their Fatherland.—ER.

'S muna b-fažad mé ruaimhear fearða,
 O daoine uairle an baile ;
 Tnéisfid mé mo fealb,
 Ažur fažfad an raožal !

SLÁINTE RÍSH PHILIP.¹

Tabair cáirt an žac laim leat 'r žloine,
 'S žan dearmaid bídír lan ;
 Žo n-ólřamaoıd rlaınte Ríž Philip,
 'S an leinb tá miam ar fán !²
 Ir fada fá rmuıt í dá rjumad
 Až an dalta nac meabair lé ar tal,
 Mair a d-tōžfari an bıon řo dınn fearða,
 Račam do'n Fhřairınc nō'n Sbaınn !

An bıuid le dıuir do tuž tairınoim,
 Do Ana mar cēıle mna ;
 'S do'n cúplad dıultaıd an bairde,
 Ažur d'airtıd a m-bearla an páir !
 Ata breall ar žac teampallınn tacaınn,
 Nair fearımaıd a n-am na d-trıac,
 Beıd' žreann ažur beann ar na řažairıe,
 'S a m-beača 'co mır le řažail.

¹ Ríž Pııb. This is Philip II. of Spain to whom the poet appeals for aid to rid his country of English oppression. The air to which the song is sung will be found in the first volume of *O'Farrell's Collection of Irish Airs*, page 150. now rather a scarce work. It is a great favourite with the peasantry of Carrick-on-Suir, and the adjacent country, where one is never at a loss for a good Irish singer.

If soon I cannot save me
 By flight from foes that crave me,
 O Death! at last I'll seek thee
 Our bitter foes between!

HERE'S A BUMPER TO PHILIP.

Ho, friends! grasp your glasses, and fill up
 Your bumpers, fill up to the brim!
 Here's a health to the gallant King Philip,
 And our Exile—success, boys, to him!
 In sorrow too long he has wandered—
 To tell him our axes are bright,
 That we're burning to raise the Green Standard,
 I sail, boys! for Paris to-night!

Red woe to the foul foreign lover
 Of Erinn our beautiful queen,
 The betrothed of the brave nameless rover
 Whose soul is grief darken'd I ween.
 There's a scourge for the temple-profaners,
 The foe shall not stand on our shore,
 When free we'll decree that regainers,
 The priests have their abbeys once more.³

² *Ḃḡ leaḡḃ ca nḡaḡ aḡ fāḡ!* Charles Edward Stuart is referred to here.

³ This song expresses the sentiments of a people lately robbed of their rights, and of a time when Catholics alone represented the national party in the land. Happily, since the days of Grattan, Swift, and Davis, men of all creeds "rank in with one accord."—E.E.

ʒuɔðɪm fɛɑrðɑ nɪʒ ʒeal nɑ n-ɑɪnʒɪɔl,
 ʌn ɑɪme feo ɔlɑɔðeɑm̃ ɑ ð-ɕrɑɕ ;
 'S ɑ n-ɔɪbɪrɕ ð'ŋ m̃nɑɔɪ tɑ fɑɔɪ rʒɑnɪɑl,
 Ð'ɑr b'ɑɪnɪm ðɪ ɪnre fɑɪl :—
 ʌn Stɕɔbɑrɕ¹ ðɑ ð-ɕɪʒeɑð ɔúʒɑɪnɪ tɑrɪ cɑlɑɪɕ,
 'S ʒɑn ðeɑrɪmɑð Tɪʒeɑrɪnɑ ɑn ɕhlɑɪr,
 Bheɪð' ʒɑɔɪðɪl bɔɕɕ ne h-ɑɔɪðneɑr ɑ nʒrɑðɑm,
 'S ʒɑllɑɪb̃ ɑrɪr le fɑn !

Tɑ ʒɑndɑ bneɑʒ lɑɪðɪr ɑʒ tɑrɪnɑɪnʒ
 ɕhɪm cɑɕɑ ʒɔ h-ɕɪrɪnɪn ɔúʒɑɪnɪ ;
 Ðɔ ɔɑrɪnɑr nɑ tɑɪnɕe ðɔ'ŋ ɑɪme,
 ʌ b-feɑrɑnɕɑr ɑrɪð nɑ ʌm̃ɪn :—
 fɑðbɑr le fɑʒɑɪl nɪ b-fuɪl ɑɕɔ,
 ʌɕɕ ɑ nʒeɑrɪmɑð le fɑɔðɑr lɑnɪ,
 ʌn ɕrɑɕ ʌð beɪð ʒɑrɪɕɑ nɑ fɑʒɑrɕ,
 'S ɑ m-beɑɕɑ ɑɕɔ n-ɑɪɕ nɑ nʒɑll.

Ðɑ ð-tɕeɑrɪmɑð Rɪʒ Sɕeɑrɪlɪr ʒɔ tɑrɑð,
 'S ɑ ʒɑrɪmɑð ɔúʒɑɪnɪ ð'ɑr ʒ-cɑbɑɪrɪ ;
 Ðɔ ðeɑnɕɑmɑɔɪr lɕɪrɪrʒɪɪɔr ɑr ɑn ɑɪme,
 Ðɔ ɕneɑrʒɑɪr nɑ ʒɑɔɪðɪl ʒɔ fɑnɪ :—
 ɕɪðɪm ʒɔ fɕɪm̃ ɑr ɑn ɑɕɑɪr,
 Ðɔ ʒneɑðɑʒ ʒɔ ðɑɔrɪ ɑr ɕrɪɑnɪ,
 ɕɪrɪlɔɕ ðɔ ðeɑnɑð ɑr nɑ ʒɑllɑɪb̃,
 'S bɑrɪ ɑr ɑ b-pɕɪnɪn ʒɑɕ ɑm !

¹ Stɕɔbɑrɕ, *Stuart*. Charles Edward again.

² fɑɪl, is pronounced *fau-il*, and not *fule*, as we generally hear it sounded. *Innis-fail* signifies "The Island of Destiny."

³ O'Brien, Lord Clare, commanded a regiment of horse in the Irish Brigade.

We pray to the Lord of all glory
 To unsheath his bright Sword o'er our soil,
 Till strewn be the plunderers gory
 Who glut them on dear Innis-fail²—
 To smoothen a path o'er the ocean,
 To lead the south wind on the sea,
 Till the isle of our love and devotion,
 Be fetterless, fearless and free.

To wage the fierce battle for Erinn
 Comes the fiery brigade of Lord Clare,³
 'Tis off from their pikes keen and daring
 'The Saxon fled back to his lair.
 And favour—not now shall he get it,
 Save from lances on every hand ;
 O, short are their days who abetted
 The murderous deeds in our land !

May Charles have but courage to hasten
 With troops and with arms to our shore,
 We'll scorch from their tyranny wasting
 Our treacherous foemen once more.
 We pray to the just Lord to shatter
 Their hosts and their hopes to the ground,
 To raise our green Island and scatter
 The blessings of Freedom around !

“ When on Ramillie's bloody field
 The baffled French were forced to yield,
 The victor Saxon backward reeled
 Before the charge of Clare's Dragoons.”—*Davis*.

But he was in command of the whole Brigade at the Battle of Fontenoy.

COJS NA BRÍĴĴĴDE.

UILLIANN INĴĴĴIS KO CHAN.

Fonn :—“ Clap bog Déil.”

CoĴ ĵa BríĴĴde¹ real do bĴor-Ĵa,
 Ĵo rúzaċ Ĵain;
 AĴ tapnaĴĴ ĴĴor ar aĴĴĴĴ ċaoin,
 An úrlad bāĴ;
 Ba ĴĴle a ĴĴb ĵa alad ar lĴĴ,
 'Sĵa dĴúċċ ar bāĴ;
 'S ĵĴ coĴĴĴĴċ mé aċċ buaċaĴĴ bĴĴĴĴar,
 O Dhún ĵa m-bad!²

Seapic mo ċléĴb do ċuĴar ĴéĴĴ dĴĴ,
 A'Ĵ ĴĴad ĵĴe Ĵún!
 'S da d-ĵazaċ Ĵé dom ċor Ĵan ĵ-ĴaoĴal,
 Ĵo m-bĴadaĴĴĴ lá 'Ĵur tú;
 CeapĴal ċléĴĴe beĴċ oĴaĴĴĴ a Ĵaon,
 Ĵaol ĴāĴĴĴe dlúċ;
 Aċċ d'a b-ĴeĴĴĴĴĴ ĴéĴĴ tu aĴ Ĵear Ĵan ĵ-ĴaoĴal,
 ĴĴeadaĴĴĴ bāĴ le cúnad!

Aĵa úĴ-ĴĴb aĴ am ĴúnĴ ċĴoĴde,
 A'Ĵ bĴāĴāĴd Ĵar aol;
 'S a cúnĴĴĴ ċar búċlaċ,
 AĴ ĴāĴ Ĵo Ĵear;

¹ BríĴĴĴ, the river Bride, which rises in the barony of Barrymore, in the county of Cork, near a place called Glenprehan, takes its course easterly, uniting with the Blackwater at Strangcally Castle, (CaĴĴeap ĴĴóna CaĴĴĴe, literally, the Castle of the hag's nose), the seat of the Rev. — Lloyd. It is situated two miles below Drumana, at the foot of the celebrated lĴĴĴ ĵa ĴazaĴĴ, or priest's lake, where, it is traditionally told that one of the Earls of Grandison during the troublous times of 1641, caused nine priests to be sent fettered in a boat, which he ordered to be scuttled on reaching the centre of the lake, thus consigning nine immortal souls to eternity! Ever since, this expansive lake goes by the above name — J. O'D.

BY THE BRIDE.

WILLIAM ENGLISH SANG.

AIR:—"Clar Bog Deal."

By the Bride's pleasant water
 I dwelt for awhile,
 Enticed by a daughter
 Of beauty's gay smile ;
 Her white neck was whiter
 Than swan-plume or dew,
 And sure 'tis no stranger
 Who was courting with you !

I came from the ocean,
 A gay fisher boy,
 And my whole heart's devotion
 I gave you, my joy ;
 O, soon may the marriage
 Give you to my heart,
 If another you'd wed, love,
 I'd die with the smart.

O, fair is my darling !
 With breast like the snow,
 And her bright *cuilin* curling
 To the green grass below ;

* *Dún na m-bád*. This must be Dungarvan in the county of Waterford, remarkable for its fishing boats, to which the following old adage is correctly applied:—

"*Dún Garbhan na reabhad reolta,*"
 Dungarvan of the old fast-sailing boats.

It takes its name from St. Garbhan, who founded an abbey of Canons Regular there in the seventh century. His festival is celebrated on the 21st November. See *Martyrology of Tallaght*, by the late Rev. Matthew Kelly, D.D. of St. Patrick's College, Maynooth.
 —J. O'D.

ʒo cúmad tɾíomɿ ɿac ɾan úɿɿ ɾínte
 ʒo ɾázbad me!
 Sul an ɾtíuráidead me a ʒ-cúɿíʒe
 'Smó ʒírad tar m'éɿ?

Nać dúbćmóideac mé a b-ɾiontar,
 ʒan tarɿ a b-ɾéɿɿ!
 'Snać iontaoɿb leat ɾʒíurɿe,
 ʒam' ɾóɿt ʒan ɾɾhéɿb;
 ʒo deɿmɿɿ duɿtre a maɿʒdean,
 ʒa m'áɿ leat é,
 ʒo leɿʒíɾfeadra an t-ɾaɿʒeac ɾo,
 ʒne laɿ mo ćléɿb!

LÚJBÍN NA ʒ-BÚCLAJʒhe.

UILLIANN INSHUS RO CHAN.

Fonɿ:—"Róɿt ʒeal Dub."

Ní' l ɾúʒaɿdeacɿ ná dúɿl ʒɾíɿɿ,
 Le ɾɾár am ʒáor!
 ʒćt lút-ɾaɿʒeac am' bɿúć' ɾíor,
 Le ʒírad do'ɿ m-béɿć,
 ʒ ɾíurɿíɿ ná b-ɾionɿ-dlaoɿć
 ʒʒ ɾár ʒo ɾéan,
 O dúɿɾíđɿɿ mo ćúɿ caoɿ,
 Ná ɾáz mé b-ɾéɿɿ!

ʒa a cúɿmɿɿ ʒo cúl-buɿde,
 ʒʒ ɾár ʒo ɾéan;
 'S a cam-bɿaoɿć' ʒo dlút mɿɿ,
 ʒan ɾháɿte caol,

And I wish I were lying
 In earth cold and low,
 Ere I had to forsake her
 And wander in woe!

How sad and dark-heartèd,
 In deep pain I pine,
 Since fortune has parted
 Her fondness from mine.
 O, maid of all maidens,
 'Tis you only may
 Cure the grief and the sorrow
 That rack me each day!

THE CLUSTER OF CURLS.

WILLIAM ENGLISH SANG.

AIR:—" *Rois geal dubh.*"

No treasure of pleasure
 This long time is mine,
 But pangs beyond measure
 From a maiden divine.
 O, sistreen¹ of tresses
 That kiss the dew, low,
 Who woke my distresses,
 Don't leave me in woe.

Thy curling, thy golden,
 Thy bright-flowing hair,
 Thy curved eyebrows moulden
 So slender and fair,

¹ Popularly used as a diminutive of sister. The endearing Celtic diminutive "íḡ" (pr. *een*) is thus added to numberless English words, in those districts where both languages are spoken.—ER.

Naç cúma-çnoiðeaç a ʒ-cúʒʒíðe,
 ʒħar táʒm a b-péʒm;
 ʒʒ lúʒbʒm na m-búclaiʒe,
 'S ħaç aʒl léʒ mē!

ʒ cúʒl doʒm do'ħ çrú çaoʒm,
 Do řāraʒð mē;
 ʒr dúbaç bʒðʒm am çʒuʒm-ç-řuʒʒeam,
 Do ʒħaç ad ðéʒʒ;
 ʒ ħúʒřmʒm ʒr tú ʒuʒðʒm,
 ʒr ʒħað ħʒc Ðē;
 O řçʒuʒaiʒʒʒr aħ řúðar çřʒom,
 Uch, řlāħaʒð me!

Ta ur-ʒħaç ar mo řúʒmʒm,
 Na b-řuʒl řʒaʒl ħa ʒ-caor;
 ʒħar çúðar-çřuʒm ar çʒuʒm-łm,
 Na řħamāħ aħ ʒéʒr,
 ʒr búç bʒm a çʒuʒm bʒm,
 ʒħar ʒāʒm ħa ð-téad,
 Ð'řúʒ řm ʒo dúbaç çeʒm,
 'S aħ bāř lem' bēal!

Am' çrú bʒm a ʒ-cúʒʒíðe,
 ʒo řāħaç řaom!
 ʒʒ ħrúçðaoʒl mo çúðar-çnoiðe,
 Do řāraʒð mē!
 ʒřúbal řlíʒe ħuʒm řmuaʒmʒm,
 ʒr ʒħað mo çléʒb,
 ʒomçaiʒm 'r dúblaʒm
 ʒo ħ-ařð mo çéʒm¹!

¹ Céʒm, used here as a contraction for çořçéʒm, a footstep.

They make me sad-hearted ;
 O'er all men I pine,
 From the Curl-cluster parted
 Who will not be mine !

O, brown hair of beauty !
 Thou'st fettered my heart !
 I'm mournful and moody
 When thou dost depart.
 O, m'uirnin,² I sue thee
 By Heaven above,
 Since thou'st sent the grief thro' me,
 O, save me, my love !

O, bright as the berry's
 The cheek of my love,
 As foam by the ferry's
 Her white brow above.
 O, the voice of that maiden's,
 The harp, sounding glee,
 Its soft, winning cadence
 Has brought death to me.

I travel in sorrow
 Through Erinn the green,
 My heart sheds, each morrow,
 Its soul for my queen.
 On my way, when I ponder
 On her—her so fair !
 I stray and I wander,
 I turn here and there !

² Pr. voorneen.

A rún croide! a chnó caoin!
 A zrád mo cléib!
 Do lonnruigead ó chnó ríol,
 Do'n ardh-puil Zhréaz;
 Do rtiurairgear zac rúzaideact,
 Ar clár zo réim,
 Le h-úmlairgead dod' zhrúir zhríon,
 Do táirid mé!

Do ríublaigear 'r d'iontaigear,
 'Zac la liom féin,¹
 'Duir cúiridib' 'r dúicidib',
 'S bán-bhoiz zle;
 Az cúmrzairgeact le clú caoin,
 A z-cail 'ra méion;
 'Sa nzhúir djob nion ramluigear,
 Mar táid ad rzéim!

B'FHEARR LÉJSEANN DÓIBH.

COZHAN RUADH O'SÚLUOBHÁIN² RO CHAN.

Sin azuib mo teardar ar beata zac réice,
 Cia fada mé zéile le reacmal dá nór;
 Zo bardalac, bealaigte, az bladair le béicib,
 'Na z-caru-folt réid 'rda meallad lem' pódz;—
 Az zand-éior a b-peacad zac airde le h-éifeact,
 A labaircad réime ba táitneamac leó,
 Tme d-tazaid zo tapa cum peacad do déanam,
 Cia tearzairzaid cléine zo m'féairi leizean dóib!

¹ In another copy this line reads "zac la lem' nae."

O, dearest! O, fairest!
 O, Love of my breast!
 'Mid the noblest and rarest
 Thy fathers shone best.
 I'm fading in anguish,
 All pleasures have flown;
 For *thy* sake I languish,
 For *thee* I make moan!

I wander thro' vallies
 Each day of my days,
 I stray by each palace
 And grey city's maze,
 And I see maidens rarest
 And place them by thee—
 But thou'rt fair o'er the fairest,
 Ah! turn, love, to me!

BETTER LEAVE THEM ALONE.³

EOGHAN O'SULLIVAN (THE RED) SANG.

The life of the Rake, hear ye now its recital
 By one who, alas! has long known it too well;
 'Twas a trampling on virtues and duties most vital,
 A treading the path leading down into hell.
 Like Judas, a kiss was our mode of deceiving
 The bright-hair'd young maids, till their hearts were
 our own,
 Then perjured we left them to weeping and grieving,
 Tho' the holy priests taught: "Better leave them alone!"

¹ See a biographical sketch of Eoghan Ruadh, by the late Edward Walsh, in the Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry.—J. O'D.

² A popular saying.

Njor b'anan mé realad 'ran tabairne trioc̄ta,
 'Diu r̄zacað do béic̄ib me carbar az ól;
 'S teazarz na n-aīmeac̄ a n-āanna naom̄ta,
 Nj̄ c̄azac̄ am b̄eic̄ie ac̄t māzað 'zur m̄oib̄,
 A n̄zlāc̄fuīn do māc̄mar ó' n̄t-reāc̄t̄m̄ūn zo c̄eile,
 Do r̄zappuīn zan f̄eanað ar aic̄ne lūc̄t ceōil,
 Bh̄ioc̄ meannmað ar m'aīz̄ne 'r̄ aic̄ear d'á n̄-éir̄teāc̄t
 'S n̄j̄ c̄neic̄f̄ūn̄n ó aon̄ neac̄ zo m'f̄eárū leiz̄ean̄
 d̄oib̄!

Do leanār na beair̄ta ro realad zo f̄eann̄mar,
 'S an̄ tabairne ar béic̄ib do r̄zair̄pear mo r̄t̄or̄!
 'S m'aūim d'á z̄air̄m a leab̄ar an̄ éil̄im,
 Njor b'ion̄z̄nað nūair̄ z̄laodāīn̄n a z̄-cuid̄ beāc̄-
 uir̄ze ar r̄z̄or̄;—
 Ba cātāc̄ mé ar māid̄n̄ az māc̄t̄nām̄ zur̄ baoc̄
 beair̄t
 'Dam' f̄am̄uil̄re d'éaz̄air̄n̄ a c̄air̄be d'ól,
 Bh̄ideac̄ m'aīz̄ne az car̄māīt̄ 'r̄ mear̄air̄m̄ a f̄eanað,
 Zo z̄-cneic̄d̄īn̄n ar̄ éiz̄īn̄ zo m'f̄eárū leiz̄ean̄ d̄oib̄!

Jr̄ deim̄īn̄ zo d̄-t̄izeað le buile na d̄éiz̄ r̄īn̄,
 Z̄ac̄ n̄-dūine 'co m'éil̄iom̄ 'ra b̄ille na d̄oib̄;
 'S tūz̄aid̄ na m̄ion̄na zo z̄-cūir̄f̄id̄ me n̄z̄éib̄īn̄n,
 Cia r̄īnz̄il̄ d̄roic̄-éadaiz̄ me ar ūr̄ear̄bað r̄t̄oim̄:
 Nj̄'l̄ f̄īn̄ne-bean̄ m̄ioc̄air̄ do' n̄ f̄ūr̄ean̄n ro léanað,
 'W̄o c̄ir̄te le z̄éile d'á b̄-f̄rīoz̄allaib̄ r̄f̄oim̄t̄,
 Na būr̄ean̄n f̄a r̄z̄ize zo r̄z̄izeam̄ail̄ r̄z̄léipeac̄,
 'Ann̄ ran̄ tūiz̄im̄, cé d̄éanāc̄, zo m'f̄eárū leiz̄ean̄
 d̄oib̄!

'Nuair̄ c̄izean̄ an̄ laiz̄e jr̄ d̄rūidean̄ an̄ t̄-aor̄ lom̄,
 'W̄é ar ūr̄ear̄bað an̄ éadaiz̄ 'r̄ c̄aill̄im̄ mo c̄neoir̄;
 B̄ion̄ pāir̄c̄ir̄ c̄neac̄tāc̄ z̄ac̄ māid̄ion̄ am̄ z̄éaz̄að,
 Nj̄ blār̄da mo b̄rīāc̄na 'r̄ n̄j̄'l̄ tātāz̄ am̄ z̄l̄oim̄:—

'Mong the crowds in the tavern I've wasted in drinking,
 And shameless carouse, oft the long summer night,
 On the good Fathers' teaching I seldom was thinking,
 Save to make it a theme for the sneer and the slight ;
 Tho' I'd gather with toil thro' the week a small treasure,
 Oft with children of song it has blessingless flown,
 Ah, to hear them my heart beat—my mind throbb'd with
 pleasure,
 And none could persuade, " Better leave them alone !"

I followed these pranks throughout long years of madness,
 Till I'd squander'd my gold in the tavern of woe,
 Till the Marker had chalked, with a sly look of gladness,
 My name on that page which poor debtors well know,
 Yet, I'd bitterly think with deep grief on each morrow,
 'Twas not for my like¹ thus to drink and to groan,
 Who felt ourselves nobler, whose soul told in sorrow
 'Tis just to believe : " Better leave them alone."

" Ay, truly," I thought in half madness, " 'twere better,"
 As each handed his " bill," without smile then or joke,
 And threaten'd to cast me in prison, and fetter,
 When they'd gained all my wealth but a weather-beat
 cloak,
 No maiden was then to console me true-hearted,
 To lighten my sadness or for me to make moan,
 Alas ! with my treasure all pleasure departed,
 And I knew (tho' but late) " Better leave them alone !"

When the sickness came to me and old age drew nigher,
 With a lack of thin garments and a greater of friends,
 In a limb-shaking palsy,—in a glance without fire—
 In a voice without music 'tis thus that all ends !

¹ Celtic idiom for " those like me."

Jr fearb an airde lhom labairt ar b'èirib,
 Tiz an tabairne f'eanaim mar ar càtar mo r'òr;
 Dearbaim, adimaim fearda, 'zur z'èillim,
 Zur damanta an c'èird í, r'zur fearr leizean
 d'òib!

Slacac zac fairnime fearaimul, faobnac,
 Do càtar na b'èite 'r do leanar an t-òl;
 'Ho teaazar-ra fearda zo zar da le c'èile,
 'S n'í h-eazal beir aorimari a h-earbad zo deò!
 Snamac le marzalaic maireaimul, maoida,
 Bheidear caritannac, caomnac, leanabac, r'ò-
 zac,
 Seacanaic dramanna, 'r carmairt ar aonac,
 'S c'neideac ò aon neac zo m'fearr leizean d'òib!

ΤΑΡΤΗΡΙΑΝ ΑΝ ΞΗΛΛΑΦΗ.

υλληαν δαυ ο η-εαρναινι ρο χαν.

Ατα r'zéal beaz rultmar,
 Azamra le r'zúda d'ib;
 Tar éir mo turair,
 Tre iomallab úr na z-c'rioc,
 Nar traocad mire,
 'Snar curread me z-cúinne cáoil,
 A naoir zur im'iz,
 'Ho z'jollad da m'úcad a h-d'rib!
 O, maire, m'fadcúmad,
 'Ho deacamal, mo r'zéal le mujdeam,
 'Szur mire b'í ar mearúzac
 'Snarb-feardúir' aon taob do 'h t-r'ljze!

¹ For an interesting biography of William O'Heffernan, the Blind, see *Reliques of Irish Jacobite Poetry*.

I woefully mourn the young days I have wasted
 And shun, like a spear, where my vices have grown,
 And whiskey—I promise and vow ne'er to taste it,
 Accursed are such guests—"Better leave them alone."

Now strong man and young man who lounge and who
 wander,
 'Mong taverns to drink and deceive—if you're sage
 Hear my cry: "Never more your bright hours of youth
 squander,
 And fear not that Want will grind down your old age,
 Shun the base arts of Hell—the false oath, the deceiving,
 And gladness shall make your sad hearts all her own,
 Shun the drams and the drinking, the sure-coming grieving,
 And oh, trust all who say: 'Better leave them alone!'"

HELP! HELP!

WILLIAM DALL O'H-EARNAIN SANG.²

Hear a merry story,
 'Twill please you with its prettiness,
 After all my glory
 I fell into a pretty mess!
 Oft I've tramped through Erinn,
 Nor was crush'd into the "narrow nook,"
 Till last night, a snare in,
 My worthless guide my marrow shook.
 O maisé!³ O the scornful,
 The hard-to-bear, the shocking load!
 To fall as falls a born fool,
 While *I* knew not the mocking road.

² Anglicised William the *Blind* O'Heffernan.

³ Pr. O wisha!

A m-béal na toinne,
 'Smé a3 dnuidim lem' dúl'te ari3;
 Mo léim tar uirze,
 Ba éirim le dúl a3 t'jeaó,

Sur pleir3 mo 3ollad,
 Faoi imoll na rúille r'ior;
 Ba éaótar m'ire,
 An m'ullinn dá r'punaó an'ior!
 O, maire, 7c.

D'éimear le buile,
 'Sdo m'neara líraó éim;
 A3 3laodaó an duine,
 Do éiofaó a3 congnam linn;
 N'ior b'é r'úd an t'ubairt,
 Sur éimear 3o dlúó am éioide;
 Sur baógal na dlíó,

'S3an duine ran 3-cúirt dam buidín!
 O, maire, 7c.

Do éuardeimear cuire,
 A3ur iomall na rúille r'ior;
 Na éluair sur éimeara,
 M'ionzaó 'r é fúgam ran d'ib;
 Ir luaimneac, inzealta,
 S3ioberinn é an úrlaó an'ior,
 Ba érua3 líb m'ire,
 Mar r'ile mo rúile éim!
 O, maire, 7c.

Ir é úine na leanaó,
 Bhí a3 a'neir na n-dlúó-folt búide;
 'S anú na feabaó,
 An fea'ruine Búrcal3 3ioide,

Crossing o'er the river,
 Returning to my father's land,
 Hope of home told ever
 I'd leap safe to the other strand ;
 Till, beyond the edges
 Most suddenly broke down my guide !
 Clinging to the ledges
 I try to clutch him, crown or side.
 O maise ! &c.

First I heard a shiver,
 Then shrieking shrieks I yelp aloud,
 Calling, bawling ever,
 For men to come and help him out.
 And oh ! the fearful danger
 Of law came then, a vision stark,
 Lest in court, a stranger,
 I'd have to bear suspicion dark.
 O maise, &c.

Searching stream and mud in
 Further from the brink I draw,
 Till, upon a sudden
 In lucky ear I sink a claw.
 Quick ! quick ! quick ! and giddy,
 Him up the bank I madly swept,
 You'd have felt some pity
 To see what tears I gladly wept.
 O maise, &c.

“ 'Twas the gold-haired maiden's
 Ale so fresh, so clear, so good,¹—
 'Twas, besides its cadence,
 The hot fire of a hero's blood—

¹ Here, I suppose, the poor blind bard's guide excuses his fall.

An Róirteac cáilce,
 'San bairille ar lúe az tígeac.
 D'fúiz me a nglarab,
 'San laeaz 'rmo congnad am díe!
 O, maire, 7c.

Do zlaodar ar aicme,
 Zac leara ba dútear linn;
 Beite an leacta,
 Do cleacó a beite congnatac caoin;
 Do maobur ceallaó,
 Do rpalpar na dúille tríd,
 Bhair a réizdir m'ahacraó,
 Zo larrainn a n-dúnta ríge!
 O, maire, 7c.

Thairniz ainnin na Carrraize,
 Ar d-túr am linn;
 Ainne cáilce,
 'San zarraó ó'n Dún a nior;
 An bab bar-cáilce,
 Tar calaite do ríubail le Naor,
 'San mhánla, maireac,
 O Laitioin¹ az congnam linn.
 O, maire, 7c.

Do léiz zac ainnin díob,
 Airde ba rúzac linn;
 Zur baogal do Zhallaib,
 'San earraó ro cúzairn az tígeac;
 Séarluir macaom,
 'Sa cáraio zan congnam noime,
 'S zaoiðil az tarrainn
 Faol zmadam dá n-dún airí.

¹ Latten, a townland near Tipperary where the poet resided.

'Twas that Roche bereft me
 Of sense (their cask was flowing wide),
 Slipped me o'er, and left me
 In mud and puddle growing-tight.
 O maise! &c.

"List," I said, "O listen!
 Who have our isle's inheritance,
 Fays whose soft eyes glisten
 For gentle deeds and merry dance,
 I have broke church orders,
 Me you've power to hold in fire,
 Take me o'er your borders,
 I'm very, very cold in mire!
 O maise! &c.

"She of rocks² came fleetly,
 The first to soothe my withered breast,
 Brilliant Annia meetly,
 From *dun* with vassals hither prest;
 Came White-palm (the ranger
 With Naesi over ocean blue)
 Modest Grace, the stranger
 From Latten-land, came rushing too!
 O maise, &c.

"Each of them 'gan singing
 A pleasant song of higher glee:—
 "When the leaves are springing,
 The Gall³ will have to die or flee,
 When the grass is blooming,
 Arm'd hosts of friends will gather'd stand,
 Triumph o'er them looming,
 They'll come to free their Father-land.' "

² 2lo|b|ll ηα αα|ηηα|ηε lé|ce.

³ Foreigners.

Ταμέιρ βεϊτ αρ μεαριύζαδ,
 Βα ζρεαηηήαρ αν ρζéal le μυιδεαη,
 Ζαοιδειλ le νεαητ λαηη,
 Αζ buaηητ α έεαηη δε δεαηηαη buide !

ΖΑΟΡΤΗΑΥΒΗ ΟΥΡΒΗΥΡΥΖΗΕ.

SEAZHAN CLÁKACH ANHC DOMHNANU KO CHAN.

Φοηη:—"leabaδ éúηη 'r cóηduiζε."

Αη ρμηéιδε ρúl αρ μαηδιοη λαοι,
 Φο Ρηοébur έιοηη αρ ρuαδ αν τ-ραοιζεηλ,
 'S αζ τεαéτ αρ δ-τúρ αρτεαé ηα ρuiζε,
 Να εαηβαδ αοιβιηη όηδα !

'Smé αρ ρiúβαλ αρ εαηβαδ ρuiηη,
 Αζ τεαéτ ηα δ-τηúé δο éleaéταρ i,
 Φα ζαοηéαιβ úηα Οηηηιιζε,
 Ιρ ραιηρiηζ ριοδβα ρóδ-ζλαρ.

Σαη ηéηη ρηη δúηηη ηιοη β-ραδα ληη,
 Αη ρρέηηβεαη éιuiη ζο β-ραca i,
 Ζο μαοηδα μύηητε μαηρεαé ηηη,
 Αζ ταιρδιολλ ταοιβ αν βóéαιρ !

¹ This is supposed to be spoken by the bard himself.

² The strange and absurd desire which too many possess of changing harmonious Celtic proper names into what they wrongly consider to be English or Latin equivalents, is deserving of reprobation. Thus—Seaan is rendered John; Cormac, Charles; Diarmid, Jeremiah; Magnus (pronounced Manus) Manasses; Conn and Connor, Corny and Cornelius; Donal, Daniel; Donchadh, Denis or Dionysius (the Scotch more correctly changed it to Duncan, and in general preserve the sound of the original, thus—Maelcoluim to Malcolm, Domnal to Donald); Eoghan, Eugene; Uaithne (pronounced Oi-ney in Ulster) to Anthony; Lorcan to Laurence; Fineen to Florence; Eamon to Edmund; Seamus to James, &c. &c. These names are

After¹ all my trouble,
 What heart-delight, what beaming mirth,
 Soon shall come the noble
 Brave Gael to drive the Demon forth !

THE DELLS OF ORRERY.

SEAAAN² CLARACH MAC DONNELL SANG.

AIR:—“ *A feather-bed and bed-sticks.*”

The drowsy dawn half-oped his eye,
 A red ray shone across the sky,
 As o'er dim lawn the sun rose high
 In chariot bright and golden !

I wandered then from sorrow free,
 O'er dale and fen of Orrerie,
 Thro' pleasant glenn and greenwood lea,
 'Mong mossy trunks and olden.

Nor far or wide had been my way,
 Till lo ! I spied the graceful fay,
 Of maids the pride with heart so gay,
 And show'rs of curling tresses !

almost all easy to be pronounced ; in those which are not, the orthography might be slightly modified, preserving the sound, thus—Donach or Donacha (from Donchadh), &c. The beautiful and sonorous names of persons could thus be retained, while there are many which require no change. Names of women—Finola, Moreen, Kathleen, Mauriad, Sheela, Nora, Shivaun, Eileen, Breeda, or Breedeen ; Una (the barbarians have the audacity to transmute this beautiful name into Winnifred), Shineid, Annia, (from Aine), Mave, Elfie (from Aoife), Cliona, Saiv, and Saiveen, Grannia (from Grainne). Of men—Cormac, Oscar, Ossian, Finn, Callahan, Conn, Connor, Brian, Art, Diarmid, Eoghan, Kian, Luay or Lewy (from Lughadh), &c. &c. Such changes to suit the orthography of the

Τέϊζιμ δο μαιζ αρεαε ται clad,
 Α μένη ζο μ' έιυ ηε η-αζαλλ ι ;
 'S do μηεαυ ύηλαετ εαιρ do'η μηαοι,
 'S do βεαηταρ μηλε ρόζ δι !

Ιρ έ αδύβαητ, αη μαηρε διβ,
 Α ζέαζ ηα λύβ ιρ μαηρεαε ζηαοι,
 Ιρ εέιμ λε ελύ 'ριρ αιειρ έιοη,
 Να ζλαεαιζεέδε μο εοηαιηλε !

Φεαηαμ ρύζηαδ α ζαιελιον ζηιηη,
 Ηί'λ αση ηεαε δύηηη α ηζαη αετ ρηηη,
 Να η-έιμζ ρύδ α βεαη μο εμοηδε,
 Αηα'ρ μαηρεαε διβρε βεό με !

Τηέιζ δο δύι'ρ φαη, αη ρί,
 Να ηαοβ μο ελύ 'ρηα μαηλαηζ ρηηη,
 Να ζέιλλ αη δ-εύρ ζο μ' έεαηηρ δο ζηηοιη,
 Δοβ' αεηαε διβ ηα δεοιζ ρηη.

'Sζυη β'έ α δύβαηητ αη αιεηε ληη,
 Cηυηη Φια ηα η-δύλ α λεαβαη Αηαοιηρ,
 Να δέηη αη δηύιρ 'ρηα εεαηζαηλ ρυημ,
 Να ρεαηε α μηαοι δο εοηαιηραη !

English language, though they should not be necessary in this country, would at least be preferable to the complete obliteration of the harmonious ancient names.—ER.

Quick leaped I o'er the bramble screen,
 And bow'd before her beauteous mien,
 And prayed full sore from her my queen,
 A thousand sweet caresses.

Thus sighed my prayer, "O radiant sprite!
 O, branch most fair of beauty bright!
 'Twill cause despair as black as night,
 If pleasantly you flee not."

"Come, seek some glade beside the sea,
 Whence ev'ry shade of woe shall flee,
 Or, peerless maid, O *stor mo chroidhe!*¹
 In life I'll shortly be not."

"O young man, pause—fair youth, beware!
 For I must cause that black despair,
 Tho' there ne'er was a suit more fair,
 'Tis all lost time and labour!"

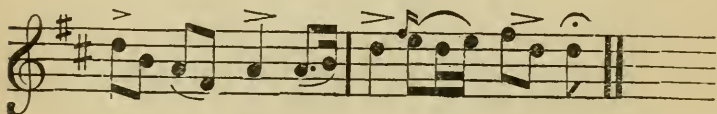
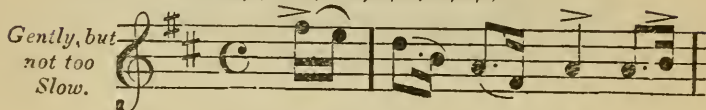
"For sure you know that GOD above,
 Who made earth grow with dell and grove,
 Said long ago—'Thou shalt not love
 The wedded of your neighbour!' "

¹ Vulgo, "chree."

SÍLE BHEAZ NÍ CHONNOLLÁIN.

UILLIANN O'LEANNÁIN RO CHUIN.

Fonn:—Móirín ní Chuilleanáin.



Mairéad aonaic aoi bhinn,
 Do bhíora 'rzan duine am dáil;
 Coir leamhain péarlaic i nneac,
 Na luibhonn 'rha n-uile blaic:—
 Bhí mača aedhri 'ran t-raoigeal ahh,
 Fionta azur fuisneann dām,
 Szata béite ríte ahh,
 Mairéad Síle Bheaz Ní Chonnolláin!

¹ In Irish Síle Bheaz ní Chonnolláin, pronounced "Sheela veg nee Chonnellan;" as the latter word has been long written in this modified form, I shall adopt it, but I see no reason for changing here the orthography of the first name. When words from foreign

SILE BHEAG NI CHONNOLLAIN.¹WILLIAM O'LEANAIN² SANG.

IN our manuscript collection of Irish airs, the present one is ascribed to the celebrated harper O'Connellan, A.D. 1650, who is said to have composed it for a favorite child whom he loved and idolized, on account of her great beauty and amiability. However, about the middle of the last century, coerced by the penal laws, the Munster bards composed several songs to this air; but invariably changed the name to “*Ḃóirín Ní Chonholláin*,” “*Ḃóirín Ní Chuilleánaigh*,” “*Ḃóirín Ní Loineádaigh*,” “*Ḃóirín Ní Shlobarlaigh*,” &c., by which titles Ireland is allegorically symbolized. Two of these compositions will be found at pages 57 and 127 of the First Series of our *Munster Poets*; and another will be found in Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy* (Vol. I., p 221), with a sweet and close metrical translation by Mr. D'Alton, which the late Edward Walsh introduced from Hardiman into his volume of *Irish Popular Songs*, with a translation of his own. We should observe that, in almost all the political compositions of the middle of the last century, Ireland is personified by such endearing names as “*Róirín Dub*” (Clarence Mangan's “*Dark Rosaleen*”), “*Caithlín Ní Uallaádaigh*,” “*Án Chriaoibhín Áloibhín*,” &c. O'Leanain, the author of the present song, was a native of Kerry, and flourished about A.D. 1760, but spent the most of his time among the O'Briens of Clare.—J. O'D.

Alone, at red dawn early,
 I stood within the island bowers,
 Where Leam'an's³ stream flows pearly
 'Mid wavy grass and brilliant flowers,
 Green earth gave fruits, unchary,
 And crimson wines they over-ran
 For me, from nymphs of Faery,
 Like Sile ni Connellan!

languages are made use of, none are so complaisant as to suit *their* orthography to the English pronunciation.

² Now “Lenane,” sometimes “Leonard,” “Lennon.”

³ Now “the Laune.”

Bhí canúinn éanlaí é bhínn ainn,
 Ar éraoba zo tuilte blaí;
 Beaca 'r créícthe mílre,
 'San iunre na rruic le fázaíl;—
 Do dearcas rreírbean naoideanda ainn,
 Da híde féin fá'n iomall tráza,
 'S ba íamúil zhe na níozuinn,
 Le Síle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín!

Bhí peairra héata aoil daí,
 Az an b-faoileann beaz mílir ínná;
 Mar alaó ar éaob na taoide,
 A píb zíl 'ra zíle brázaíd:—
 Bhí daí na z-caoir 'ran lítir,
 Az coimearzar na cruic zo h-áid,
 Searc na n-aod 'r mo émoide 'ríz,
 Síle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín!

Ba dear a déidmíon díneac,
 Zan aoinde mar zíle an blaí;
 'Sa bara zléizeal míne,
 Mar íjoda le cimilt láma;
 Zan rnar a méara caoine,
 Zan éaole zo dul na m-bairr,
 'S do zlacraínn féin zan híó ar bíé,
 Síle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín!

Ba éana a béal, ba émoidearz,
 'S ba mílre ná míl a ríad;
 'Sa mala déanta a z-caoile,
 Mar líne le tuizrin áid:—
 Nó mar bainíó léizíonhais z rrimíoc beaz,
 Tímcíoll le fíoraó rruair;
 'S ní rzarfaínn féin ar níozácta,
 Le Síle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín!

Bright flocks of birds sang sweetly
 'Mid floods of flowers—their pleasant home!—
 And in the stream-isle, meetly
 I broke the golden honeycomb,
 When lo! on brink-tree shady,
 A child of glory on me shone,
 With features like our Lady—
 Our Sile ni Connellan!

In beauty white, this daughter
 Of graceful majesty was drest,
 Like swan's on azure water,
 The snowy radiance of her breast!
 On her cheek, the crimson berry
 Lay in the lilly's bosom wan,
 And forth my love did hurry
 To Sile ni Connellan!

Her teeth were small and pearl-like,
 And white as brightness of the blooms,
 Her lustrous palms were fair-like
 The downy silk from finest looms;
 No gems nor 'broider'd glove or
 Red gold, her fingers glitter'd on,
 O! in meanest garb I'd love her,
 Fair Sile ni Connellan.

Her crimson lips beguiling
 Spake words more than honey sweet,
 And o'er her glad eyes' smiling
 Were pencill'd eyebrows arched meet;
 As if some artist lofeul,
 Twin bows with compass fine had drawn,
 I'd ne'er leave for empire oreful,
 Sweet Sile ni Connellan!

Zan bladañ tñéizfínn aoiñhear,
 An t-raoiñzuiñ an cúid dá zñad ;
 'Sñí rzanñfad Eíne a cuimñdeact,
 Lìom oíðce faoi ðuille feada ;
 'Mò lazan léin zan í 'r mē,
 Fa còillte nò a z-cuid do'n Sbaínn,
 'Sdo cáillear féin mo cñoiðe leat,
 A Shíle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaíñ !

Ba cárdá péaríac buíde-ðac,
 A dlaoí fólt zan ñuibe fañan ;
 'So rleamúñ, néizce, cñoiða,
 'So h-íocñan a bñollaíñ bñan ;
 Na z-cñeara ñamñac rñaoílte,
 'So roíllreac 'so n-íomad fáir,
 'Sle reanc dod' rñéim do cñaoíðir me,
 A Shíle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaíñ !

Do mear na h-éanlaíct mñne,
 Nuair cñíðir a moírz ba^ríam ;
 'Zui lañad zñéine rñneac,
 Nò roíllre a z-cñioztal cáíñ ;
 Nuair cáñac ðñéacñta bññ-zñuít,
 Do bñíðir az íomairbñíð,
 'Sna z-cara b'éizíon rñíocad
 Do Shíle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaíñ !

Tamall éizíñ moíme rññ,
 Do fáoiñear 'so b-faca rñanl ;
 A nñaire az ðéañam ñañce,
 A n-íocñan a n-uirze bñeaz :—
 Do mearañ bñíct na z-còillte,
 Nò ðñaoíñzeact-zñeñ an loct az rñam,
 'So b-faca raob lìom rññte,
 Síle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaíñ !

In truth, I'll lose all gladness
 With wasting love for her, the sprite
 Who clings with yearning sadness
 To Eire's woods and vallies bright.
 My arrowy, piercing sorrow
 Would vanish swiftly, blue-eyed one!
 If far and free to-morrow,
 With Sile ni Connellan!

Her clust'ring, loosened tresses
 Flowed glossily, enwreathed with pearls,
 To veil her breast with kisses,
 And sunny rays of golden curls!
 But grief has smote my bosom,—
 My weary days lag 'neath a ban—
 Through thy beauty, O white Blossom!
 O, Sile ni Connellan!

When the birds, 'mid branches twining,
 Beheld her eyes, they thought them, sure,
 Two rays of sun! or shining -
 Beams from the crystal pure!
 When rose her sweet voice ringing,
 They strove to peer its mellow tone,
 But were vanquished by the singing
 Of Sile ni Connellan!

While o'er the bright stream glancing,
 A moment ere her form I spied,
 I saw her shadow dancing
 Deep in the glassy, limpid tide,
 O, I thought a fay, the rarest!
 Had playful 'mid the water gone,
 Till I saw thee near, my fairest,
 Bright Sile ni Connellan!

Le zaiéib zriéine caoile,
 Nó coimle tpe zloine an aird ;
 Ba íamuil rmeide a claon-roirz,
 Do bjoðz mé le tuipre zmad :—
 Zo namari réaltaç íozuir,
 Zo roillreaç na z-cuimneacáin,
 Do buain do zñé mo zhaoi díom,
 A Shíle BhíZ Ní Chonnollaín !

Nuair imeafar féin mo maonaç,
 Le mílreaçt do zoid le páirt ;
 'S a leazad a d-taob na h-ímhre,
 Nó h-íoctar na coille ar lap :—
 Do labair fuaóimair, fíocimair,
 Na luizfread le duine ir fearr,
 Zo d-tazad Zaodal 'r Laoireach,
 Chum Shíle BhíZ Ní Chonnollaín !

Ní çaiçfread baçlaiz çaoiméac,
 'Na fuizílleac na b-poic tar ráil ;
 Na rprear do féiçleac çíor-dub,
 Líom ríne zo d-tiz' an bñac ;
 Ní zlacfad aon fear çoidçe,
 Mair maonaç idir mo lamha ;
 Zo d-tazad Zaodal tar taoide
 Chum Shíle BhíZ Ní Chonnollaín !

Beid' leabair zaoideilze líoméa,
 A z raoidé an t-ruilc do zñac ;
 Raçmur zéile ar bímhre,
 Mair bíor a z an z-cuad blaç :—
 Talain raon 'r aoiðnear,
 A z buidín çirt na ranna ir fearr ;
 'S clanna zaodal zan buideacár,
 A z Síle Bheaz Ní Chonnollaín !

As sunburst thro' the blue air,
 Or lamp o'er ocean's azure tide,
 Her flashing glances flew there,
 And thrilled my very heart inside.
 O! their's was all the brightness
 That shines from heaven's starry van,
 Their light has darked my lightness,¹
 Sweet Sile ni Connellan.

I thought to win her graces,
 And love-smile on that rosy morn,
 In those green islet places
 Beneath the shady forest thorn.
 But she vowed with fiery fervour
 To never grant her love to man,
 Till rose her Strong to serve her,
 Bright Sile ni Connellan!

“No foreign tyrant lover,
 Nor slave who bends to him the knee,
 Till judgment-day be over,
 Need hope to win a smile from me!
 I'll brook not lord in age, or
 In youth, of whatsoever clann,
 Till come the Gael to wage war
 For Sile ni Connellan!

“Then books and bards shall flourish,
 And gladness light the looks of all,
 Then gen'rous knights shall nourish
 Our olden fame of open hail.
 Brave men and chiefs to lead them
 Shall flash their spears in valour's van,
 And glorious days of Freedom
 Crown Sile ni Connellan.”

¹ This play upon words is imitated from the original; indeed, the whole translation is almost word for word.—ER.

SLÁN LE CRUACHA.

SEACHAN O'TUACHA RO CHAN.

A'S FREAZKADH AN MHAINTHAIRE SHÚZACH.

Mo plan zo h-éaz dam zlé-zar ruairic,
 Slán ar z-cléine, ar raon-fear ruaid;
 Ar plan zo léin leat d'aon zúc uairm,
 Zo bhaic dod' caomha o céimib' éruaid!
 Mo dhic! mo bhón! mo zléo 'r mo tuairre!
 Mo znoide-zar zlóimhar zleoidte an zhiocair,
 Ba raonda rózac, ba feolta rhuizte,
 Fa dhaoizéac't zán tpeoir a n-uairzhear!

Hac Craic caom! jr é do luadairm,
 Mažairtir léizim 'r cléineac' chuar,
 Zmad na m-béite a rzéim zean ruaidz,
 Do'n Tal-fuil zaodal ba éac'tac' uair.
 Mo dhic! mo bhón! 7c.

Jr cáimhar mé 'rzac' naon monuar!
 Choir Mhairz zo léin 'dir' érean 'r éruaz;
 'Din arraid' 'r aor'da, cléin' 'r tuairc,
 'S ar mhaib' ad déiz jr déar-éluic' duairic!
 Mo dhic! mo bhón! 7c.

Jr adbar léin do'n taob' ro jr tpuaidz,
 Fear ram' zlic réim, fear raonda ruairic,
 Fear dáin 'r dhéac't do déanao' 'r duair,
 Ar fan' cum' fléibe aizéin zur zluair.
 Mo dhic! mo bhón! 7c.

¹ i.e. the Mangaire Sugach, the "Merry Dealer"—Andrias Mac Craith (now Magrath). The poem which elicited this one was a touching "Farewell to the Maig" by the Mangaire, and which is to

FAREWELL TO CROOM.

JOHN O'TUOMY SANG.

IN REPLY TO THE MANGAIRE SUGACH.¹

Farewell—ah, for ever!—to thy brightness and thy mirth,
 Farewell from our priests, from the Noble of the Earth,
 Farewell from the Fair, farewell to thee from all!
 May it shield thee and shatter thy dole's gloomy pall!

Alas!—alas!—my bitter woe and sorrow,
 That the gentlest,² the gayest, most generous of sages,
 The Singer of sweet song—now the chill tempest rages—
 Should wander forlorn night and morrow!

Mac Craith! 'tis to chronicle thy merits I have sought,
 Thou Master of Learning! thou Thinker of deep thought!
 Beloved of the damsels! Oh, bard of snowy brow,
 Fit scion of Dalcassia's deedful race art thou!
 Alas!—alas! &c.

Nigh green Maig river 'tis woeful now to stand,
 And list the lament of the dwellers in the Land,
 Of the people and the priests, of the lordly and the low,
 And see our maidens pine and their tears in silence flow.
 Alas!—alas! &c.

'Tis cause enough for gloom and heaviness of heart,
 That a pure and pleasant poet was driven far a-part;
 'That a bard of songs so soft, they seemed sighings of the
 soul,
 Should wander o'er bleak mountains in dreariness and dole!
 Alas!—alas! &c.

be found in an agreeable little volume, with faithful and beautiful translations by the late Edward Walsh.—ER.

² The alliteration is imitated from the original, here as elsewhere.

Seo 'h fát, mo léan! ó'h d-caoib do ruais,
 Ah fáin-féar féim do'h tréan fuil mhóin;
 A b-páirt le béit ir claoib-clir cluain,
 Chuir táinte tréan mar é ar buairt!
 Mo dhí! mo bhóin! 7c.

Páirt féac, 'r Aenjur buadaic,
 Macr laocda ba léadmar luaic;
 Jaron caom an énaob-foilt ruain,
 Sur mháib do énaoc dá éiríne rluaic!
 Mo dhí! mo bhóin! 7c.

O tárlad béite an méid reo nzuair,
 Dáibí an méir 'r céad nac luadaim;
 Ní nar duir zéile 'r teaic anuar,
 Na mháib rin tréic a féim-fíir ruairic.
 Mo dhí! mo bhóin! 7c.

A zrad mo cléib nar éaobaid cruadar,
 Aic fáilte féile béar 'r buad;
 Zrad na m-béite 'r zhe zan zruaim,
 Mo rlan zo h-éaz dod' éaomha buan.
 Mo dhí! mo bhóin! 7c.

BUACHAILLDHE LOCH-ZARZHANN.

MICHEAL OZ O'LONZAIN RO CHAN.

Ar maidin luan cinzeire,
 Tháinig ríobana cúzainn ran ngleann;
 Do baile rzata cáza an,
 Az déanad adbaic dhínn 'r zneann:—

¹ The spirit of the martyr patriot is supposed to narrate the battle in which he fell to the poet, and charge him with the vindi-

But burning is my grief that such a worthless blight,
 O'er frank and fiery qualities prevailed with so much might;
 That a maiden's smile should lure one to darkness and
 disgrace,
 Who boasts the Poet's fire and the royal Irish race!
 Alas!—alas! &c.

And yet—this has been since the earth glowed in green
 youth,
 Lo, Paris of mount Ida to testify this truth!
 And Ajax Telamonius for cause well-nigh the same
 To battle and to die in a foreign land you came!
 Alas!—alas! &c.

And Aengus the Triumphant—but 'twere weariness to tell
 All whom forsake of womankind a gloomy fate befell;
 Then wail not thou for ever thy falling from above,
 For mightier than thou have borne the penalty of Love.
 Alas!—alas! &c.

O, Bosom-friend! may hardship recoil from thee apart,
 Be welcomings, and gladness, and feasts where'er thou art;
 Be thy lot ever cloudless! thy spirit ever gay,
 And my Blessing be thy Shield against woe and ill for aye!
 Alas!—alas! &c.

THE BOYS OF WEXFORD.

(A BALLAD OF '98.)

MICHAEL OG O'LONGAN (OF CARRIGNAVAR) SANG.

We saw,¹ on Whitsun morning,
 The foe camp in the glen,
 With threats and gold suborning
 They vainly tried our men;

cation of his memory, the touching reproof to the backsliders, and his blessing to his own ever-faithful birth-place.—EB.

Do bualeamari na d-timceall,
 'S do laramar ar d-téinte,
 'S do tózdamar ceó breáḟ draoiḟeaḟta,
 Zo h-aoibhinn ór a ḟ-cionn!

Do éairid ó cúze Ulad cúzairn,
 Tuile azur míle laoc;
 Do éairid ó cúze Chonnoḟta,
 A b-fuirneann rúd le raoban:—
 Níor tuzadar ruairnhear cúze dúinn,
 Zo d-tuzamar bualaḟ 'r ríḟce dólḟ,
 'S nac mó breáḟ do bíoc fuil azuirn,
 'S cuirp a n-deirne an lae!

Ma téanzmaid oirra an buacaill,
 Nó rtuairne an éinn éair;
 'S zo m-biaḟ az cur mo éairnirḟ,
 Shuar a mearḟ na b-fean;
 Iuir mar rḟéal do uairne,
 Zo b-fuilim ann ro zo fuar laḟ,
 An éaob an t-rléib faoi buairnean,
 Zan tuamba, zan rḟnairḟ!

Beir leirín fuar do'n Mhúmaid uairn,
 A mínn díl 'ra rḟóin!
 A' r iuir a d-toiraḟ mínn dólḟ
 Zo b-fuil an éac na ḟ-cóin:—
 Ir ionda airḟin mílir mínnce,
 'S leanb fuirneann rionn zeal,
 Azur fean breáḟ áluinn lúimmar,
 'San úin uairn az dneḟḟ'!

Mo léan ar an Múmaid nar éirḟid,
 'Nuair d'adairneamar an ḟleḟ;
 Le h-airn zneanta zneideannmar,
 Bhíḟ faḟarḟa zo leḟr:—

We struck with broad-sword glancing,
 With such might and skill entrancing,
 That, swift as necromancing,
 They vanished from their den !

From Ulster came two thousand
 Armed heroes to our aid,
 As many in Connacht rouse and
 March with whetted blade,
 Scant our rest till we, defying,
 Had twenty times our foe sent flying,—
 And left them many dead and dying,
 In blood at evenshade !

O, youth ! if 'mid the Living
 They question of that day,
 And ask you how I've striven,
 And where I've passed away,
 Say, that none there battled bolder,
 That lonely now I moulder
 Without mound of grassy mould, or
 Tombstone o'er my clay.

And say to Munster, sadly,
 The fight had been less red,
 Had she mustered with *us*, gladly,
 Who fought for *her* till dead !
 Say, many a gentle maiden,
 And child of brow unfaden,
 Many a brave man low is laid in
 The chill and narrow bed !

Poor Munster ! soon may high rents
 And Famine blast your way,
 With brilliant arms 'gainst tyrants
 You feared to front the fray—

Ἀγοίρ ὁ τὰ μαοῖδ καίλλε,
 Ἀζυρ hearc ár namad ár d-tímceall,
 Ξηδ mo émoide na Laíghí,̄
 Or íad d'adaíh an teine leo !

ἈΠΟΛΥΤΟΣ ἘΝ Τ-ΣΑΟΪΖΗΛ.

ΠΑΤΡΙΑΚ ΔΕΝΙ ΚΟ ΧΗΛΗ.

Φωνή:—"Seaan O'Duibhín an Shleanna."

Ἀν τέ δ'φέαεφάδ ρίαρ 'r macdham,
 Ἀρ hearcáδ an t-raoí,̄íl le tamall,
 'S clanna zaol mo máíhí,̄ !

Λαν do zac claon !

Ἀζ marlúzaδ Chríost le rzañal,
 Ἀζ bhíre a dhí,̄ zac aza,
 Ἀζ déanaδ zyhómáíca fealla,

Le zardacár zan céill !

Νίορ b'íonznad leir zo leazfáδ,
 Ρί,̄ comáctaδ móρ na b-flacár,
 Σζíuíre trom ár þearra,

'S cráðnar dá héir,

Ἀρ zac dream do déanañ rpaííhí,
 Le míozzáíř éruaíδ cum flada,

Nó fíοr-foñh buan cum cpeacáta,

'S zan cár oíra na táob !

¹ Patrick²Den, author of the present song, was parish clerk and schoolmaster at Cappoquin, in the county of Waterford, for a series of years, but died in the year 1828, and was interred in the chapel-yard of that town, where his genius as a poet, and unaffected piety as a Christian, was so much admired—even by those who

And now that we are stricken,
 And foemen 'round us thicken,
 GOD guard Leinster, who to quicken
 The fire, strove well alway!

FAULTS AND FAILINGS.

PATRICK DENN SANG.

AIR:—"John O'Dwyer of the Glen."

Whoso westward gazes
 Upon the darkling hazes
 That shroud the Gael in mazes,—
 The dens of Sin and Guile,
 And sees Christ's mild laws broken,
 His name blasphemed—each token
 Of deceit and high trusts broken
 Throughout the hapless isle,
 He will not, cannot wonder
 They fall God's just wrath under
 'Neath sentences that sunder
 All pleasure from their shame,
 That thro' their traitor knav'ry
 The Land—once Star of Brav'ry—
 Lies sunk in utter slav'ry—
 A nation but in name!

differed from him in religion. He was a native of Upper Graigue, in the parish of Modeligo, in that county, and was the author of many beautiful compositions on religious subjects now collected in a small volume, and published by us, as an Appendix to Timothy O'Sullivan's *Pious Miscellany*.—J. O'D.

'Nuairi tuzaim féin fo deara,
 Zác cnaor 'r buairt 'r aithdeir,
 Fuacht 'r fán zo dealb,

Ar daoine bocta an t-raoigeil!

Wéiré toine mhóir an lara,
 Chum baire 'r nuazad 'r cneacta,
 Do déanad oirna le cealz,

'S le zráin an a méin!

Tuizim zo deimhín dá rtaofad,
 Chiorduíte an doimhín dá m-bearta,
 'San máilir cam do feacimhín,

Le zrád do mhac De,

Zo m-biad mač 'r réan zo h-obann,

'S beannačt na naomh an focair,

Ar clanna zaol zo folur,

Tré zrára an Spiorad Naomh.

Zo deimhín ir airt é b-fairrionn,
 Weirze, bhuizean, 'r tnearfairt,
 Mhonnuidé mhóir dá rpalpa,

'S záirfzeamlact bhéan!

'Diu coimhira zaoirdil 'r caraid,

Leandaidé Chhíort na b-flačar,

Thuz fuil a čroidé na zaire,

D'ar raona ó zác féin!

Dultaidil dóib reo fearca,

Tréizilide an peaca,

'S zrádaiz zo fíor zác pearra,

Ann lan ceart búir z-cléib!

'S cé cruaid ata oirib zlara,

Az clanna Tall ro dalaž,

Reidteoiz Ríž na n-aiuzioll,

Bhúir z-car ar zác chéim!

How oft in pond'rings drearest
 I think on all thou bearest,
 My Land of Lands the dearest,
 Thy scourgings, pangs and thrall—
 Ah! 'tis not now thou learnest,
 That tyrants plot with earnest
 Will, and purpose sternest
 To waste each hill and hall.
 But, then, I feel how needful
 Each son should strive with heedful,
 Tireless hands to cleanse the weedful
 Minds thy foemen cause,¹
 Till winning back His blessing
 We'd see thy clanns progressing
 To Weal and Wealth—possessing
 Freemen's hopes and laws!

Ay, weedful minds! for quarrel,
 Brute worship of th' ale barrel,
 Hatred and Envy *are* all
 Too plenty here to-day,
 'Mong brothers in blood and mourning,
 'Mong children of CHRIST who, burning
 With anguish sought their turning
 From paths that Hell-ward lay.
 Forsake, my friends! those bye-ways—
 Tread Love and Virtue's highways—
 The securest and most nigh ways
 To Liberty's bright goal!
 And tho' stronger were the barriers
 That in bondage keep us tarriers,
 GOD will guard and guide you, warriors!
 And back your tyrants roll.

¹ Alluding to the penal laws against education.

Nj fada uajm dij zeallajm,
 An t-an a m-bjad na cranhaib,
 Ta teann 'r namar da leazad,
 'Ze lam djozaltar De!
 'S cloideam na b-fooban da nzeannad,
 'Din ruata, brianne, 'r barna,
 'S jad zo lein da z-chaza,
 A lan teine c'raoir!
 Na diaiz rin beid an lara,
 Cneidoin Chriort fa macmur,
 'S ruainnear mor an talam,
 'Nuain c'at'fan an raozal!
 Zail 'r Zaozil an peaca,
 Fjadaile caoc an c'airin,
 Cuirnear jad a z-carcair,
 Lan dub le daol!

Or e reo cric na b-peacaz,
 'Sna nZail ta clon na m-beata,
 Do t'reiz an Tizeanna fearta,
 'S do c'radaz nam na zaozal!
 Mo comairle deiniz fearta,
 Bhur m-bearta baoir na leanaz,
 Seannaz coidee an peaca,
 'S zradazide mac De,
 Tozbad ruar zo tara,
 Bhur rulle cum na b-flatar,
 'S iarmad rib do feac'muin,
 Zo brat air o b'aozal!
 Zac djozaltar tridm da d-tuize,
 An an raozal zo luac mar rtoim,
 'S zan breaz an an dreann ro an mne,
 'Na lan ruic an rtrae!

L! the Time of Times comes onward
 When shall flash your Green Flag sunward,
 And all glances turning vanward
 Behold THE MIGHTY HAND!
 And the Sword of Vengeance burning,
 For the scatt'ring—overturning,
 The shatt'ring and the spurning
 Of the robber Saxon band!
 O'er Erinn without measure
 Will Peace stream back and Pleasure,
 When's gained that highest treasure—
 Bright, peerless Libertie!
 The rank crime-weeds brought hither
 By Tyranny shall wither
 'Neath Freedom's sun—or whither
 Their master's gone they'll flee.

Our glorious Land! no longer
 Too weak to crush the Wronger,
 The Stranger, *once* the Stronger,
 Before her name shall blench.
 Then quickly, firmly, rantless,
 O cleanse your lives, that vauntless
 Ye may rank among the Dauntless
 Who strive her rights to wrench!
 Make strong and rouse your brother,
 Each wasting strife to smother,
 Pray God's aid that our Mother—
 Our Land may yet be free.
 Recoil not, and the Vile Land
 Shall quake to your and my Land,
 And our own—our much-loved Island
 Shine Star of Libertie!

AN FEAR BRÓNACH D'ÉIS A PHÓSDA.

Fonn:—"An Súirín ban."

Da m-biadh ba a3 an 3-cat 3r maic do pórfai3e é,
 Ní'l, mo éneac! ná a3 an té an cōma é;
 In3ion na caill3e rmearta pó3da ó naoim,
 'Sa liact caill3in deap 3an f3or cá ngeabad d3a léi!

A cáinde d3il3r caoin33 a mára3 mé,
 Am pórad a3 mhaoi 'r3an m'3n3in rárta léi;
 3an faic' ran t-raoi33eal a3t n3 ná3 b-féinde mé,
 T3i ba, caoma, 'r r3o3bana m3a 3an céill!

Do éneabfuin3, f3uif3in3, c3uif3in3 r3ol 'r an 3-c3é,
 Do féol3uif3in3 ba faoi'n 3-cuif3ac 3r a3lne an b3t
 féar,
 Ch3uif3in3 c3ú faoi'n eac 3r m3ie f3úba3l n3am an
 rao3al,
 3'r d'éaló3ad bean le féar ná déanfad r3in féin!

A cáil3in deap do leap ná3 deap3na3 tú,
 A c3oide 3an ma3 3r meara cá3 a3ur clú;
 Ná3 clor ód' ba ran ma3a 3éim ná líú3,
 'S3á3 fa3ad tú ceap3 an féar 3o d-t333r an ú3r!

A LAMENT AFTER MARRIAGE.

BY THE SORROWFUL MAN.

If the cat had cows he surely could wed himself high!
 Ah! without them he who should be wed never need try;
 To the blear'd hag-daughter I vow'd last night to be true,
 And my own fair *cailin*—Heav'n knows what she'll do!

O, friends! what grief was mine when the morn shone above,
 To have wed with a wife whom *I* can never love;
 Without a rag on earth 'twere better to be,
 Than have sheep, three cows, and a goblin wife with me!

I could plough, and harrow, sow the seed in the ground,
 Drive cows where the sweetest, greenest grass would be
 found,
 Shoe steeds, too, the swiftest ever went or came,
 And sure girls have fled with men who could not do that
 same!

O, fair girl! your gain may it ever prove a loss,
 O, heart perverse!—O heart so hard and cross,
 May you ne'er hear voice of your cattle in the field,
 And justice unto you may mankind never yield!

ՁԻՆ ՇՐՈՒՄՆԻ ԼԱՆ.¹

Ձ զիջրե Բօժևա ճլուծայ՝,
 Լեմ' շած արեաճ 'նննն ծ-տնրայ՝,
 'Տ զիրտիճ կոմ շօ ընչաճ ընչեաճ ընչ,
 Շօ լէնչքեաճ ըտնրա ըստ ընչ,
 Ձ նշաօրձեւիչե ելարձա ննչ ննչ,
 'ՏՇօ նշաօրձարձ ար մօ ըննրձն լան լան լան!
 Օրնարաօրձ ան ըննրձն,
 Տանտե շեալ մօ ննննն,
 'Նա ն-բուլ ա շարձօլ ընչայն ըտ ըտձե
 Տան ընչ ընչ!

¹ ANOTHER VERSION.

Ձն սայն ծօ շաճայն ընչ,
 Շօ ն-արձայն ընննն;
 Շօր լարա ծան շօ ն-սայնեաճ,
 Շան ծօն ծան ըննն;
 Շն ն'է ծենն նա ծաօրնե,
 'Տ նայնննն մօ ընչե,
 Շն ն'օլ ըն շ-աճարն նն,
 Նա լայն նեճ ան ըննն.
 Ձնր ընարաօրձ ան ըննրձն
 Տանտե շեալ մօ ննննն,
 Ձնր ընարաօրձ ան ըննրձն,
 Լան լան լան!
 Օրնարաօրձ ան ըննրձն,
 Տանտե շեալ մօ ննննն,
 'Տնր ընչա կոմ ա ըննն ծած ըն նան!

իր է ծենն մօ նան կոմ,
 Ձն ան նայն շա ըն ըննն ըն,
 Շանան ա նայն,
 Տ'օլայն ծօ ըննն,
 Տո'ն ծա նարալ ծօ նայնն ըն,
 'Տ ա նայնննն ծօճ' ըննն,
 Նայն' նան ըն լան,
 Ձն շաճ նայն նան ծա նշաճաճ նե,
 Ձնր ընարաօրձ, ը.

THE CRUISGIN LAN.²

O, sons of glorious Erinn!

I've tidings of high daring

To brighten up your faces pale and wan,

Hearken closely! gather nearer,

While in Gaelic ringing clearer

We will pledge them in a cruising² lan! lan! lan!

We'll pledge them in a cruising lan!

Toast-chorus.

To the Brave be glory ever

Who cross the seas to sever,

Our chains, with their sharp swords drawn! drawn!
drawn!

Our chains, with their sharp swords drawn!

Ta dá h-é an mo éiríde,
 Na c' d'óir h-é;
 An dá deánan pínín dá d-tuilm,
 Na h-óir,
 Nuair éiríonn tu an d-tuille,
 Ní b'fáil an pínín an ródad,
 'S ní fáil an baile,
 Nuair na c' an tu teóirínn,
 Anur óirínn, &c.

An t-éirínn! a n-éirínn!
 An ronn leat mé daora,
 Nó mo éirínn éirínn,
 Anur éirínn an t-éirínn;
 Anur a d-tuilm na rú éirínn,
 Anur éirínn do deánan,
 Nuair mé na éirínn,
 'S ní fáil an t-éirínn,
 Anur óirínn, &c.

² This seems to be the song of an envoy sent from the Irish Brigade with tidings of their intention to return to their native Isle; and is probably a kind of sequel to "Ho! boys, grasp your glasses and fill up," &c. at p. 117.—Er.

³ It is scarcely necessary (unfortunately) to say this is pronounced *croshgeen laun*, and signifies "a full little jug" (in French *cruche*.)

Jr deómac doib dúbac rínn,
 Tréimre a3 cairdjol trúic bím,
 A 3-céin tar lear a 3-cúizíðib fa3ain!
 Taoib le fearaib úrcnoideac,
 Ba mian hóm ríad le dúil 3ínn,
 3an claona a3 blaire an crúir3ín lan lan lan,
 3an claona a3 blaire an crúir3ín lan!
 Olfamaoid, 7c.

An t-aonmac caice cum rínn,
 Da léizfead fearda cú3ainn ní3,
 Séarluir ceart 'ra crúpaize rlan!
 Séimfíu roib rú3ac rí3eac,
 Saor 3an col a díuzfaoidé,
 Le féile a m-beid' ran 3-crúir3ín lan lan lan!
 Le féile a m-beid' ran 3-crúir3ín lan!
 Olfamaoid, 7c.

3ac dízfean chearda clúmuil binn,
 D'an cae a ríor' ran 3-crúir3ín,
 Man fúil 3o d-tiocfad cú3ainn ní3 d-tráic!
 3lacaac lann na lám 3íoidé
 Ta cairdjol cú3ainn tre cúizíde,
 'S ólfam fearda an crúir3ín lan lan lan!
 'S ólfam fearda an crúir3ín lan!
 Olfamaoid, 7c.

An tréad ro'hoir fa 3úhadaib,
 A d-teampaill cōiu an b-rioonh3adaib,
 Tréizfid fearda an 3-cúizíðib ríait,
 Bíad 3aoidéil aríu 3o h-úrcnoideac,
 A d-tréad 'ra m-baite clúmuil beac,
 A'f ólfam fearda an crúir3ín lan lan lan!
 A3ur ólfam fearda an crúir3ín lan!
 Olfamaoid, 7c.

Through sorrows dark and dreary,
 Through journeys long and weary,
 With heart that never 'blenched, I have gone,
 From the Trusted and True-hearted—
 Would to God! I'd never parted
 The Brigade round the cruising lan, lan, lan,
 The Brigade! boys, a cruising lan!

Heaven grant a waveless ocean,
 Southern gales of swiftest motion,
 Till our king and his troops tread the lawn,
 The thund'ring, brave, undaunted,
 They'll restore us—much we want it—
 Our Freedom! boys, a cruising lan, lan, lan,
 Our Freedom in a cruising lan!

Young men whose hearts are eager
 To spurn the foreign leaguer,
 And impatient wait for Liberty to dawn,
 Prepare your guns and lances,
 For swift the host advances
 Of our king, all in battle order drawn, drawn, drawn,
 Of your king all in battle order drawn!

From our temples rent and riven
 The Saxon shall be driven,
 Shall vanish from your gleaming blades and brawn,
 And free throughout our sireland
 The Irish *shall* rule Ireland,
 To that day, then, a cruising lan, lan, lan,
 To that day, boys, a cruising lan!

MÓRÁ AR MHAIDJÍN DUJȚ.

RISTEÁRD O'BROJN RO CHÁN.

Móra ar maidjín dujȚ a rþéirþeabh éirín,
Jr rocair do còdlañ tú rme zo dúbac,
Eirizid ad fearam 'r téijeam cum riubail,
Zo n-airtneógam ar n-eacra zo clár zeal Múimán.

Fior t-airim 'rdo rloinne dam féin ar d-túr,
Ar eazla dearmaid cúize Múimán;
Zo m-biad azam leabh 'rme beic fa cúmad
'Smó cáirde beic a b-fearz hom zo d-téijín ran úir!

Fior m'airim 'rmo rloinne dujȚ féin ar d-túr,
Jr me Rirteárd O'Brojn ó clár zeal Múimán;
Tá cairleáin fáda zeala 'r iarluizeaict cúgam,
'S inzjón riðine na coille zlaire az fájal báir
dam' cúmad.

Má tá cairleáin fáda zeala 'zur iarluizeaict cú-
gam,
Zheabair airzjir deád cáirce azur morán púnt,
A m-beid' tñall uairle a d-tij h-acar, 'r fíon ar
búid,
'Shj b-fuil zñóð azadra, a maircaiz, d'aoñ dam'
fóir.

Tair hom 'r tairteócad tú cuirþeabh rlóz,
Tair hom 'r tairteócad tú fíon ar bóid;
Tairteócad tú h-alluðe m-beid' rairce 'r ceól,
'S tairteócad tu leaba m-beid' a tñan na h-óir.

¹ This song is the joint production of a wealthy young country squire named O'Brien, and a neighbouring peasant girl in humble circumstances with whom he fell deeply in love. From the sim-

HAIL! O FAIR MAIDEN!

RISTEARD O'BROIN SANG.

“Hail! O fair maiden! this morning fair,
 'Tis calm are thy slumbers and I in despair,
 Rise and make ready and turning our steeds
 We'll travel together to Munster's meads.”

“Tell first thy christian and surname too,
 Lest what's said about Munster men might come true,
 They'd take me in joy and they'd leave me in rue
 To bear my kin's scorn my whole life thro'.”

“I'll tell, first, my christian and surname true,—
 Risteard O'Brin from o'er Munster's dew,
 I'm heir to an Earl and to long towers white,
 And for me dies the child of the Greenwood-Knight!”

“If thou'rt heir to an Earl and to long towers white,
 Thou'lt get rich maidens plenty to be thy delight,
 Who've peers as their fathers and hold the high cheer,
 Thou needest my humble sort not—Cavalier!”

“Come with me, and thou, too, shalt sit with peers,
 Come with me, and thou, too, shalt hold high cheers,
 Thou'lt have halls where are dances and music old,
 Thou'lt have couches, the third of each red with gold!”

plicity of the language, it would appear, at least, to be about two or three centuries old if not older. The O'Breens inherited estates in the county of Clare in former times; and the hero of the present effusion may be of that race.—J. O'D.

Njor ðaŕtíŕear a ð-tíŕ m'áŕar njan do ŕlóz,
 Njor ðaŕtíŕeara beaŕa-uŕŕe na ŕjon ar bōmð ;
 Njor ðaŕtíŕear na halluðe a m-bjoc naince 'r ceól
 'S njor ðaŕtíŕeara leaba m-bjað a tŕjan-na h-ōm.

B'ŕēiðŕi ŕo uŕeabmaoŕr an ŕōð ŕo ŕjan,
 ŕo m-bjað ōm buðe ar ar ŕ-cōŕŕtíŕe a'ŕ ŕjan,
 A ŕtōŕŕŕn njor cōŕi ðuŕt me meallað njor ŕjað
 Maŕ tá me tŕŕn bŕeoŕðte ŕeal ŕaða að ðiaŕŕ.

WHARE BHEAZ DO BARRA.

A Whare bjz do Barra do marb' tú m'ŕnŕŕŕn,
 D'ŕáŕ tu beð dealb me ŕan ŕjor ðam ŕnŕŕŕŕ ;
 Aŕ mo luŕŕe ðam ar mo leaba ŕr oŕt a bjŕm aŕ
 cuŕŕneað
 'Saŕ m'ēŕŕŕŕð ðam ar maŕðŕn maŕ do cēalŕ tu an
 cŕoŕðe 'nam.

A Whare ŕlac mo cōmaŕŕle na ŕeðltar tú ar
 t-aŕmleap,
 Seaçun an ŕŕŕōŕŕe ŕear ŕēŕðte na h-aðaiŕce ;
 ŕableŕr an ðŕŕŕear na ŕŕlaozan ŕjað O'Flaŕnŕ aŕŕ,
 Pōŕ ē do ŕŕað ŕēŕðŕŕŕ ōŕ ē ŕr toŕl led' ŕnŕŕŕŕ.

Do ŕŕl me tu meallað le bŕjaçŕna 'ŕle pōŕað,
 Do ŕŕl me tú meallað le leabaŕçta 'ŕle mōŕðe ;
 Do ŕŕl me tú meallað ar bŕeacað na h-eðŕnaŕn
 Açt d'ŕáŕ tú ðúbaç dealb ar çeaçt do'ŕ m-bjaŕŕ-
 aŕn ŕúað mé.

ŕr aoiðŕnŕ do'ŕ talaŕn a ŕŕublanŕ tú ŕēŕn aŕŕ,
 ŕr aoiðŕnŕ do'ŕ talaŕn ar a ŕŕŕnŕean tú bēaŕŕa ;
 ŕr aoiðŕnŕ do'ŕ talaŕn 'nuaŕŕ luŕŕean tú ŕa ēaðaç,
 'Sŕŕ ŕō aoiðŕnŕ do'ŕ b-ŕear a ŕeabað tú maŕ cēŕle.

“ I’m not used at my mother’s to sit with hosts,
 I’m not used at the board to have wines and toasts,
 I’m not used to the dance-halls with music old,
 Nor to couches, the third of each red with gold.”

O, might we go westward yon bright path o’er,
 With gold and with sun would our coach shine more,
 And sure ’tis not justice to grieve me sore,
 For long, long I’m heart-sick for thee, Mo Stor!

FAIRY MARY BARRY.

O, fairy Mary Barry, I tarry down-hearted,
 Unknown to friend or kin health and wealth have departed,
 When I’m going to my bed, or I wake in the morning,
 My thought is still of you and your cruel, cruel scorning.

O, fairy Mary Barry, take counsel my bright love,
 And send away the stranger from out of your sight, love,
 For all his fine airs, there’s more truth in me, love,
 Then come to me, mo croid’e!¹ since our parents agree, love.

I thought I could coax you with promise and kisses,
 I thought I could coax you with vows and caresses,
 I thought I could coax you ere yellowed the barley,
 But you’ve left me, to the New-Year, in sore sorrow fairly!

’Tis delight unto the earth when your little feet press it,
 ’Tis delight unto the earth when your sweet singings bless it,
 ’Tis delight unto the earth when you lie, love, upon it,
 But oh, *his* high delight who your heart, love, has won it!

¹ *Mochree.*

Do fíubalfairinn an t-ríáid leat an láim a' r me
am aonair,

Do macairinn tar ráile zan dá fíngin ríré leat ;
 Mo gáodalta 'r mo cáinne do lá'n bráic do tréig-
 finn,

'Sgo d-tózrad ó'n m-bár me a'c a riad gur leat
 féin me.

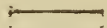
Do túgar, 'rdo túgar, 'rdo túg me óm' éiríde
 zneann duit,

An maidin lá feil Muine na z-cainneall ran
 ceampall ;

Do fúilín ba glaire na uirze na nzeamairca,
 A' r do béilín ba bhíne ná dnuid 'huair a labairn.

D'ólfairinn, 'r d'ólfairinn, 'r d'ólfairinn do fílainge,
 A' r dá m-beidínn an bóid loinge d'ólfairinn ní
 b'feairi í,

Dá m-beidínnre am banaltira d'oilfínn do bábán,
 Sud ort 'r ól deoc 'r dia do beacáid ad fílainge.



I could wander thro' the streets hand-in-hand with my
true love,
I would sail the salt sea with no fortune but you, love ;
My nearest and my dearest I'd leave them for ever,
And you'd raise me from death if you said " We'll ne'er
sever !"

I gave you—O, I gave you—I gave you my whole love,
On the festival of Mary my poor heart you stole love !
With your soft green eyes like dew-drops on corn that is
springing,
With the music of your red lips like sweet starlings singing !

I'd toast you—O, I'd toast you, I'd toast you right gladly,
And if I were on ship-board I'd toast you less sadly,
And if I were your sweet-heart thro' Erin so wide, love,
None could see—(here's your bright health)—so happy a
bride, love !

EJBLĪN A RŪJN.¹

Och! le zmad̄ duit n̄l̄ mad̄aric am̄ ceann,
 A Eiblĭn! a Rŭjn!
 Bheic̄ az̄ tr̄ac̄t̄ oit̄ ir̄ doib̄hear̄ liom,
 A Eiblĭn! a Rŭjn!
 Mō m̄d̄ar̄al̄ m̄d̄ z̄r̄ĭnn̄ ir̄ tŭ,
 Sól̄ar̄ an̄ t̄-raoiz̄il̄ ir̄ tŭ,
 Mō z̄reann̄ 'rmō m̄ēid̄ir̄ ir̄ tŭ,
 A Eiblĭn! a Rŭjn!
 Mō b̄ruinn̄eall̄-rā zō deir̄inn̄ ir̄ tŭ,
 Mō colŭm̄ d̄ā b̄-fūil̄ ran̄ z̄-coill̄ ir̄ tŭ,
 'S̄ am̄ mō c̄mōidē-r̄ī n̄l̄ l̄iaiz̄ear̄ zan̄ tŭ,
 A Eiblĭn! a Rŭjn!

Le cŭir̄t̄eir̄ 'r̄ clŭ̄ beātŭz̄ad̄
 A Eiblĭn! a Rŭjn!
 Dŭb̄rair̄ b̄rēaz̄ nō ir̄ liom̄ f̄ēin̄ tu,
 A Eiblĭn! a Rŭjn!
 Ir̄ b̄rēaz̄tā 'nā Bh̄enur̄ tu,
 Ir̄ ārl̄nē nā m̄ērl̄t̄ion̄ tu,
 Mō h̄ēlēn̄ zan̄ b̄ēim̄ ir̄ tu,
 A Eiblĭn! a Rŭjn!
 Mō m̄d̄r̄, mō l̄il̄, mō c̄aor̄ī ir̄ tu,
 Mō r̄t̄d̄r̄ d̄ā b̄-fūil̄ 'ran̄ t̄-raoiz̄al̄-rō tŭ,
 Rŭjn̄ mō c̄mōidē 'rmō c̄l̄ēib̄ ir̄ tu,
 A Eiblĭn! a Rŭjn!

¹ Eiblĭn a rŭjn, i.e., *Ellen the treasure of my heart*. This song is the composition of a Munster bard of the seventeenth century, whose name at present we are unable to ascertain. His object in writing the song was principally to excel the Connaught version, and in which, notwithstanding the fame of the author, Carroll O'Daly, as a poet, and the soul-inspiring subject of his muse, he has succeeded. As the subject which gave rise to the composition is now

EIBHLIN A RUIN!²AIR :—" *Eibhlin a ruin.*"

Oh! I'm dazzled with love for thee,
Eibhlin a ruin!

To praise you is joy to me,
Eibhlin a ruin!

My Glory most bright and fair,
My Solace thro' all life's care,
My Mirth and my Gladness rare,
Eibhlin a ruin!

O, nurse amid sorrow, sure,
O, Dove of the Wood, so pure,
My breaking heart *only* cure,
Eibhlin a ruin!

With thy frankness and spotless youth,
Eibhlin a ruin!

Could you deceive my truth!
Eibhlin a ruin!

More beauteous than Venus, far,
More fair than the midnight star,
My Helen without stain you are!
Eibhlin a ruin!

My red Rose, my Lily white,
My Treasure unfading bright,
Darling! my soul's delight!
Eibhlin a ruin!

so familiar to every lover of the muse of our country, we will only refer the reader to Hardiman's *Irish Minstrelsy*, vol. I., pp. 328, 356, and to the *Dublin Journal*, Nos. 1, 2, and 3, (1858) where the legend which gave rise to the composition is ably related by Mr. O'Flanagan.—J. O'D.

² Pr. "Ne-yeen, or Ive-leen a roon," but commonly written Eileen aroon. It means, "Eibhlin, O secret love!" The romantic

Raófaínn tar fáile leat,
 A Eibhlín! a Rúin!
 'Sgo deó deó níl fázfuihn tús,
 A Eibhlín! a Rúin!
 Le rtaráib do bheázfaihn tu,
 Do blaífaínn do béal go dlúct,
 A' r íyíyínn go réim leó' cum
 A Eibhlín! a Rúin
 Thabairfaínn doíuigeáct duíe coir aínan,
 Fáoi zéazáib zlara crann,
 Ceól na n-éan aín ór ar z-ceann,
 A Eibhlín! a Rúin!

 Le díozíuair tar beáta duíe,
 A Eibhlín! a Rúin!
 Do luídfínn ar leaba leat,
 A Eibhlín! a Rúin!
 D'fáirzfínn am' zéazáib tu,
 Chóinzeócaínn go réannáir tu,
 Zhrádfaihn tar doí beán tús,
 A Eibhlín! a Rúin!
 A néiltíon máireac módaíuíl,
 Sul a m-beídfínn duíe bun-ór-cíonn,
 Och! éazad ba túirze líom,
 A Eibhlín! a Rúin!

story connected with this beautiful air and, perhaps, those words is so well known that I shall only repeat it briefly. The composer, Carrol O'Daly, was attached to a young chieftainess, Eibhlín Cavanach, but, being called from the country, her relatives, who were opposed to him, contrived to make it appear to Eibhlín that he was unfaithful, and prevailed upon her despair to wed one of their friends. Carrol returned on the eve of the nuptials, and, wandering in grief along the sea-shore with his harp, composed this air. Next day being introduced to the castle, disguised as a

I'd cross the salt sea with you,
Eibhlin a ruin !

I'd ne'er—ne'er flee from you,
Eibhlin a ruin !

What soft tales I'd tell to you,
I'd taste yóur lips' sweetness, too,
I'd sing, 'mid the falling dew,
“ Eibhlin a ruin !”

I'd bring you where rivers glide,
Where green boughs o'ershade the tide,
'Neath music of birds to bide,
Eibhlin a ruin !

A joy beyond life would bless,
Eibhlin a ruin !

Should I wed your loveliness,
Eibhlin a ruin !

My fond arm would circle you,
My heart be your guardian true,
Ne'er cailin were loved like you,
Eibhlin a ruin !

My beauteous Star, mild and clear,
Sooner than cause a tear,
O, Death—it were welcome here,
Eibhlin a ruin !¹

minstrel, he sang to his harp (probably) the above words. She recognised him and sent him a token, signifying that she was true to him, and that evening they fled together.—ER.

¹ Handel is reported to have said that “he would rather be the author of this air than of all the music he had ever composed. Eibhlin is synonymous with *Ellie*, as in an exquisite ballad by Dr. Campion of Kilkenny in the *Cell* for March, 1858—“O'Dwyer the Desperado”—ER.

“He had no heart for human kind,
For it was buried deep,
Under a tree, Ellie—Ellie—
With your cold corpse asleep.”

EJSD A BHEAN BHOCHD!

A maoin 'r mè a'z ma'ctham am aonam coir leara,
 A'ri clao' c'urta mallai'z'è an t-raozul;
 A'ri lu'ct è'q'iz do r'palpad nam mèid dia da n-anam,
 A'ct céadta aco ta'cta 'ra r'inead:—
 Do téar'naid am aice' an r'péir'bean cao'ic' ca'ice,
 'S a craob-folt léi r'zair'iz'è, r'zao'lte,
 A'z zéar'iz'ol a'z canad an béar'ra zan laza,
 A m-b'iad z'ao'ideil-bo'ict faoi atuirre co'ide!

Cuir fa. Eird a bean bo'ct,
 Na béic 'r na zoi'l,
 Eirt a bean bo'ct
 'S b'j cao'ic' l'inn;—
 Nuair t'rao'c'fan zac' poc,
 Chuir do t'neadra fa' co'ir,
 An a'it'neab Wh'leas,
 Theabair ru'ize 'r'iz!

Adúba'ir' mé da r'neazair', na zé'ill do lu'ct r'car'ca,
 Da mèid do b'j azuir' d'an z-clao'is d'job;
 T'rao'c'famaois Z'allas na d'è'iz r'inn 'r O'ranze,
 'S zac' aon eile r'ear'naid da n-d'iz'è r'inn:—
 'S é lé'iz'tear ar beata na naoin' r'na n-ab'rtal,
 I' zé'illid uaim fear'da zur r'ion é,
 Sul b'iad céad a z-c'ri'c' ca'ite beid E'ire le'od r'zar'ca,
 A' r' z'ao'ideil bo'ct a b-fear'ann a r'inn'fear!
 Eird a bean bo'ct! 7c.

SAD ONE; O HEAR!

As I pondered alone by an old ruined tower,
 On the false sinful ways of the world,
 On the traitors who all for the gain of an hour
 Let their souls into ruin be hurled.
 There neared me a maiden whose fair cheek was paling
 In grief, 'neath her bright tresses streaming,
 A heart-grieving chant she was mournfully wailing,
 " Shall the Gael aye in bondage lie dreaming.

Chorus Sad One! O hear,
 Wail not nor fear,
 Sad One! O hear
 Us, around thee,-
 We will chase thy fierce foe,
 We will banish thy woe,
 And in Freedom's fair mansion,
 We'll crown thee!

I answered, " O heed not the dastardly faction,
 Whose lies our fair hopes would encumber,
 We'll trample the Saxon and base Orange faction,
 And all of their black-hearted number.
 For 'tis writ in the lives of the holy and sainted,
 (We'll trust in their prophecies glorious),
 " Ere a century goes—our wild pray'rs will be granted,
 And the Gael be in Erin, victorious."
 Sad One, O hear, &c.

Sul a b-fazfam an baile faoi deoín dul cum cáta,
 Beid zarda nac meata na ruije 'zuih;
 Chum an zraih-flioct do rtracad na rpaza 'dih
 eacab,

'Sa z-cháma do lara na d-teihcib:—

Uz tabairt raráin an marlad zac rair-fir do
 caillead,

'S fazbad a uzlara 'rair dihiit, [lam,

Beid tráct pad do mairfid clann Adain an an ta-

zo de an bar do fuair zračaihh an feill reo!

Eipt a bean boct! 7c.

Ni an éaob choic ná caihnh ir méinh linn tar-
 raih,

Le céile 'read zlanfam na tiorca; [muid,

Beid tréih-fir náir h-aije náir rtaoh miam dá na-

Uct céadta 'co leazad 'ra ríhe:—

Fir maola zo taraid 'r faoban an a lannab,

'Sih traocta biad aih an ríj 'co,

U d-taob zaoiðil bocta meafaimre a z-céipid 'r a
 h-aijde,

Cead raotair an tarhuht an píce!

Eipt a bean boct,

Ná béic 'rha zoil,

Eipt a bean boct,

'S bi caoín linn;

Nuair traoctan zac poc,

Chuir do tréada fá coir,

An aitreab Ahílead,

Sheabair ruije 'rtið!

Round the ranks of the brave a bold phalanx shall rally,
 A-thirst for revenge and for glory,
 And they'll chace the foul foe over mountain and valley,
 With a vengeance unheard of in story.
 In their rage they will trample and tear them asunder,
 Could the Vengeance of Ages be sparing?
 O, while Adam's tribe lives, men shall whisper in wonder,
 The fate of the Saxons in Erinn!
 Sad One, O hear, &c.

Not on hill-side or carn, our clans we will muster,
 But through the broad country we'll gather,
 And heroes shall lead us, of fame's brightest lustre,
 Whose swords have stained lowland and heather!
 Men nimble and bold, whose keen weapons of power
 Of foes shall clear mountain and valley,
 Oh, the Gael shall rejoice in fair Liberty's bower,
 When once the bold pike-men shall rally.

Sad One! O hear,
 Wail not, nor fear
 Sad One! O hear
 Us around thee,
 We will chace thy fierce foe,
 We will banish thy woe,
 And in Freedom's fair mansion
 We'll crown thee!

NA SLÁINTÍJHE.

WILLIAM O'CONNOR RO CHAN.

Fonn:—Eamonn An Chnoic.

Moderately Slow.

Slán éum na z-cnoc, 'r éum an d'gleanna an t-ruilt,
 Azur rlan leatra a Thjobnaid Arianh;
 Chum Sheazain zíl Uí Chuiric, 'r Sheamair zan
 cúir,

Le raon céad óm' tóil céad rlan cúzairb:—
 Zac la b'óc azuirh cead vault azur con,
 Baire azur ruit tar éir r'hadairh real,
 An mhóirte mhíh bog cur reólad raon póc,
 Sin rlan lem' zóir do'n ráiz riu!

THE FAREWELLS.

WILLIAM O'CONNERY SANG.

AIR:—" *Edmund of the Hills.*"

WILLIAM O'CONNERY, author of the present song, was a native of Tipperary, and having been intended for the priesthood by his parents, had to repair to the Continent to complete his ecclesiastical studies, and receive Holy Orders, as the penal laws made it incumbent on candidates for this office so to do. During his stay there he composed this song, and transmitted it home in a letter to his friends in Tipperary. After his ordination he returned to his native land, and was parish priest of Bansha in the year 1766. The original song of ΕΔΜΟΝΗ ΔΗ ΧΗΘΙΣ, or *Edmund of the Hills*, to the air of which the present one is composed, is one of a very melancholy character, and has always been highly popular. It is presumed to be one of those airs begotten of "the last disgraceful century," and reflects, in its plaintive or rather desponding expression, the fate that had befallen the land and its people in that disastrous era. A short sketch of *Eamonn*, will be found at page 218 of our *First Series*. To the persecutions suffered by the Irish, and by the bards, who were particularly obnoxious to the party in power, we are indebted for many effusions of this sort.—J. O'D.

Farewell to the hills and farewell the gay glen,
 And farewell to thyself, Tipperary !
 To Seamas and Seaan,¹ two bright faultless men,
 My heart sends a hundred unchary.
 We used, long ago, to vault and to chace,
 And to run after swimming the river,
 And o'er smooth springy bogs the foot-ball to race—
 Here's farewell to such longings for ever.

¹ Pr. *Shemus* and *Shaun*.

Slán cùm na h-abann—mo zriád lior na nzáll,
 'Szac páirc deas dá nzaabmaoir tríte ;
 Slán cùm an dream a' r cùm arid-zuic na ngleann,
 D'fázbamuirne an am aoibinn !
 Tá mo flainte zo rann ó riáiní z mé nuin,
 'S ná tráctaid liom an am na baoire,
 Mar a m-bí d' baire azur zneann le fázaíl an zo
 ramuin,
 Azur rlan le nar luntá Briúide !

Slán cùm na Múinan 'r cùm Sheažain zíl de Búic,
 Azur rlan cúzaib zo dlúic le céile ;
 Slán cùm na Cúlac mar a m-bíoc an zneann,
 Azur ržairideac de' n m-brannha daor leir :—
 Tá mo flainte zo rann ó riáiní z me ann,
 'S ná tráctaid ríad liom an Mhaočáill,
 Do cáill mé mo ríubal mo vault 'r mo lúic,
 O d'fáz mé an t-Suirr 'ran Rae-čoill.

Slán cùm an dá Uilliam tá crád zol am diaí z,
 Azur rlan cúžadra ríar a Pháctraí z ;
 Slán cùm na z-cliar a d'fáz me a b-rian,
 Azur rlan le na m-bríacra cearta :—
 Tadoflaintirí Bhríarí dirláma' zuirn le bliážain,
 Zac lá az cur cíača zriád djom,
 Slainte fáda óm' clíab le arid-čear 'r rian,
 Chum ráir-čear na z-cliar tar fáile !

Cá b-fázruinn tu a Phílís rlan cúžad a cúrrim,
 Slán cùm tuille dód' cómairra ;
 Slán cùm mo cúmarinn tá z-čnoc na curra,
 Slán azur ríte dom' rčónac :—
 Zo d-tráí z rí d' an tuile tá 'dírí mé 'r tura,
 Zriád beid azam a z-comad duic
 Lam an mo zloine, rlan cúžad a cúrrim,
 Do flainte tar muir 'noir óluim !

Farewell to the river—my love, *Lios na n-gall*,¹
 To each green where we spent out our leisure,
 To the high voice of glenns,² to my countrymen all
 That we left in the old days of pleasure ;
 My good health did flee since I came o'er the sea,
 They ne'er talk of the days of our childhood,
 Of the goal, of the Gael, of the Brigid-tide ale—
 O farewell to my home and the wildwood !

Old Munster farewell, hill, valley, and dell,
 My friends fare ye well all together,
 And to Culach for aye where we once were so gay,
 And could quaff, besides joy, a brave methers.
 My good health did flee since I came o'er the sea,
 They ne'er talk to me here of fair Maethill,
 I've lost the gay bound—the light foot on the ground,
 Since I left ye, blue Siuir and old Raehill !

Farewell the two Williams who mourn for me yet,
 And Patrick, farewell to you, surely,
 Farewell to the priests whom I left with regret,
 Farewell to their words spoken purely.
 O'Brian, with us here was thy health all the year,
 And each day drank with deepest emotion,
 Farewell from my soul to the torture and dole,
 That drove the brave chiefs o'er the ocean.

My Philip, adieu ! I've ne'er forgot you,
 And adieu to your neighbours and nearest,
 Adieu, too, I send to my hill-dwelling friend,
 And forty farewells to my dearest.
 Till the dark floods abate that us separate,
 I'll love thee with fondest devotion,
 With hand on my glass, here's to thee, sweet lass !
 " A bright health from over the ocean."

¹ The resounding echoes. ² *Lios na n-gall*, the fort of the stranger.

COJS NŲ LŲOJ.

znicheu oŝ o'lonŝain kó chun.

ŲaidioŲ moć noim ŝrêŲ,
 Re plearaŲb Laoi na ŝ-craob
 Ųŝ tairdior bŲor—ŝo taruŲan tŲm,
 Ųŝ maćtŲan ŝŲŲomarića an t-raoŝai!

Ųan meacrax pŲioŲ-ŲŲoćt ŝaoda,
 Na n-aruŲ ŲioŲća ŝêar,
 'S a b-ŲearaiŲŲ dŲŲe a realb daoiće,
 Larar tonŲ mo léan!

Do rtađaŝ ŲŲŲ ŝo trêŲć.
 Ųŝ maćtŲan cŲuŲŲ an rŝêŲ,
 Ųaoi ćoŲad cŲaiŲŲ-ŝŲaiŲ ŲaiŲŲŲŲŲ, aoŲŲ,
 'S canarŲŲ bŲŲŲ na n-êan.

ŝun dearcax ŲŲoŝaiŲ ŲêŲŲ,
 Ųŝ teaćt ŝo caoiŲ nem' ćaob,
 Dob' ŲearŲŲ ŲuŲŝeacāŲ ŲearŲa 'r ŝŲaoŲ,
 D'an dealbuŲŝeac'ran ŲŲêŲŲ.

Ba ćarđa ćŲoŲća a ćêŲb,
 Ųŝ teaćt ŝo mŲŲ-tŲoŲŝ léŲ,
 Tuŝ rŝamaŲ dŲiaoŲŝeacća tar an b-ŲŲioŲ,
 Ruŝ Ųear na loŲŲŲ do'n ŝŲrêŲŝ!

Ų mala ćŲoŲ-dub ćaol,
 ŲŲ ŲaŲŲan ŲŲŲ-ŲoŲŝ ćŲaoŲŲ,
 Ų balram ŝŲŲoŲ-ŝuŲb blaŲda bŲŲŲ,
 'S ba ćaiŲce caoiŲ a dêad.

BESIDE THE LEE.

MICHAEL OG O'LONGAN SANG.

Down by the branchy Lee,¹
 Ere dawn I chanced to be,
 While roving slow, o'er earthly woe,
 A musing mournfully :—

How ruin did efface
 The flower of Gaelic race,
 The noble Gael—who now bewail
 Their home a desert place.

Thus lonely and downcast
 I mourned o'er the past,
 While warblers made in the emerald shade,
 Their music sweet and fast.

When gently at my side
 Appeared a queenly bride,
 Of fairer grace in form and face
 Than aught of earthly pride.

Her curling tresses greet
 Her small and gentle feet ;
 The golden fleece—the prize of Greece,
 Might shame those locks to meet.

Her eye-brows dark and slight
 O'er-arch her eyes of light,
 And balm-fire tips her tuneful lips,
 Her teeth are marble white.

¹ The Lee of woods.

A marna cruinne zéar,
 Tu z da t an aoil an daol,
 Le d-tarcair níz éar rneacra ríon,
 'Sda nabaí nín an zéir!

Ba tana troizte caom,
 Le'n meallad m'le laoc,
 Da n-amarcas éad an talam truisim,
 Na ratalaz éad an béit!

Fa caim díoznair rzéil,
 Do'n aínzín m'ín-tair t-réim,
 A h-ainim éruinn do éazairt linn,
 A tneab 'ra tír mar aon!

Nó alad m'ín na z-craob,
 Do éar aínz a z-céin,
 Tar faínzide zo fearan JR,
 Le fearc do Naoir tar aon.

D'éneazair rí zo réim,
 Ní neac do'n buidín rín mé,
 'S me bean m'ic Coill na leabair rzríob,
 Ba zarda, zaorímar, zéar.

Seal dam aoir dá éir,
 Az clanna M'lead tréan,
 Ir mar rín bíor zo rearzair ríodac,
 Sur táirdil Zail faoi'm deoin!



Her bosom's pearly light
Than summer clouds more bright,
More pure its glow than falling snow,
Or swan of plumage white.

Proud hosts would follow fast
As brown leaves in the blast,
Had they but seen the heavenly sheen,
Where she had softly past.

I sought of her to name
The bright land whence she came,
Her name and race, her bidding place,
The story of her fame.

Was she that swan so fair,
Of clust'ring branchy hair,
Who came in grief with Ulster chief,
To meet her dark doom there,

With grace she answered me,
"Not Deirdre dost thou see,
But e'en the wife of Mac Coill of strife,
And deeds of chivalry.

"I've bided since his fall,
In mighty Milead's hall,
'Mid joy and peace that ne'er did cease,
Till came the heartless Gall.

ἄῶῖῖῖῖῖ

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¹ This poet, who laments the loss of his four children, had been outlawed for some political offence, perhaps that of learning to read, and was obliged to seek refuge among the mountain glens. He constructed a shieling there, which, during his absence, fell upon his family, giving his "Loving four" to death. It appears to me so full of pathos and delicate feeling, that I have given a translation.

A CAOINE

BY FEILIM MAC CARTHY FOR HIS CHILDREN.

I'll sing their caoine,² if I can,
 My loving ones, my heart's dear clan,³
 Since, o'er all men, I'm lorn to-day,
 I'll sing their caoine mournfully,

Weak my stay of life e'ermore,
 My heart, dread death has wounded sore,
 I'm lonely—lonely in the Land,
 No kindred now around me stand,

Since I must tell, thus left behind,
 The Cause of Tears with darkened mind,
 Since sick my head to-night with woe,
 My voice, too, faint and trembling low.

Ah, not so sad the young bride's heart,
 Or husband's when their Loved depart,
 Like nest-less bird's my bitter lot,
 Wailing the young that they lived *not*.

Or like to swans the waves among,
 When singing their unwilling song,
 As death comes nigh them and more nigh,
 Singing their dirge with piteous cry.

as literal as almost could be given in prose, resolving rather to let elegance of style suffer, than to veil from the reader *one* of poet-outlaw's touching thoughts. To properly appreciate it, therefore, it must be read in the original, where beauty of style and thought are combined.

² Pr. *keen-ye*, a dirge.

³ Which signifies "children" as well as "tribe."

Caſadra lem' nae zo bnač,
ceól nač bhnn zac aon la;
ó čarlad zo trájte fanh,
caoinfead fēh mo čéad članh!

Jr cneac hóm Ceallačan a z-čjll,
taob ne Cormac cneap mh̄n;
Anna azur Máire, mo fearc!
monuar fá h̄c an aon fearc!

Mo čeačnan clainne zan bēim,
nān b'jarimān tréjčte an aon čēim,
adban cneacč mo čnoide zo deó,
bejč dá z-caoine an aon ló!

Buidh d'fuił Eibhri na fluač,
le'ri zac Eime zan djo-mbuad;
a n-dul uaim a z-črē zo h-óč,
a z-čruč 'ra ržiam zan člaočló!

Do b̄j a nzaodal, žid an b-feirde jad,
le njožajb calma Scirta;
n̄jčte Spáinne na lanh nžear,
ba jad a nzaodal zan aon breač.

Clanna M̄lead tall 'ra bur,
ba jad a nzaodal zan amhur;
do b̄j a nzaodal ne mačajb fean,
le n̄jččjłb črōda Sažran.

Ba bhnn hóm a nžlōri ač teacč,
'r jad ač rujč a n-ēihfeacč;
cē bēarfar dam fájłte nā fōč,
ōr marb jad fá aon fōd!

I'll sing each day until my death,
 A lay which never sweetness hath,
 Since I am worn, and weak and drear,
 I'll sing their dirge, my children dear.

Ah grief! in clay lies Callachan,
 By Cormac's side, my kind-voiced son,
 Anna and Maire,¹—ah, my own
 White Loves, are 'neath the same chill stone.

My children four without a stain,
 Few the good gifts they did not gain,
 Wound of my bleeding heart for aye,
 To weep them all in one brief day!

The flowers that came of Eber Mor,
 Dear Erinn's prosp'rous king of yore,
 Are gone in vigour, youth and bloom,
 Unchanged, from me into the tomb.

They came not of a craven brood,
 From Scythian chieftains flow'd their blood,
 Milead's² offspring, near and far,
 Their kindred brave, in truth, ye are.

The Spaniard-kings of sharp blue spears,
 Were kin to them, and scarce their peers,
 To them were Sacsan's³ kings allied
 In other times, when that woke pride.

Sweet their cries, whene'er I'd come,
 Gaily running to greet me home—
 Who hence shall kiss or welcome me,
 Since they lie low!—*mo é moide!* *mo é moide!*⁴

¹ Pr. *Mauria*. ² Pr *Meel-ya*, sometimes called Milesius.

³ i.e. England. Pr. *mo chree*, my heart.

Պսսա Բ-բեաճբայիոյ ծօ Շիմօրժ և Յ-բոօր,
 քսայի օ Եւճայձի Բ Գժիր ;
 ծօ Լեռքայիոյ յաճ Յան մօլլ քա'ն Լի,
 ո՞՞ ծօ Եիծքիոյ ար Բաօր Ես Ե-էլիլ :

Ար Բ-բայբիոյ *Lazarus* քան սայձ,
 ծօ շեաճ ՇՐԵՏԾ Յօ ո՞՞ շրսայձ ;
 ծօ ծօլլիք քրքրա ծեար ան ին,
 շե Յար Բ-բաճա և Յաօճալ օ'ն տե ին.

Եր շօրս ծանրս շաօր Յօ ծւբաճ !
 'ր Եիժ Լեմ' ուս Յօ քաճճիւնաճ,
 և Ե-ճիայձ մօ շլայիս Բա մայժ Յիս,
 'ր մաճար ԾԵ մար քիիէժ.

Ոյօր քեաճ ՊԱՅԵ, մաճար ԾԵ,
 ար Բ-բայբիոյ և մի շա ծա օլԵիլ ;
 Յան շաօր Յօ ծեարաճ օ շրօլԵ,
 ոյ ոար ծանրս մ'քալլիժ !

Եր մե ծօ շալլ մօ ՅեաՅաճ ՅաօլԵլ,
 իր մե ծօ շրեաճաճ ար աօն տ-րլիՅե ;
 առ սիլիճեաճ և' Բ-բիոյ մօնար !
 ծա Ե-ճիլ իր մե ան տրեար տրսայձ !

Ա մեօճան-օլԵճե Ես ծ-տրօն իսան,
 շրեաճ մօ շրօլԵ Յօ ո՞՞ շրսաճ ;
 մօ շեաճար շալԾ ծօ շալլեար յաճ,
 և ոյլիսիտ սայիս ար աօն ուան !

Եր մօ ծօ իաօլեար ար ծ-տեաճժ ծան աօր,
 մօ շլան ան շիմճլօլլ Յօ մ-Եիժիլ ;
 ոս և Ե-աօնճար Յօ Լսաճ և Յ-ճիլ ;
 իր մե ծա Ե-ճիլ ար ուսիլ-ճիլ !

Unless I lookt on CHRIST's keen thorns,
His anguish, wounds, and bitter scorns,
I'd quickly join them in the clay,
Or it would wring my sense away.

On seeing Lazarus lie low,
CHRIST mourned for him in saddest woe ;
With weeping tears his sight grew dim,
Yet He was far from kin to him.

'Tis *more* just, I should darkly weep,
And mourn for life in grief most deep,
After my children, my beauteous Four !
As She, the Virgin, sorrowed sore :

Mary could not refrain from tears,
As though her heart were torn with spears,
When He was crucified and scorned,
'Twere shame I'd mourn not when she mourned.

'Tis *I* have lost my kin most near,
'Tis *I* am robbed of all most dear ;
In the narrow house of pain, I lie
Thrice woeful since my loved did die.

In hushed midnight of heavy sleep,
Ah, plundered heart ! ah, ruin deep !
My stainless Four, I lost them all,
In *one* short moment, 'neath the pall.

And I used think when grey age frowned,
My children dear would gird me round,
Ah ! not that unto death they'd go.
And leave me here to heartless woe !

Ba ðlj̃z ðam urriam ðm' ðlanh,
 dá d-tuzar fearc mo céad maon;
 ðr mé ba f̃jhe ná iad,
 jr dam ba ðleaçt an céad rian?

Jr truað ðóib̃ do tréiz mo fáirt,
 'r d'imçiz̃ uaim an aon ðail;
 nári léiz liomra túr na rliže,
 ðr mé do rir na fearcuide!

Beaz mo dúil a z-ceól ná rult,
 jr uaižneac̃ mé ne tamall;
 nj̃ biyh liom duan ná ðan,
 jr corñúil mé le h-amadan!

Ð'imçiz̃ uaim mo žnē 'r mo neart,
 táim žan céill, žan toirbearc;
 nj̃ eažal liom an b̃ar ðam f̃ior,
 tar̃ éir na z-cáirde do cáillear!

An am ruain, a meōðan oįðce,
 jr boçt biðimre az eažcaoine;
 mo ðlanh ðr mo cōmairi az teaçt;
 d'jarriaid̃ oim žluairæçt?

Ðo çjðim iad 'ran oįðce tall,
 nj̃ ržarriaid̃ riom an aon ball;
 bižid̃ am ðriaz̃ amuic̃ 'ra rriž,
 žo leanrad̃ iad ran m-bél lic!

Jr cumanñ ðóib̃ teaçt am ðail,
 jr ionñuyn liom a nžrian ržail,
 jr žearri žo raçad leó ran t-rliž,
 ne toil naom̃ta an áirid̃ rliž.

To me my children's love was due,
 (I gave my whole heart unto you)
 Since I, too, was more aged than they,
 'Twas meet, respect to me they'd pay.

Yet, woe is me ! they've left my side,
 Close by my heart they would not bide,
 Nor let me first the Dim Way pass,
 Because that I have sinned—alas.

Small my care for sport or rhyme—
 I'm very lone, this little time,
 Not sweet to me is harp or "rann,"
 I wander like a sense-less man.

Gone my fairness,¹ gone my strength,
 'Tis I am broken down at length ;
 Death's face alone I care to see,
 Since my fair offspring went from me !

In hushed midnight of heavy sleeping,
 When I am watching, sobbing, weeping,
 My children glide before my woe,
 Praying that I would with them go !

I see them in the night-time ever,
 From me in no place do they sever ;
 At home, abroad, still near are they,
 'Till I go with them into clay.

Sweet to them that visit made !—
 Dear to me each Sun-like shade !—
 'Tis soon I'll follow on their way,
 With GOD's most blessed will, I pray.

¹ ʒnê, literally, my visage, that is, his appearance had completely changed.

Jr leam jr truağ fã rçior an bean,
 çuğ dã claihn and çean;
 çuğ dõib çnað 'çur laçc a çnoide,
 jr truağ liom j fã çearnuçe!

Jr truağ liom a laina ço laç,
 õ beic aç bualað a ban çlac;
 jr fliuc bidear a noirç uim neõin,
 do rçoile a çnoide le h-anhõin!

Nj h-ionçnað liom j ço boçc,
 jr j do çaille a cuallaçc,
 jr j çar innaib Inyre Faile,
 do çonarc çreac an çrom air!

An çleanh dã n-dearuaid mo çreac,
 'roo çoirç mo meidur çan çurpeac,
 mallaçc DE do çnaç na bun,
 a n-çiuic ar mo çumahn!

Çleanh an air õ ro çuar,
 baifõim air ço bic buan,
 neim an feill do mih oim,
 na diaçç do rçior le m-çõçram!

Nar faice çrian le çolur çlan,
 nar faice rae na raelçan;
 diombãð réin do rçior na çõin,
 çuğ mē çan aoir am feanhõin!

¹ It is the custom of the people, especially the women, to strike together their hands, when in great sorrow.

² " 'Tis she o'er all of Erinn's daughters
 Has seen the *ruin* of slaughters."

Callanan has thus translated it, and his note, telling the reader that it is almost word for word, will also explain why in my trans-

Woe is me *her* dreary pall,
 Who royal-fondness gave to all ;
 Whose heart gave milk and love to each,
 Woe is me, *her* plaining speech.

Woe is me her hands now weak,
 With smiting¹ her white palms, so meek,
 Wet her eyes at noon, and broken
 Her true heart with grief unspoken.

I wonder not at her despair,
 'Tis she has lost life's help, most fair,
 'Tis she, o'er all of Erinn's daughters,
 Has seen the ruin of woeful slaughters!²

O Glenn! which saw my heavy loss,
 And all my joy didst darkly cross,
 God's malison fall on thee, dread,
 In eiric³ for my darlings dead.

Gleann an air, the "Slaughter-glenn,"
 Be hence thy name amongst all men ;
 Venom-treason thou'st done to me,
 And now accursed shalt thou be !

May thou ne'er see the sun or noon,
 May thou ne'er see a star or moon,
 For that thou'st seen a deed of tears,
 Which makes me old before my years.

lation I have adopted his lines, with the addition, however, of an adjective which is in the original. It is needless to say that after Callanan's elegant version, I would have been sorry to attempt another, had he been equally faithful throughout, or even had his copy given *all* the poem. Many of the stanzas above translated are not in the poem he so beautifully versified.

³ A fine or amercement inflicted on whomsoever caused the death of a person.

Nar farse neac ar zo brac,
 blac, duille, na trom far,
 lan-meic torad ar 'r bide,
 nyr do zhad nar rzarriad!

Ar Fearc-laoi.

Ta marb ran b-fearc ro rraic do clainn Charri-
 tair,
 Ba zeanamnac rtaid, ba marre do rjol Adaim;
 A n-anamha o rzar beid fearca rjotcanta,
 Na n-ainziollair zeal ar h-allad an rjz neamda.

Mo dearzac dearc 'r cheac mo cnoide craidte,
 Adbar mo chead 'r nearc mo djozbalad;
 Mo ceatran zeal ran preab ar don lacaar,
 Faoi carraig leac a b-fad om' caoin, cairidib.

Adbar cair do lazaid clac zo pollur me cumac,
 'Sdo nearcairz trac na cheada bair reo am focair
 zo dlut; [a n-uir,
 Mo ceatran cair a b-fearc ar lan faoi clocaib
 Anna, Maire, Ceallacan, 'r Cormac rionn.



May never eye behold in thee,
 Flowers, thick-grass, or leafy tree ;
 Decay of growth by slope and river,
 Be thine for ever and for ever !

THE TOMB-LAY.

Mown down 'neath this tomb lie the Flowers of Clann
 Carrtha,
 The Purest of hue, earth's adornment each morrow ;
 May their Spirits gone forth know peace and not sorrow,
 Bright angels the heav'n-king's radiant halls thorough.

My redd'ner of sight, my joyless heart's plunder,
 Strength of my ruin, my misery's pander,
 Is :—that lifeless for ever my bright Four lie under,
 The grey carn afar, from my sweet friends asunder.

The grief-cause that darkens my light, now for ever,
 And strengthens the death-sighs that thro' my heart quiver,
 Is :—that I, the dark grave with my pure Four can't share
 With Mary, Ann, Callachan, and Cormac the fair !

TREJTHE EJRJONN.

ՈՂԱՐՁՄԱՍԾ ՁՅԱՇ ԾՕՁԻՆՁԱՆԼ ԶԻՇ ԲԻՆՅԻՆ ՇԻՕԼ
 ԱՂ ՏԻՆԼԼՈՅԻՆՁԱՆ ԿՕ ՇԻՆ.

Ոյօր Ե-բյօրա՛ն րիյ ա Յ-բրյօճայԵ Ելբիր յօժր,
 շար նա՛ րյօր, նա՛ ա ծ-տյօրճայԵ Ելրեամօր;
 Լեա՛ն ա Յ-բյօրա, Լե հ-յմ, ծօ ճեանաճ ծօյԵ,
 աղ տաղ ծօ Եաճար Յաօյժլ ա յ-Ելրիղղ Եեօ՛!

Ոնա յարտ ծօ ծյօլ, նա՛ րալլ նա Յ-ճեյր Եա յօ,
 աղ ճարտ, նա հ-այԵ, նա ԼաօյՅ, նա հ-եյղ, նա րօյրտ;
 նա՛ յ Եայղղ Ել ար րեաճ յի՛ րաղ Յ-բրե ար րեօճ՛
 աղ տաղ ծօ Եաճար Յաօյժլ ա յ-Ելրիղղ Եեօ՛!

Յա՛ն Եօճա՛ն ծյօն ծօ Ել Յաղ ԵեարԼա Եեօլ,
 նա՛ րեաճտ ար րյօճա շրմճյօլլ րաօլ նա րՅեօյՅ;¹
 Եաճա յիղ, նա՛ ճօյրճե րաե նա յ-ԵրօյՅ,²
 աղ տաղ ծօ Եաճար Յաօյժլ ա յ-Ելրիղղ Եեօ՛!

Ոնա ար ճարԼե աղ ՅղղՅա, րյօճա, *stays* նա *cloak*,
 րՅարտ նա րրարղղե աղղղ, *crape* նա րրօլլ,
 Եաճա շայԵ, ճար Լիղղ, նա՛ եաճաճ Երօղ,
 աղ տաղ ծօ Եաճար Յաօյժլ ա յ-Ելրիղղ Եեօ՛!

Յա՛ն ԵարԼե ծյօն ծօ Ել Յա՛ն Լա՛ յա Յղճօ,
 ՛ր Յա՛ն Եօճա՛ն ծյօն ծօ Ել Յաղ յեալ աՅ յօղար,
 յօ յեալ րաղ Յ-Եօլլ ճւմ Եյօրա ճեանաճ ծօյԵ,
 աղ տաղ ծօ Եաճար Յաօյժլ ա յ-Ելրիղղ Եեօ՛!

¹ ՏՅեօյՅ, sometimes means the neck.

² In this verse reference is made to the high-heeled shoes worn about 1750.

³ Sometimes spelt Heber. ⁴ In Erinn alive, or in "Living Erinn."

THE ATTRIBUTES OF ERINN.

DIARMID MAC DONAILL MAC FINEEN (THE SLENDER)
O'SULLIVAN SANG.

O, such things were never known in the days of Eibir³ Mor,
North or South, East or West, from the centre to the shore,
Men paid not half their taxes with the butter! long ago,
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*⁴

They never trudged to market with the lean or with the
grease,
With the calves or the hogs or the eggs of hens and geese,
Ah, the milk soured *not* in crocks, but most plenteously did
flow,
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

Not a churl writhed his mouth with the snaky⁵ English
tongue,
Nor lounged with silken collar where a hempen should be
strung,
And those hard and hideous hats!—they'd have made them
“scare the crow,”
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

Old women did not swagger then in satin scarf or cloak,
Nor tighten up their whalebones till they seem about to choak,
Faith! bonnets like straw barrels never—never were “the go,”
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

Then each scandal-chatt'ring hag had to mind her own affairs,
Each lazy sluggish clown dared not give himself such airs,
But digg'd or gathered sticks and at wages *very* low!
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

⁵ From its hissing sound, and from its being so slippery that no English Deputy could hold his word.

Νῆ κατῆϊδ ρηαοιρ, ἠὶ βῆδ' τῆα ἀρ βόρῃ,
 ἠὰ βρατα ρῆοδα ἰοῖδῆε ἀζ ρέιδε α ρῆον ;
 ἠὰ φαη ἀζ ἠηαοι ἰυη ζαοιτε ἑαῶτ ἠα ῶοιρ,
 ἀη ταν δο βὰδαρ ζαοιδῖλ α ἠ-Εἰρῆηη beō !

Ζαῖ βαῖλαῖ βῆδεαρ le ρῆοδα ἀζ ρέιδε α ρῆον,
 'ρ α ἰαῖle βυῖδε δο ἠηαοι α ἠ-δαοι-βρατ ρῆολλ ;
 ἀῖαιρ ῆοιηε, δο βῆ, ἀζ αοιδεαριαῶτ βῶ,
 ἀη ταν δο βὰδαρ ζαοιδῖλ α ἠ-Εἰρῆηη beō !

Ἀη αῖαηε βῆ α δ-τῆῆηε αῖε 'ζυρ ρῶδ,
 ἀρ εαῖαῖβ ρυῖζῖδ 'ρ ρῆαῖηε φαε ἠα δ-τῶη ;
 ζεαλλαῖη δῖβ, ζο ρῆοι, ἠὰρ β'ε βα ἠῶρ,
 ἀη ταν δο βὰδαρ ζαοιδῖλ α ἠ-Εἰρῆηη beō !

Ἀη βρατ δο βῆ ἀρ leaῖ Chυηη, δο ἑῖεῖζ ἀρ δ-τῆεῶη,
 δο leaῖ ἀῖῖρ ἀρ ἠηηε Φῆῆῖῖηη ceō ;
 βρατ ἀη δῖοῖα, ἠὶ βα ἰεαρτα leō,
 ἀη ταν δο βὰδαρ ζαοιδῖλ α ἠ-Εἰρῆηη beō !

Ἀη τῆαῖ δο βὰδαρ ζαοιδῖλ α ἠ-Εἰρῆηη beō,
 ρleaῖαῖ, ρῖηηταῖ, ρῖοῖαῖ, ρεαρταῖ, ρῶζαῖ,
 δαῖη 'ρ δῖαοιτε 'ρ δῖοῖ ἀζ τεαῖτ ἠα ζ-ῶοιρ,
 ἀη ταν δο βὰδαρ ζαοιδῖλ α ἠ-Εἰρῆηη beō !

¹ The poet does not intend to cry down those who distinguish themselves by manly industry and honourable perseverance in labour, but solely those who started up to insolence and riches by betraying their country, and proving false to honour, freedom and friends.—ER.

² Another name for Erinn.

None made a snuff-pit of his nose nor dyed his throat with
tea,
Nor flaunted a silk handkerchief to blow his trumpet wee !
Nor fan had any woman but the breeze that heaven did blow,
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

Lo ! each silly snob that calf-like now sucks his little cane !
Lo ! each yellow woman of them all, with bigger purse than
brain ;
Their " poor dear pas " before them as mere cow-boys used
to go,
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

Those gentry, who so grand ? who are seated now a-horse,
Were trenchers of the black earth and cutters of the gorse,
By the right hand of my father ! you'd not touch them with
your toe,¹
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

But that Flag which o'er our Bravest spread red ruin in
the North,
O'er the whole of Innis Feilim,² like a cloud is now hung
forth,
Ah, FLAG OF GLOOMY CHANGE—thou hadst caused most
bitter woe,
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

When the true and gallant Gael were alive in the Land,
Fame was fanned and flourish'd and the deeds of heroes grand,
Sages and sweet poets saw a brilliant guerdon glow³
When the true and gallant Gael were *a n-Erinn beo!*

³ This is no false praise. Never was literature so cherished as in ancient Erinn ; in *one county* Dunnagall, the rental of the lands bestowed on the Ollavs, or Doctors in Learning, was equal to £2000 a year, of the present currency.—(For proofs, see *Annals of the Four Masters*, or *Irish Penny Journal*, vol. I., p. 229.)

Stadfad díob, nǵ muidfead a d-tréite nǵir,
 feabar a nǵhíom, a d-tígeaét ná ǵ-céimíonn fǵr,
 nǵ' l aǵam im le díol na tréada bǵ,
 'r maéad cóidce a nǵir aǵ déanaé bǵíon !

Muna ǵ-carfad Jora Cnǵort le tréan neart rǵóǵ,
 ǵo ceart a rǵhneart, an nǵí ǵn Séanlur óǵ ;
 do rǵaífead ǵaill tar toínn ǵan teaét ǵo deó,
 'r ǵo b-íreabfad ǵaoidil a nǵir ǵo h-Éimínn beó !

AN FREAZRAFH.

CONCUBHAR O'RÍORDÁIN RO CHAN.

An tan do bádar ǵaoidil a n-Éimínn beó,
 ba larman líonman laoié 'r léiǵíonn ǵo leóir,
 ba maéman nǵn-moírǵ nǵíé aǵ méiǵíoc leó,
 'r ba ǵarfa ǵhíom-ǵlan ǵhíomda ǵaoidil a nǵleó !

Ba éaíéíoc taoidíǵ tíne aǵ teaét le tóir,
 ba rǵaífead rǵaoidíe rǵeimealtaé rǵiamda rǵóir;
 ba maífead mǵíonlad mǵí-éneart maoida mǵodamul
 ǵaé a nǵínn éaínn do rǵíom-ííocé Éibínn móir !

Da maífead rǵhneart raoidé réadman rǵóamul,
 an t-aéairn Múimneac línn dá nǵlaodtar Eóǵan ;
 Mac Aínt, Mac Cúínn, nǵ buíóinn na Féínné fǵr,
 do éarfaé ǵaill marí éaííne tréada cró !

¹ Foreigners (pron. in Munster *gowl*), hence the nickname Gow-la, i.e. Gallda, "the English," or "the foreign," applied to any one aping the English in manners, speech or politics ; it is considered as

But I'll cease me now from lauding their chivalry so gay,
 Sure—manly dauntless actions were as deeds of every day!
 No hogs have *I* nor butter, and henceforth I must go
 (For what were even heroes now) under never-ending woe!

Unless it pleaseth Christ our Lord to smite the Fiend at
 length,
 And restore unto our Mother-land her Freedom and her
 Strength,
 To scourge the ghastly Gall¹ from our sullied shores and, oh!
 Bring the true and gallant Gael back *a n-Erinn beo!*

THE 'REPLY.

CONOR O'RIORDAIN SANG.

When the true and gallant Gael were alive in the Land,
 The lays were lightning-flashes, the lore a blazing brand!
 Prosp'rous, bright-eyed princes met the bards with honour
 grand,

When the true and gallant Gael were alive in the Land!

O, gracious were the Chieftains, the Pure of deeds and might,
 The scatt'ring, shatt'ring Spears of Truth, the Shields of
 valour bright!

Most beauteous, gentle, generous, each maiden was and bland,
 When the true and gallant Gael were alive in the Land!

Ah, did our fathers live the life, those flashing Gems of yore!
 The Sire of all the Munster land, the dauntless Eogan Mor,
 Mac Airt, Mac Cuinn, or that high host, the fearless Fin-
 nian band,

They would drive like shiv'ring sheep the gaunt Gall from
 the Land!

the most odious that can be applied, for it supposes half-idiotcy, or
 traitorous villany.—ER.

Da maireadaoir, an buidhne, cūz tréan-tíroid rlóz,
 a z-carmaire buidhne Chuihne na z-céad cāt
 r Eózan;
 nō a z-cač na h-aoine do claoz Turzérur treoin,
 nī mačad Zail a n-íorzuill faobnac leó!

¹ Conn of the Hundred Battles ascended the throne, A.D. 122, died 175. The following is an account of his rivalry with Eogan, abridged from an excellent work "The Battle of Magh Leana," published by the Celtic Society, 1855:—

Eogan Mor, having been defeated in the battle of Cloch Barraighe, sailed with the remnant of his army to Spain. He left Great Beare Island utterly in the beginning of August, and after a voyage of nine days reached that country; the monarch welcomed him, and permitted him and his troops to reside in the west of his territory, allowing them free quarterage. The noble mien and qualities of Eogan won the king's heart, and he gave him his daughter Beara in marriage, by whom a son and two daughters were born unto him during his banishment, the son was named Oilíoll Olum, and became afterwards one of the most celebrated of our ancient monarchs. The soul of the exile began to weary of that foreign land, and at the end of nine years he so longed with a filial longing to look upon his Father-land, that he communicated his desire to Ebear the king. At first the monarch attempted to dissuade him, but, seeing his sorrow, he commanded that his own son and heir, Fraoch Mileasach, should accompany him with 2000 warriors, Spaniards, and foreigners (Αλληγρηαζ). They landed on Inis Greagraidhe (called since Great Beare Island, *Inis Beara*, in honour of Eogan's queen). On invading Munster, he succeeded in obtaining pledges from its principal chiefs; two kings of Ulster (Ulad) also allied themselves to him, and soon the whole island, except Connacht, revolted against Conn. He soon acceded to a division of the kingdom, hoping to recover all when Eogan's foreigners would depart. Fifteen years rolled by, the foreigners sought to return to their homes. Eoghan, however, having perceived the falsity of his rival, wished to decide the matter at once, sought for cause of war against the Northern king, and found it easily enough. He complained that an equal division of steeds, arms and armour had not been made, and demanded it; Conn refused, saying this was not contemplated by the treaty. Nine battalions of warriors marched with Eogan to Kilmore Wood, King's County, *crossed* the Eiscir Riada, or dividing mound, and encamped on the heathy plain of Leana. The king's many-coloured pavilion was lifted on a smooth hill, and three strong *duns* built outside the camp and garrisoned by the foreign troops. He of the Hundred Fights then advanced his many-coloured banners

O, did they live the life again those hero-hosts, so gay,
 Who fought with Conn¹ the hundred fights, with Eogan
 urged the fray,
 Or had we here Turgesius' foes, or chiefs like them to
 stand,
 We would give the gloomy Gall a deep grave in the Land!

towards Magh Leana, and sent messengers to Eogan, offering him the royalty of the whole Island with the exception of Tara, Teffia, and Connacht. These terms were rejected by the Southern king, who wished for Tara; and, despite the opposition of his councillor chiefs, he caused the messengers to be executed for expressing their feelings in favor of Conn with too great warmth. On hearing this at eve, all hesitation left Conn; he burned to revenge this evil deed, and determine on a nocturnal assault; an expedition to surprize the enemy by night was not pleasant to the brave Irish chieftains; but, in consideration of their inferiority in point of numbers, they gave assent to it. Conn then called together his leaders, and gave each of them to choose which leader of the foe he would oppose, ex.: "which of you shall ward off from me the seven sons of Sigir?" said Conn. "We are they," said the three destroying sons of Connall. At early dawn they surrounded the *dun* of Fraoch Mileasach, who, surprised in his sleep, rushed to the fight in his embroidered shirt of many devices, and was slain, after a short brave struggle by his mailed and armoured foes. Their shouts of triumph awoke Eogan Mor and the main body, who also were assaulted ere they could fully arm. The fierce battle began. "Forth came the seven firm-advancing sons of Sigir from the van of Eogan the Brilliant's army, with heavy, powerful, terrible anger, till they reached the very centre of Conn's army, and they cleared broad passages, and cast open immense portals in that crimson irruption, until they were encountered by the three valiant defending sons of Connall. It was Ceidghin (and his troop) who first sustained their shock; and he spent his might on Sigir's sons till each of these heroes had wounded him, and he them. Bitter wonder seized the children of Sigir, that the strength of one man should grow and increase against them thus, and they inflicted seven wounds together on Ceidghin. Ceidghin perceived and thought that his tribe was not strong to press on the friends of Sigir's sons, and that he would *not* prefer that his kindred should have to sue them for his eric, to avenging himself upon them then; and he dealt them seven gaping, horrid wounds, so that each were a door of death in one year's time. To his succour came then the other two sons of Connall (and their troops). They strongly pressed the fight, for they were the freshest and soundest for thrusting, till the spear of each foe was harmed in his opponent's body

by the hot-boiling of the blood distempering them. Yea, until those which were not harmed were broken, so that there were fragments, wood-hacked, flesh-soiled conspicuous splinters in the warriors' bodies. The sons of Connall then lifted up their spirits, and their combat above their antagonists. They dealt battle wounds and a manly, powerful, beating of thick, heavy, terrible blows upon those brave men. They desisted not from striking and ever-beating till they left the corpses shattered and hewn of those seven gallant champions after having severed their heads from their bodies." The Irish narrator proceeds to describe in most poetic and elegant terms the severity of the battle and the chivalry of the chieftains; at last, Eogan Mor met Conn, and each wounded the other, so that Conn fell to the ground; his fall was a signal for a general rush to his rescue, and Eogan the Great was slain. "Lay down the hero-warrior," said Goll Mac Morna, *whom also he had wounded*, "his death was not the death of a coward."

A curious confirmation of the authenticity of this history is to be found in the fact that there still exist descendants of those dauntless warriors, not only in Kerry, near where Eogan Mor landed, but also in Zleann mhór nÉin of Tir-Eoghan, where they always have preserved the tradition of their coming from Spain. Without a knowledge of ancient Irish history, this would seem improbable to the ethnologist, for their name Sigerson or Segerson, and they have always maintained the "Son" among themselves in preference to the Gaelic Mac, points at once to their Norwegian descent. It is easy to account for their having been in Spain, as the adventurous and fiery spirit of the Northern Sea-kings carried them further than that. Probably the "small" or petty king, Sigur Sir who left Norway for the Orkneys, or some of his relatives, made an irruption into Spain, touching at the north of France, (where, I am informed, live another tribe of Sikersons, the *g* being changed to *k* to preserve the hard sound), breaking down the power of the feudal nobles, and freeing the trampled serfs for a time, as was the wont of the Vikings. As a corroborative proof of these views Eogan Mor's 2000 auxiliaries are mentioned as being composed of Spaniards *and foreigners*, or more correctly, *men from beyond the sea*, (all mu-rad , i.e. all , from the other side, hence all , beyond, and mu-r , the sea).—ER.

APPENDIX.

OUR Irish readers will not find fault with us for giving them this sheet without the aid of an English translation; and we hope the time will soon arrive when Irishmen will be able to read and translate for themselves any compositions they may meet with in their mother-tongue. Collins' translation of the *Exile of Erin*, the authorship of which some claim for George Nugent Reynolds, whilst others ascribe it to Campbell, is so popular in Munster that we give it the first place in our Appendix Sheet.

AN DJBEARTHACH O EJRIINN.

Do éalonn cum na taoide djbeartaic ó Éirinn,
A dlaoi fhuic ó'n rpeim azur éadaic ó'n ar;
Ba rziormar do éaoineac a tír 'r é'n aonar,
'San oide faoi bléin-choic na rziinde zan rzaic:
Bhí a fúile 'zur iuzinn zo cruinn ar an réalta,
Do éuzac rior an lae do a n-Íre na Féile;
Mar a z-canaic ré le djozmar a choide 'rtiz an
dneac ro.

Buad azur tréine leat Eirne zo bnaic!

Jr truad é mo cúr ar an rziunlinz boic éeara,
Zan rúbear, zan faoram, ó péim ná ó zád;
Ní'l aitreabmo cúmhaz a d-triúcaib an t-raozul,
Fiaid-puic a' r faolcoim cia féidim leó fázail;—
Ní féicfeadra coide an coil cluazim, craobaic,
Mar a m-bioð mo fínear az rzi-éleacta raor
éear,
Ní éuirfead blaic ná m'í-rzoic ar mo éaoim éruic
da zléarad,
'S ní buaifhead a téada ar Eirne zo bnaic!

O, Ելլե մօ ճւլ՛ժժե ! շի ճւբաճ, 'ր շի տրէլճէ,
 Եր ըւբաճ միբ ամ ղեալի՛ծ աճ բեաճայն ճօ շրաճա !
 Ար միւրճլաճ բան ճւլ՛ժժե բեօ Եր ըր ըլիմ ճեարա,
 Ճան բիլ լե ճուլ ճ'ելիօմ մօ ճաօճալտ ճօ ճրաճ !—
 Օճ ! ա ճրեամիւն ճրուալճ ! ան ճ-բալճեաճ շարճ
 ճեաճ աար ճիճի,
 ճօ'ն ճիբ բիւն ան ճ-բարիբիբ, ճան ճարիբեամ, ճան
 ճաօճալ ճամ,
 Օճ ! մօ լօմա լուան ! ղի լուարճբեաճ մօ ճեաճա,
 Ղօ ճարճե տալճ տրաօճտա ղօ ա ճելլե ճա ղամալճ.

Շա ճ-բալ ճօբար մ'արար ճիճ լան լեյր ան ճ-շօլլ
 ճլար,
 Ա ճարճե 'րա միւրճիբ ղաճ ճիճ լիճ է ար լար !
 Ղօ'ն մաճար ճուճ ճրաճ ճամ, 'ր ճալ լաճտ ա շրօլճե
 շրմ,
 Շարաճ ճեալ մօ ճրօլճե բիճ Եր ճիլբ ղա ճաճ ;
 Տա'ն տանամ ճօճտ մօ ճրօլան լե ճրօն ճարիբ աճ
 տրաճան,
 Շա ճ-բալ անօր ան բրօր ճա ճօլճ լիւն ճ'բաճալ
 բեալ !
 Տիլմ ճիլե ճեօնա ճաճ լօ մար ան մ-ճարիբ,
 Ճան աօլճբեար, ճան ճօճճար լե բօճար ճօ ճրաճ !

Տար ճաճ ալե բարիբեամ ճա մ-ճիճիմբ ան ճրաճ լեյր,
 Բաճար ան ճիլճե բեօ 'րմե ար լիւրճիւն ան ճար !
 Աճ Ելլե, շի տալմբ, ար բան աալճե ար ճիլիբ,
 Ղաճար մօ բիւրբեար, 'ր շիճ ճրիբ ան բալճ :—
 Ճօ մաճ ճար ղաճ ճօ մալճեաննա ա Բիօճարիւնա Բօճնա,
 Ճօ մաճ բաճա ճեյճ ճօ բիօր-ճանն աճ բիօր-ճեաճտա
 բրօրտա,
 Ճօ մաճ բաճա ճեյճ ճօ ճաօն ճարիբ ճօ բիճ-միլիբ
 ճեօլմար
 Ա Ելլե մօ միւրճիւն ! Ելլե ճօ ճրաճ !

ՉԻԱՐԲԻՆՉԱ ՓԻՈՆՆՇԱՓԻ ՉԻԻՇ ԸՐԱՅԻՇ,
Օ ՏԻՂԱԲԻ Յ-ՇԱՅԱ.¹

ԱՄԱՅՈՒ Օ՞ՊՈՐԱՅԻՆ ԿՕ ՇԻՄ, Ա.Տ. 1760.

ՇԱՐՅ ԱՊ ԵՐԵՆ ԾՕ ԵՐԵՅ ՅԱՊ ԽԻՅՅ ՄԵ,
ՇԻԱՅԾԵ ՇԵԱՐԵԱ Ա Յ-ՇԻԵԱՇՏԱՅԵ ԿԱՅՈՒՄԵ ;
ԵԼԱՇ ՆԱ ՔԵՂԵ Ա՛Ր ՇԻԱՅԵ ՆԱ ՔԱՅԻՇԵ
ԱՅ ԾԱՂ ԾՕ՛Ն ԵԱՅ ԼԵ ՇԼԱՅՆԱ ԿԱՅՈՒՄՅԱՄՄ.

¹ DONNCHADH (now Denis) MAC GRATH, the subject of this elegy, was a native of ՇԱՄ ԱՊ ԲՅՈՆԱ, (Touraneena) a small village in the parish of Sliabh g-Cua, in the county of Waterford. The village took its name from the large quantity of wine used at his table, and freely administered to his guests, the bard, and the traveller; his house, as was customary in Munster, being open to all without distinction of rank. He was possessed of large property in the parish as well as in various other parts of the county, which fell to his son James, who went by the name of ՏԵԱՄՄ ՄԱՇ ԾՈՆՇԱԾ, or James the son of Donchadh, who resided at a place called Ballynagulky, in the beginning of the present century. This after his death fell into the hands of his son, another James, who died about the year 1816. The Magraths are very numerous in this parish, and as a body are very respectable and wealthy. Moran, the writer of the elegy, taught classics at a small village called Knockbee. He was the author of many beautiful compositions in his native tongue. His manuscripts are now in the hands of Doctor John O'Connor, of Jolland's Prairie, Washington County, Wisconsin, America. At a recent book sale here we purchased his copy of O'Brien's Irish Dictionary, with the following note in his hand-writing on the margin of one of the leaves—"Hic Liber Pertinet ad Gulielmum Moran, Anno Domini 1774." He was the contemporary of *Donnchadh Ruadh mhic Conmara*, who thus alludes to him in *Eachtra Ghiolla an Amallain* :—

ԱՄՄԱՊ Օ՞ՊՈՐԱՅԻՆ ՔՈՅՆ ԱՊԾ-ԼԵՂՅԵԱՐԵԱ,
ԾՕ ՔԵՂՈՒՔԵԱԾ ՔԵԱՅՆ ԾԱՊ ՕՐ ՇՅՈՅ ՇԼԱՅՆ Մ'ԵԱՅԱ.

William Moran the bard and sage,

Who would chaunt my death-song when laid dead on the table.

A poetess named ՉԻԱՅԵ ՔԻ ԾԻՈՆՈՅԱՅԻՆ, was contemporaneous with Moran, and resided in this parish also. Her compositions are not so numerous as those of Moran's, but such of them as we have

Bar zan bréaz ir léan do mhíltib,
 tar éir trom zoin an cúir do b'iodba ;
 fad an rzeil an n-déanam f'ell ort,
 do cúir zan anmuin farruine an éioide-zil.

Who nuad-éneac do éuarairz an n-ihyryh,
 ó Thuad-Múmaih¹ zo h-uactar na z-críoc ro,
 ó Chll Chahic² zo h-romallaib Duibneac,
 a m-béal zac duine zur baimead dod' rzryob tú !

Al éorheil éoranta póra ran ionzail,
 a éorheil óirdeire, óirbeire, éioimar,
 a éorheil fluaž na ruaz do d'ibire,
 Donnac solurmar³ do élainn Chriat aoiyih.

Jr brón lom do nuadcar zo rzryomar,
 zac ló zeal zo deōiac ad éoihe !
 do éainn maic zan teahra cum zhyomarca,
 'r zan rúil aco le h-amare ort éoide !

Do éomzur zo brōnac ir f'ior ran,
 do éuallaet az ualraire a n-daorbriud ;
 do luēt leahra zan taruuyh d'ōih ort,
 a' r do éomaltuide zan tpeōruize, zan aoihear !

seen prove her to have been of the highest order among the bards of her time ; and Munster at this period yielded a large crop of those gifted men.—(See *Poets and Poetry of Munster*, 1st Series). There was also another poetess named Lucas, who was no less gifted than Donogan, but her muse was entirely devoted to *keening* at wakes, of which she made a regular profession, and earned a sufficient livelihood by it. The compositions of those poetesses must be traditionally retained in the parish ; and if any one would take the trouble of their collection, an opportunity may offer of leaving them on record, instead of dying away as they are now likely to do.

¹ Tuad-múmaih, Thomond or North Munster.

² Cll-Chahic, Kilkenny, which takes its name from St. Canice, who founded a Cell there in the sixth century.

³ *Aliter* solur-éioib, bright-handed.

Τόζβαϊδ ζάρτα κάδαϊρ ἀδ έαοϊηε,
 α η-άρμυρ τalam̄ ρλεάετα δο ρ̄ιηηρεαρ ;
 Cill-bej̄tne¹ ζο η-αοδαριαέ δά ιηηρηηη,
 δο'η Ξηαιλλτε² ζυρ έαϊλλ ρ̄ιη α ρ̄ῑοϊη-ϕλαϊέ.

Λοέ Λυαέρια α η-υαιζηεαρ α εαοϊη Σζοϊτ,
 μαρ α η-β̄ϊδ εεόλτα 'ρ όλ 'ρ ϕ̄ιοητα ;
 μαρ α η-β̄ϊδ ϕαρτυζ̄ιη ζλεαεαιζεαέτ ραοϊτε,
 ζο ραορ αρ η-αλλαδαϊβ̄ ϕλαϊέ-μ̄ιζ̄ αν αοιρ-β̄ρ̄οιζ̄.

Μο λεόζαη ϕεαρδα αζ αη̄αρ̄ ηα βυδ̄ιηηε,
 ζαη ζ̄ιμαϊη μαρ Ξηυαιηε³ δά μ̄αμαδ̄ ;
 ραοϊτε, ελιαρ, α'ρ τ̄μαε̄ ηα δ-τ̄ιμ̄έϊολλ,
 μαρ βα δυαλ δο α ηζ̄λυαρ α ρ̄ιηηεαρ.

Δα έαοϊβ̄ Σιυηε⁴ ιρ δύβαέ δά έαοϊηε,
 α'ρ ό'η ζ-ευαιηδ̄ ρ̄ιη ζο β̄ρυαέαιβ̄ ηα η-Άοϊηε,⁵
 ρ̄λιαβ̄ ζ-ευα ϕά μ̄όρ-ρ̄ζαμαλ δαοιηρε
 'ρτα ερυαδ-ζ̄ολ α δ-ε̄υαδ-μ̄ιμαϊη δαρ̄ιηβ̄.

Τα ερυαδ-ζ̄ολ α δ-ε̄υαιέ αβαηηη Φ̄ηηη-ϊορ̄ε,⁶
 τα ερυαδ-ζ̄ολ α δ-ε̄υαιέ Χαρηαιζ̄-ϕ̄λαοδ⁷ ορ̄ε,
 α'ρ τα ερυαδ-ζ̄ολ ρ̄λεαέτα ηα ϕ̄αιηζε ϕ̄ιορ̄ ορ̄ε,
 α'ρ ερυαδ-ζ̄ολ α δ-ε̄υαέαιβ̄ ηα ζ-ε̄μ̄ϊοέ ορ̄ε.

¹ Cill-bej̄tne, Kilbenny, near Mitchelstown, the ancestral inheritance of Mr. John O'Mahony the Irish exile.

² Ξηαιλλτε, the Galtee mountains near Caher.

³ Ξηυαιηε, Guaire Aidhne, the hospitable king of Connaught in the seventh century. See *Tribes of Ireland*, p. 40, n.

⁴ Σιυηε, the river Suir.

⁵ Άοϊηε or Ξλεαηη ηα η-αοϊηε, a small river which runs through Ballymacarbry, and falls into the Suir near Newcastle.

⁶ Φ̄ηηη-ϊορ̄ε, the river Finisk, which rises at the north-west side of the mountain called *ε̄ηοε ηα Σ̄ιζε*; or Knocknasheega, running through *Μ̄ιηηε αν ε-ρεαβαϊε*, or the hawk's plain; Ballinamult, where Mr. Denis Keily owns extensive mills; thence by *Λ̄ιορ̄ ηαέ* (Lisleigh) the lands of Mr. Patrick Nugent, on which there is a huge rock, called *ε̄αρηαιζ̄ αν ε-Σ̄ηηηρ̄ιη*, or the Generation Rock, overhanging the river, in the crevices of which the owl and wild cat find a hiding place; thence by Farnane, the residence of the Walshes, on whose lands, at a place called *Ξ̄λεαηη αν ε̄εαμ̄παλλ*, or, *ε̄εαμ̄παλλ λ̄ϊε οδ̄ρ̄αϊη* (Lickoran), are the ruins of an old

Сриад-žол Зєаралта¹ фєарѣа фјо^сма^р,
 а'р сриад-žол Барриа² на д-Тєамар ба žаоѣд-
 еал дуѣт;

сриад-žол Р^оѣртеа³ ^оž а'р срѣюна,
 а'р сриад-žол ^сла^нна Зјоб^ун ад ^тѣм^сјолл.

Сриад-žол ^сла^н а'р тѣа^т а'р таоѣѣѣ,
 сриад-žол ^да^нн а'р ба^нѣд а'р буѣ^дю^нне,
 сриад-žол срѣ^дѣте ба^р на наоѣ м-ба^н
 туž р^уžа а но^ста 'ра м-б^ролла^ж ^о ^срѣ^дѣе дуѣт.

До ^тѣ^жеа^с а н-а^нн ма^р Шам^рон ^сум р^уж^те,
 н^о ма^р Чо^налл⁴ а м-б^ролла^с а на^нѣде;
 н^о ма^р О^рžур а м^улла^с žа^с маоѣ-^сно^с,
 н^о ма^р Ф^ию^нн н^нс ^Су^на^лл У¹ Б^наоѣ^рžне.

Н^о ма^р Б^нала^н⁵ на н-деа^рс^а р^ан јо^рžул,
 н^о ма^р У^нс^лл аз та^рѣ^дјолл ^сум ма^дма;
 н^о ма^р ^нс^тор^н а н-де^рѣ^н на Т^раоѣ ^ро^н,
 н^о ма^р Ч^аѣ^нб^не⁶ а^н ф^аѣ^те на н^нžе.

У н-д^наž ^но^нс^ад, сєа^нн с^ор^анта на буѣ^дю^нне,
 ма^с Т^но^на^нѣ^н н^нс т-^ню^нма^д на ž-с^аоѣ еа^с;
 ма^с ^но^нс^ад на д-т^ном еа^сна^д да ^дјо^на^н,
 ма^с Ш^еаžа^нн н^оѣ^н а^н ф^ла^тѣ^нž ф^ню^нта^с.

До ф^уж^еад мо лаоž-р¹ а^н ^саол еа^с ž^но^де меа^р,
 на^нсєа^с, л^сѣ^ннеа^с, с^рао^ра^с, ^сјо^рт^а;
 беа^нна^с, беа^нр^нт^а, бл^ат, а^н ао^нн-да^т,
 а'р ^сло^деа^н на л^анн ^сум а^н а^н на^нѣде.

church dedicated to St. Odhran, who lived in the sixth century, in which suicides and still-born children are interred;—on then by Mountain Castle the seat of Mr. James O'Keeffe, till it falls into the Blackwater at Affane, three miles below Cappoquin.

¹ С^ар^на^ж ^рлао^да. This place goes now by the name of С^ур^на^с на ^рлао^да^же, on which Slady Castle, built about two centuries ago by Philip Magrath, stands, but is now nearly in ruins. Travelling through the place last summer, we saw the whole side of the building levelled to the ground. We think this old mansion^{is} on the estate of Mr. Chearnley of Saltibridge, Cappoquin, and if

Իր յօմճա արմա ծօ արբեճ ծօ Լիշե Լեճ,
 Լե արածար արլշ ծօ Լաիիե ճ'ր ծօ շիթօմ-ճրսլծ,
 արի էր ար մարծար և շ-արմարտ ծօ րարլծլծ,
 ար րճշար և յ-արշե ծօ րարրա յար րիլար!

Իր արած Լիթ շճճ արր ծօ րմարիշիթ,
 և ճրիի Բաշար և յ-արիբճ ԲիծծԲա ;
 և ճրիի րլծշ ծօ ճրեծրիւշճճ շօ ճրբեճ,
 ճճճ, շճի ճլարճե ճթ մճճարթ ճիլլ.

Պրաշի ճճճ, ճճլճեճ, ճիլլճճ,
 րլճճճ, րարլճեճ, րարրճ, րիլլճճ ;
 րարճ, րարճ-շիլլ, րարշեարմար, րիլլճար,
 ճ'ր յճ ճշ ճճճ և մ-Բարրիարիի Բարշարլ.

Ճօ ճօմշար ճճ մ'եծլ ճճճ և յ-րմարի,
 ճ'ր րծրրե և Բ-րիծր ճարտ Լե Լարլծլծ ;
 շար Լեծշի ծօ րծր-րար Եճ յիշ ճ,
 ճշ Ֆծլ և ճթ եծլար ճ ճրարլծլծ.

Բրճճար րարրճ ճլարի յիլ Պիլեճ,
 ճ'ր Պիլիբճճ ճշ ճլիշ ծօ յ յիշեճճ թօ ;
 ճ'րարշար Բարի ճ թշարմարլծ ճարրրե,
 Լե յ Բարճճ ճիլլ-արիթ յ Բիլլե յճ յարիլլե.

so, it is a matter of astonishment, that a gentleman who takes so much interest in archæological matters as he does, will not save this ancient building from total destruction; or does it not come within the cognisance of the Kilkenny and *South-east* of Ireland Archæological Society?

¹ Շարլաճճ, the Geraldines. ² Բարրճճ, the Barrys.

³ Բիլլճեճ, the Roches, Lords of Fermoy.

⁴ Կոլլ. This is Connall Gulban.

⁵ Բարի. This is Balar Bemeann of the evil eye, whose daughter was married to Crom Dubh, after the death of St. Patrick, according to some of the bards of the west of Ireland. See *Tribes of Ireland*, p. 42, n.

⁶ Կարիլլե. This is Cairbre Liffeachair, monarch of Ireland, A.D. 277. See *Book of Rights*, p. 146, note w.

Brátaim fóir do'n fóir-fuirl faoi'te,
 le'm buadað realb a'r ceannar na z-críoc ro;
 mar atáid Zeanaltaiž Sheanaid¹ a'r Jožma,
 Banraiz a'r Róirteiz, críoc na craoibé.

Brátaim drazaim ó'n arid-éioic doibhíh,
 nar ob rbaíhíh ar eazla buidíhíe;
 mídíe an Zhleanha² ba dearb do žaoideal do,
 a'r mídíe Finne³ hí h-íomarca díonam.

Brátaim Brúnaç,⁴ Búricaç⁵ buideamíar,
 brátaim Žnáraç⁶ fearða an doil-bíoiž;
 brátaim Buicléaraç⁷ na faoi't žlan,
 fuair žnadam a'r žairm ó'n níž ceart.

Caom brátaim d'fuil taide žaoideal tu,
 mac Thomair, an buižean, ó'n ž-caom líor;
 mo díombad ná maib laim 'ran hžíoih leat,
 žo m-beid fuil na muic ó éoiđe an t-ríuic.

Ba cóim dam, dá m'eól dam, do caomíe,
 a cóimžuir, a cóimdalta, 'ra díoižrair;
 do bíor žo h-óž ad cóimíh arí doim ržoi,
 'rír bíoih líom tu ar feócan fá líoižai.

Ba tu an feabac a hžailte arí maol chíoc,
 ba tu an fíaziđe fíahuižeaç chíoiđeamíuirl;
 'ba tu an maíuđe clíahuižeaç taoiriz,
 a'r Phoenicr fearaíhíh do fíleaçta a'r do fíhíreap.

¹ Zeanaltaiž Sheanaid, the Geraldines of Shanet, Co. Limerick.

² Ríoihíe an žleanha, the Knight of the Glen.

³ Ríoihíe fíhíe, the White Knight.

⁴ Brúnaç, the Browns, lords Kilmaine.

⁵ Búricaç, the Burkes, lords Clanrickarde.

⁶ Žnáraç, the Graces of Courtstown.

⁷ Buicléaraç, the Butlers, dukes of Ormond.

Ba tu an t-íonruige d'fuarzlad fíon-bóicé,
 ba tu an leózan zo tréan a z-coimhearzair,
 ba tu an céad átaé fearraínn ír fíona,
 a' r ba tu an cáraíð do'n eazlaíř fíne !

Mo dhán-cíneac a fíall-fílaic nári b'ířjoll,
 'ra ngleó na lann nári b-fainn do náimde ;
 a d-táiníð mian dá m-bíad an maol-cínoic,
 lám an lám zo b-fazad a n-dítcéainn.

Adbair mo cáir an tráé nuair rmuainzím,
 feabair do cáil-ří 'r tářz do zñíomáirta ;
 mar táiri a Luimneac¹ dnuídte ód' dáoinib,
 a z-cóimraínn fá cōta do líoz-zláir !

Zan zairi elair a z tríall ad címcíoll,
 zan zairi éizří a z déanaím ziuinn duic ;
 zan zairi ceoil ad cómairi le laoicib,
 acé zairi cloz ad élor zac n-oíðce !

Or é an t-éaz ír déanaé chíce,
 do élanh Adaim áirad 'r Eaba,
 zuidim an t-áairi an leahb 'ran naoim řřuid,
 zuide na n-arrtal fuair zairim ó Jora !

Muine 'rha h-ainzill zo deairb a z zuide leac,
 zuide na naoim zo léiri le díozrair ;
 do bneic tanma a realb na řoilře,
 ruar zo cáairi-řuiric fílaicir an níž žil.

An fearc laoi.

Íř oirdeairc do cíneair fáð' cóim a leac,
 Borib bíle corantaé ceairt-řaoi 'zur flaic ;
 Do córaimlacé hion b-pollur dam a z-cíócáib Aírte,
 Donnacé zeal-bíonhacac, mo díc, mac Círaic !

¹ Luimneac, Limerick ; by this stanza the reader is led to infer that he died in Limerick and was interred there, which is rather doubtful, as Knockbee is the ancestral burial place of the Magraths.

AN DUINE BOCHT UASAL A'S JARR- AIDH DEJRCE.¹

So m-beannuige Dia a'zur Muinne a'zur Padruiz,
Ri'z an Doimhad, mha na z-ceannuizte, a'zur
da ceann Chorcuizge duiz, a iuzion an deazacar
le toza macar,—mian nar canead,—a d-tiz
an tabairne,—'rzo mad buan a mairfirre—a
reilb na h-aitte.

Cionnur ta tu a bean aluinn? Dar na mionhad ta
tu zo maic mar ba dual a'zur ba dutear duiz a
beic. Cionnur ta Diarmuid 'na an clann?
Taid zo biadmar ceann,—a' r maic o Dhia na
ceann.

¹ This is the begging petition or prayer of a beggarman, named O'Farrell, who levied tax on the farmers of Munster, and in the county of Waterford in particular, in the beginning of the present century. On arriving at the farmers' houses he recited this petition, and his contributions consisted entirely in wool, butter, and oatmeal. I remember my mother handing him about 7 lbs. of wool, which he indignantly threw in her face, vehemently swearing that he would satirize her to death if she did not give him a stone weight, which she was obliged to do. He had his horses and cars to carry his booty to the markets of Dungarvan or Waterford to make sale of them. There never yet was colored cloth known that he had not a patch of it on his coat; he wore an old pair of top-boots with long spurs, and his lean horse was of a dapple grey colour. His visits to our house were always in May, and quite regular up to 1808, but what became of him after we never heard. On the old road from Kilrosenty to Kilmacthomas, in the county of Waterford, there was at this time and even later, up to 1817, a village called *Bócar na m-bocac*; or the beggar's road, altogether inhabited by *bocachs*, or beggars, which they deserted in the month of May, barricading the doors of their huts, never returning till September, meantime engaged in collecting through the country, and making sales of what they gathered. This copy was made from a manuscript written by a scribe named Power in 1802, whom we met herding cattle for a gentleman near Tramore in the county of Waterford, in 1836.

U read, a beah maic an tige,—’ra nuin di mo
 cnoide. U ro, “ Cam-cuaid,” “ Cuiread zan
 iarraid,” “ Fada zo d-taigh,” “ Eadan meir-
 zeac,” “ Siubal zo deimeannaic,” “ Dalta na
 duibe,” azur “ Cúl le h-áza,” táigh dod’ féa-
 cuirt,—le nuad-rzéala,—’r ma ail le Dia é,—
 ir maic an t-ionad do féin é,—ir maic céanna,
 —a mala na mne,—ir tu ríol na raoite,—
 ’r maicrluaic an féina,—’r maicib na tige,—
 do bearrair uait ó cnoide é,—le deif-ihetih.

Foceanh Dia zan oiread na déince ro do rriéic
 rzaolteac,—do éaz daoine;—ná bualad bar,—
 ná ríle norc,—ná lomad laicríge,—ná ríe teine
 zan tearanhan,—ná biad ocharra,—ná tóirra-
 ma,—ná éaz daoine,—ná crócar,—d’imteaict
 ort féin ná air aon duine ir duine duic,—
 ó noict zo bliazuih ó noict,—ná ó noict féin, azur
 déin an déinc ar an b-pairte boict,—zan zar-
 ruide zan zoic,—zan rhaite ar a coirp—ná fóir
 pjoira h-oict,—ionna pócad beaz a noict,—dá
 b-fuarra acharra bar lá cuaid-fuarra earrail,—
 azur dár bácad a mácharra a d-toir móir airtih,—
 míle mílleón molaic, zlóine, onóir, azur buideac-
 car le Dia, *Deo Gratias!*

Uac do Charrióna de Naic¹ azur do Sheazan
 boict O’Uhuicúzaic,² ó Thobar Ríic an Domhad,
 azur ó béal Cnoire Fíinne³ míre, mar a ngea-
 bad me na h-oict nglan turair déaz zo diaza
 ar cnoide mo dá dearrann, azur ar rzaicán
 mo dá zlín ríor ar rraic na m-biorraic⁴ a

¹ Catherine Nash.

² John O’Murphy.

³ Cnoire Fíinne, the cross-road of Knockfirin, county of Li-
 merick.

⁴ Sraic na m-biorraic, i.e. the street of the sprats, the name
 of a street in Waterford where sprats were sold.

b-*f*ia^zhuire an *U*éar *S*ea^zan *T*óibhín, an *é*ear-
*l*an *P*honcláinne ar^zí^z; a^zur bhídeac ré fá b*h*a-
*z*aíð anma mo éime, a^zur cuir m*ó*m*á*d an t-*a*on
*é*rocaíne a*m*áin ch*u*ad ruad leicéiríne r*í*n a^z
 maínce í*í*or an ur*l*an do *p*óicín. O m*ó* déin,
 a^zur zo reiribíde *D*ia duir,—*r*zo n-*e*irí^zíð
 z*h*ian or*z*,—*r*zo mað maímar zeal a ma*é*ar
 b*h*að duir.

Ná z*á*b leicéirzéal h*í*om anoir, ná bhídeac an t-*e*atac
 a^zam le fá^zaíl uair a *ð*alta do m*á*éar, a^zur
 í*í*or a^zad féin z*u*r ab olc an earrad an b*h*éa^z;
 an an *a*ð*b*ar zo lobann rí an í*á*cuil—zo m-*b*h*e*-
 anann rí an an*á*l,—a^zur zo m-*b*eirneann rí an
 t*a*nam boct léi í*í*or zo í*í*or-íoc*z*ar í*í*í*í*ííííí dá
 í*í*anad an fead beirdear *D*ia a^z caicéaí*n* na
 z*l*óine. *D*a bhí^z r*í*n, a i*u*í^zíon ó^z, tuí^z féin
 a h*í*aðac*z* r*z*í*í*ob ó *ð*uir,—*r*huí*ð*im ó *é*loicé, a^zur
 ma*ð*na zeair*n*, r*z*allaoidéac, do *é*uirneara *ð*íom
 a^z teac*z* a^z í*a*ri*a*íð na déirce ro or*z*ra ma*n*
 na*é* tabair*í*ad dam í, a^zur do béair*í*ar*n* *é*éanna,
 a^zur n*í* h-*e* a*m*áin,—le h-*a*nam do *é*arad,—*t*a
 le *e*ian a *ð*-*t*alaí*n*,—cuirí*n*ead féin an uair a
 beirdear an b*h*eicé dá b*h*eicé,—a^zur an t*a*nam dá
 m*e*ad*é*ann a^z *U*í*é*al naom*é*a áircaí*n*z*í*oll, a^zur
 na *é*icéine feara í*í*é*í*od na fearaí*n* an *ð*óirre
 í*í*íííííí; a^zur *e*íúcaoi m*ó*ra cama, a^zur úir*í*d
 mo*í* z*á*bann a láin z*á*c n-*du*ine aco. Ueh! mo
 léan! í*í* déirce leat mo beanna*é*tra beicé a^zad
 an uair úd ad í*u*ar*z*aí*z* í*u*ar zo í*l*aicéar m*ó*í
 na naom*í*; dá bhí^z r*í*n, féac zo t*a*iréac, t*í*uaí^z-
 í*í*éí*í*oc, an an *du*ine uair*á*l boct a^z í*í*éí*í*om an
 do z*í*á*í*a.

U z-*cl*uirneann tu leat me a bean na coirre m*í*ne
 z*á*n r*í*éac? *C*í*í*oc maí*é* a^zur *e*íon*n* or*z*,—a^zur
 l*í*í*z*e t*a*r í*í*r m*í*c or*z*,—a^zur *e*í*í*í^zíð b*h*íor*z* or*z*,

—da iarraid ar Dhia san leab tairna,—na earhad bairde ionat; aZur éirizid ad fearain,—a' r' nár fáad tú tnearfzairt,—aZur tabair cúzam trí cúid cáire, dá cúid aráin, ruidlín maireóla mórdá, urcáir do p'iora trí rZillínze, p'ic éruic-neácta, céad imead, aZur cloc ol-láinne; aZur rZaoil me uairt lá zeárr zéimuid.

Féad ro. a bean an tíze. Peacuzze r'iol Adáin ar m'anam muna nzeabad me na cúz nZlan tuairt timéioll na z-cúz nZlan altóiríze tá a z-Cill Chriad,¹ trí reáctimúne ó'n z-ceadaoin ró cúzairn, éadon, má tá ré a n-dán dam zo d-tabairfad m'azaid roir ó dear ar Bhaile Mhúinne² na móir-cohácta, aZur éirizid ad fearain a maizdean maireac, aZur cuir roinat an déire daonhácta a moic-éirizid an luain,—a n-deanuzze an t-račairn,—a z-craoif na colna,—aZur a n-anmian na b-peacuzze, roir bualad na n-úird,—a' r' rZiréacád na n-djabal aZ cóm-tuairzain an daoir-peacaiz zo mallaizte, diau, dána, doiruzze.

A beirín banaimuil do'n p'oir dáčaimuil, an uairt nac b-fuil dúil aZad an déire ro do tabairt uairt zo roimmar, rZaoil do čairín caoin chearđa lom; aZur rocarócad mé na reáct máluzze uirre dáir ab airim “mála an toill,” “mála an t-rlínzeáin,” “mála an tairpáin,” “an p'ucáire,” “an pacáire,” aZur “an mealbóz m'oir,” na “reáct d-teáctairíze,” c'ota caic-

¹ Cill Chriad, the abbey of Kilcrea, celebrated by Mr. A. J. Geoghegan in his poem entitled “The Monks of Kilcrea.”

² Baile Mhúinne Ballyvourney: the ancient patrimony of the O'Herlihs, a prime resort of the Munster beggars.

ireac̄, dačannač, preabanač; azur fallainz
 fada mar fēirīn—cipor, ržian, azur cainhīn;
 zo mað dōič lēi zo m-biað aipzið ciporre ða
 bualað ði ahh žac̄ baile maržad̄ ar feað̄ na
 h-Elmionn.

Jr ē cipoc̄ ah ržēl—hī b-fuairi mar ðēiric—ac̄t
 clabairneac̄t bēil—zo h-dúbaipit rē lēi:—

Ži črōn-čairle, dōid-rmeap̄ča, mīhāirneac̄,
 ir dōič leat žur čōin̄ ðurc̄ bēič bēal-lāidip̄,
 hī cōin̄, 'r ðar h-dōič ða m'ēadail̄ hōm,
 do žeabairih̄ orit do dōirne zo plaoržanta.

Ži čairle ah toill uairne žruamað žoritač,
 do řliočt̄ nācup̄m 'r chāibe do čara,
 muna ržuirfeað̄ tú doð' teanžad̄ zo tap̄a,
 nūrža mē do bēal le bat̄a.

Do bī tripur̄ ban—ba nār ah ržēal ē,
 až žabāil̄ ða řala am̄ mār̄a žan traočad̄,
 do čuirnear̄ a h-ðan̄ a ž-čairl̄ 'ra d-trēižče,
 'r mē bočt̄ črāiðte žan řāžair̄ ar aonriad̄.

Nī h-join̄mūih̄ hōm beažan̄ teirne luac̄-fuar̄,
 nā luržairne caillīže le ceirhōim̄ mōr;
 nā bean̄ ōž b̄radač̄ mīhāirneac̄,
 nā bean̄ tīže žan allur̄, žan nāirne.

Nī aip̄ hōm caillīh̄ nīžih̄, řalač̄,
 žoržac̄, žruama, buap̄ča, b̄radač̄.

*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*
*	*	*	*

Ní airt lhom cam-flojd caillíže canhánać ari a
 cnom-ruačari,
 da b-fuyl ríóh cúmhaz cam-ćjocrać, 'r beal
 diabluiže plaržanać,
 lomlan d'fíaclad bun-ōžma bari-dearza idir a
 da diahdal
 mala ćlúmać, pur mařari, mōi-mařitać
 zo dearbēta diβri ir feaćt meara ĩ, nā mař bi a
 tuairiř.

Ní airt lhom muc mha, na cmaoban, nā caž řmaide
 caol-řpāzać a leabuir,
 nĳ airt lhom ruirdĳi řućalać, řaćalać, řaĳć-leōzać,
 mōi-ćjocrać, ĳobarihać, plubarihać, řžiea-
 ćōzać,
 da m-biad bun-riž mařari, meaduyl tanuĳde lom,
 ažur toll řĳožanać žorim.

Ní airt lhom bean řionh ćalaoĳreać ćlearać,
 nā řōř bean ruad mařĳreac meahzać,
 bĳon bean ruad mař ćuać idir da řžairt,
 ažur bean bāh, dari mo ĳarĳ, nĳ maĳć a řúh nā
 řearc, [zeal,
 ir aĳĳaĳd bĳor ah bean donh mař mōř a ž-copāh
 'r ah bean dub mař ćřiōhānać řeah.

Do b' airt lhom cařĳi mĳi meĳneamuil,—caoih
 ćeĳlleamuil,—ōž aoićmāřĳ—ĳah do řearúh—
 deĳž-bĳde, deĳž-ćĳže, deĳžmúhte; řuiržeać, řú-
 žać, mĳiř ćubarića eadalać; ažhāĳreac, řeĳm-
 žneahnać; ažur ōžanać žĳnĳaĳdir mĳoih-āĳuirh,
 caol-mařĳžeac, řeĳm-řaĳdteać, žlar-řúĳleać,
 bož úřlać, bĳoi-řřiōhnać; ĳiĳćnĳde maĳće cor, ažur
 bĳanĳmaoi bĳeaž bĳažad; ah diř řiř a beĳć
 řōřda aža ćeĳle—ah tōžanać ažur ah ōž-mĳaoi
 ćeadaha.

RANNNA EAZNUJDBHE.

Dha d-tnyan zalair an oidce,
 Dha d-tnyan baoire az an oize ;
 Dha d-tnyan rainte az luét rajdbuir,
 A' r da d-tnyan cainte az luét póite.

Dha d-tnyan zaoite a z-crannab,
 Dha d-tnyan pneacta ar fléibteib ;
 Dha d-tnyan uirze ar inóirtib,
 A' r da d-tnyan córaic az luét céille,

Aitnízcear ar coricab na z-crann,
 Uairleact na b-pnean ó b-farasd ;
 Zac zéaz leir an nzeaz ó d-tiz,
 Az dul leir an d-tnéad ó d-tairis.

Jr maiz azá m-bid caraid zann,
 'Sir maiz azá m-bid clann nac maic ;
 Jr maiz azá m-bid bočan boct,
 'Sir maiz do bion zann ole nō maic !

Jr zlic do réir an t-reanac,
 Zac naon a taetur a bmaicra ;
 D'eazla na n-dan-focal,
 Jr bion beal ó beic tadta.

Lionad a n-ionad an folinuitce,
 Ba leoi do córam ó Jora ;
 Do beir Dia do cnoide zann doema,
 Nid na doim nac rílean.

THE END. ①

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